BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1934

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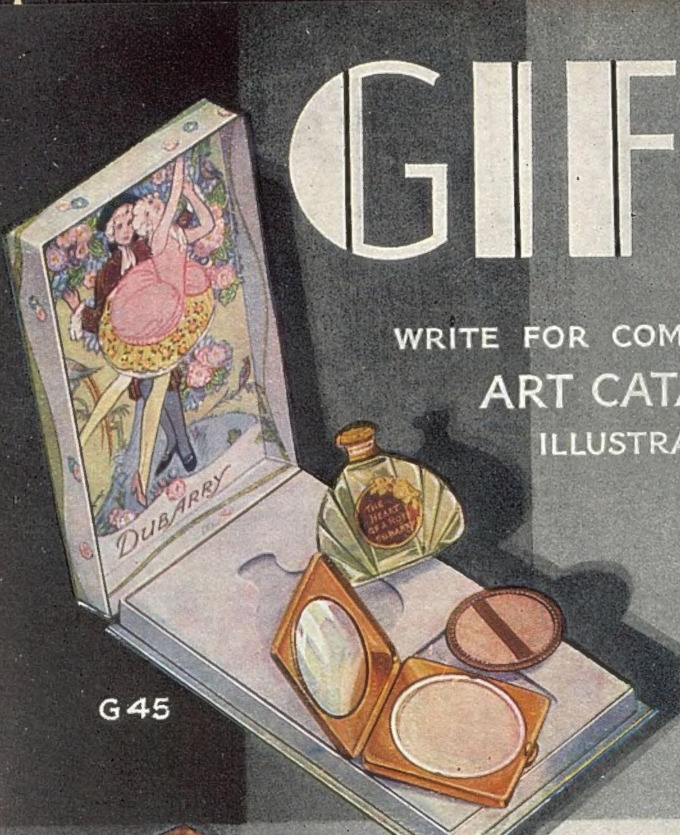
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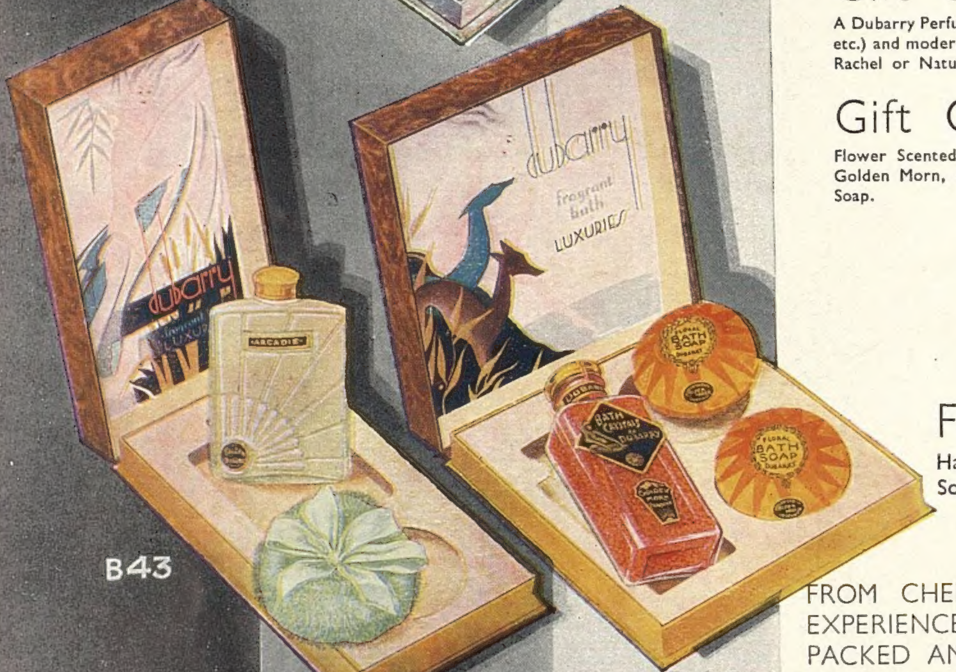
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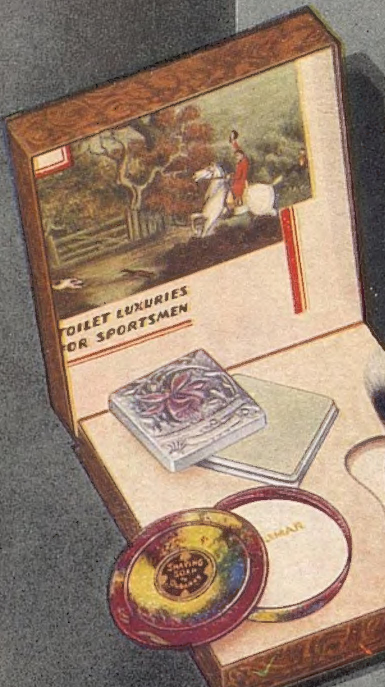
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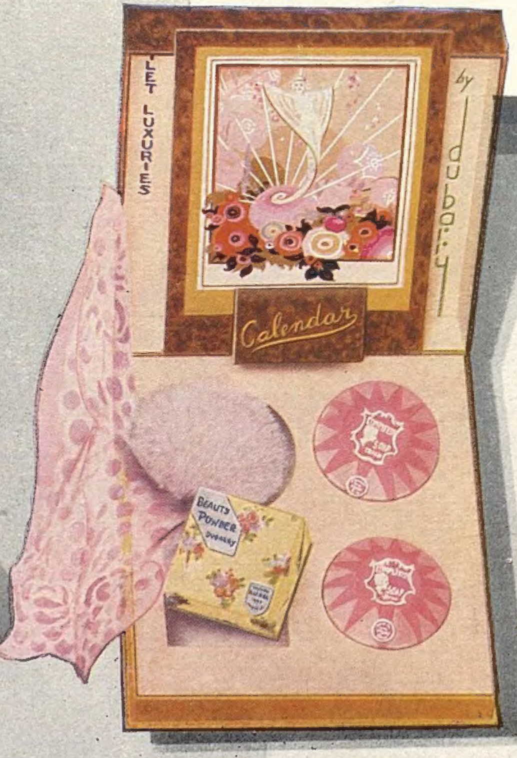
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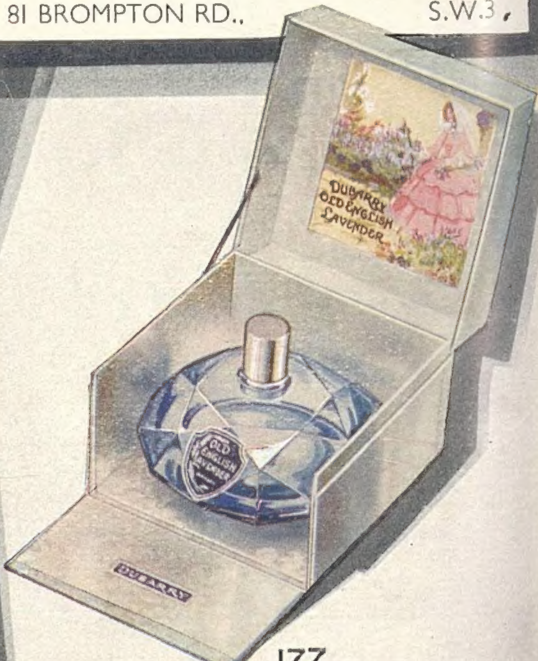
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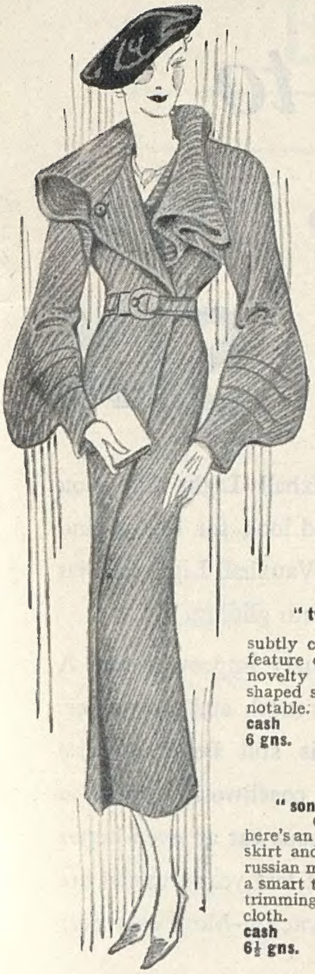

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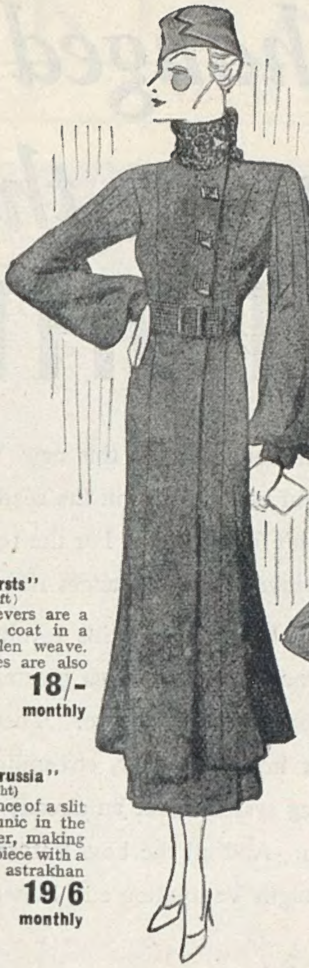

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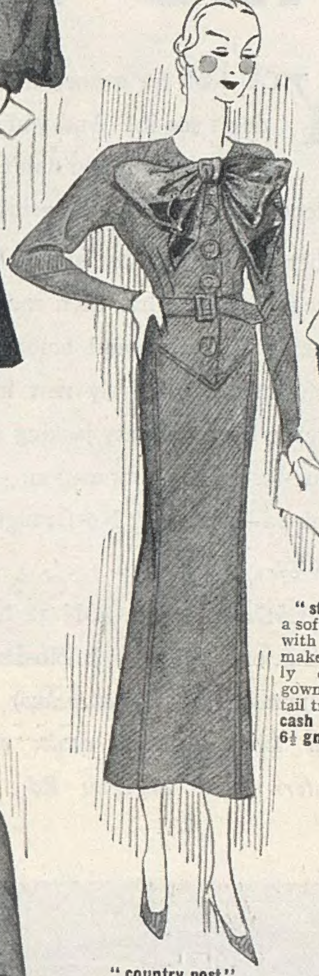

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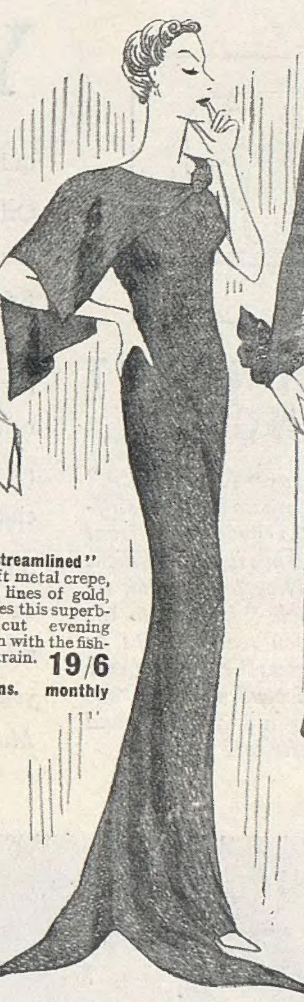

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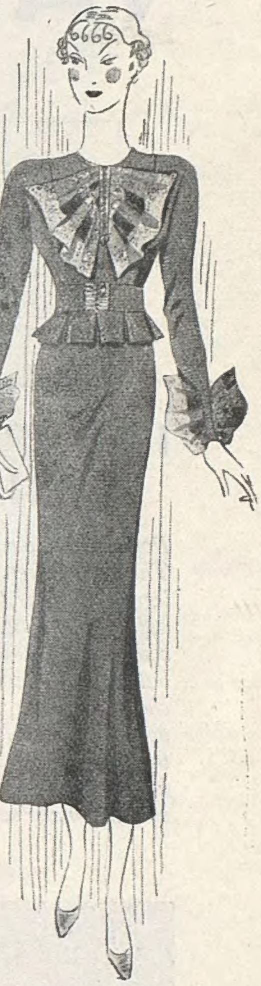

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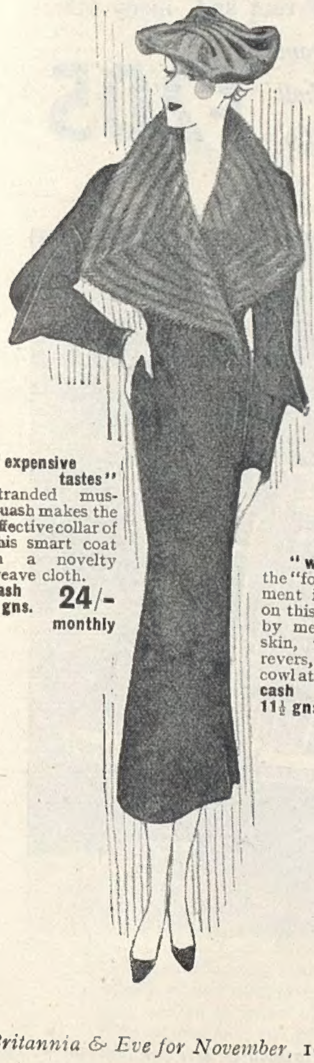

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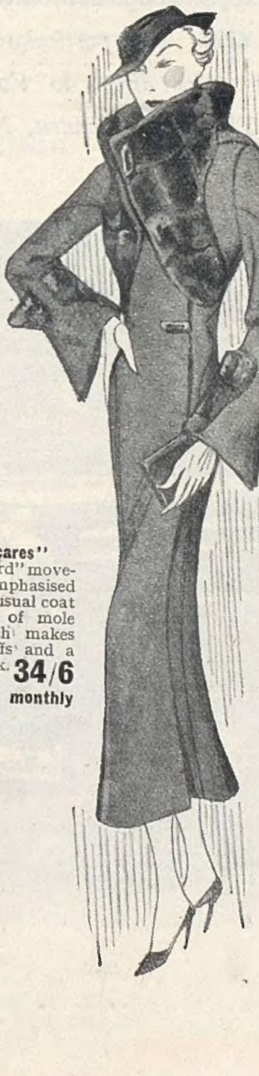

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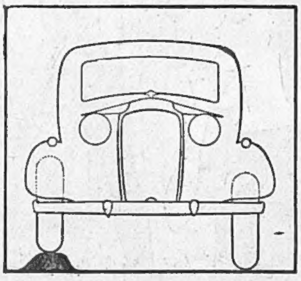

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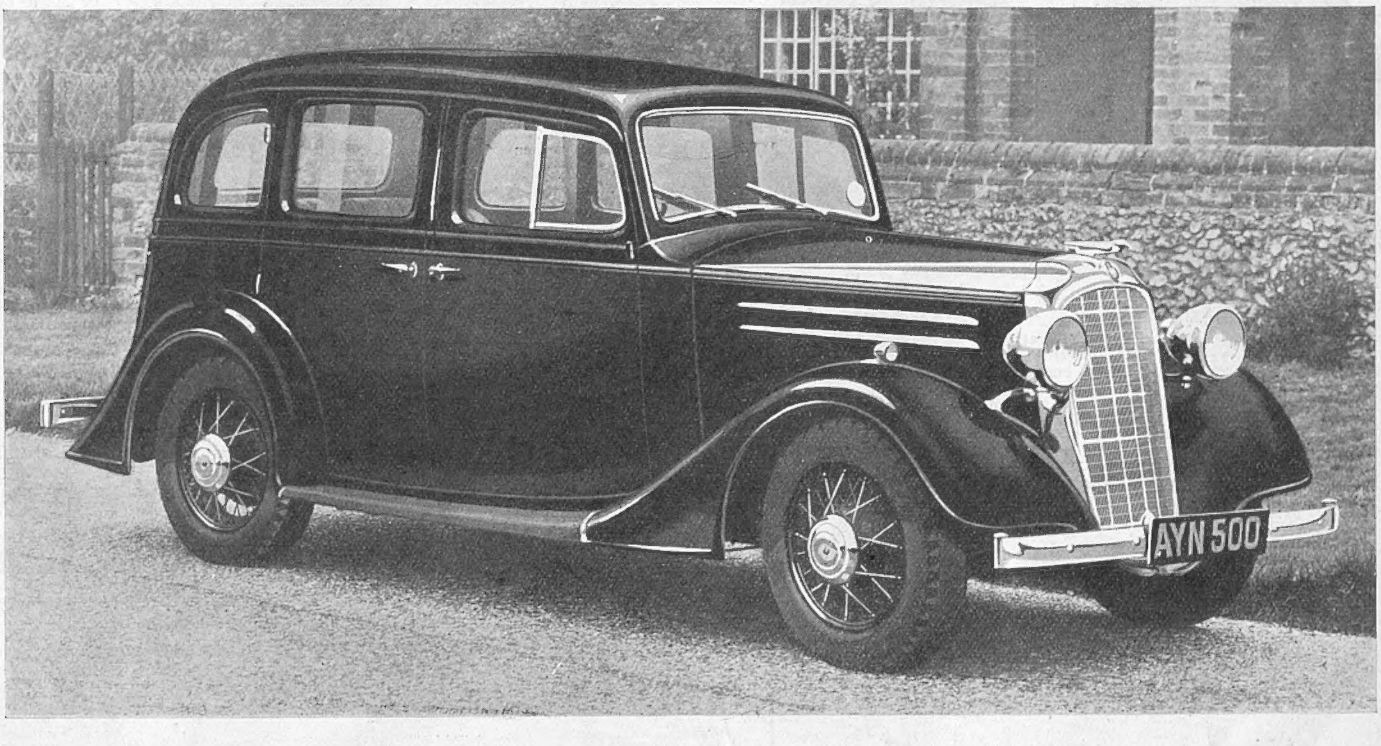

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 9, No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1934

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Henry Robertson

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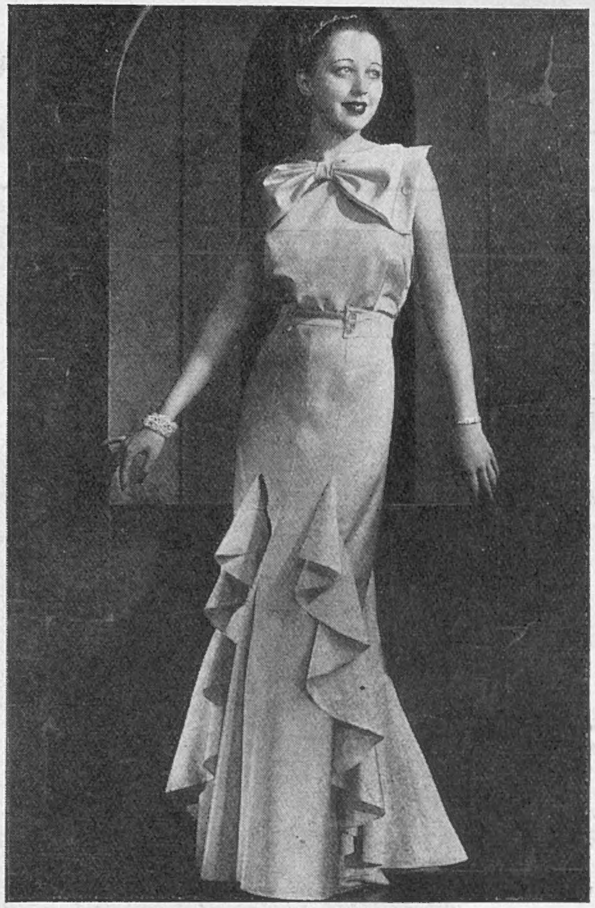

GOWNS IN YOUTHFUL STYLES

by

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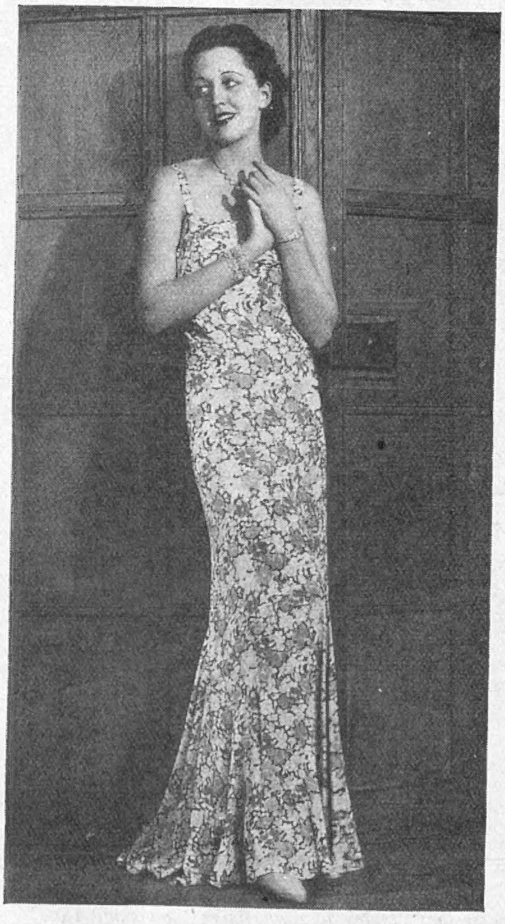

FIGARO (left above)
An attractive evening gown in Taffeta, the beautifully cut frilled skirt showing the new 'little women' line. In lupine blue, ivory, black, seahaze, nigger, royal, yellow, lotus bud, red. Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42. ***55/-***

MONA (right above)
A smart evening gown in Taffeta: the clinging skirt has a flared flounce giving graceful movement. In lupine blue, white, pink, seahaze, nigger, royal, black, yellow and jade green. Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42. ***65/-***

ENVOY (left)
A youthful evening gown in attractive printed crepe, beautifully cut on smart clinging lines. In brown/white/yellow, navy/white/red, black/white/red, lido/white/yellow, and green/white/orange. Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42. ***52/6***

TRIXIE (right)
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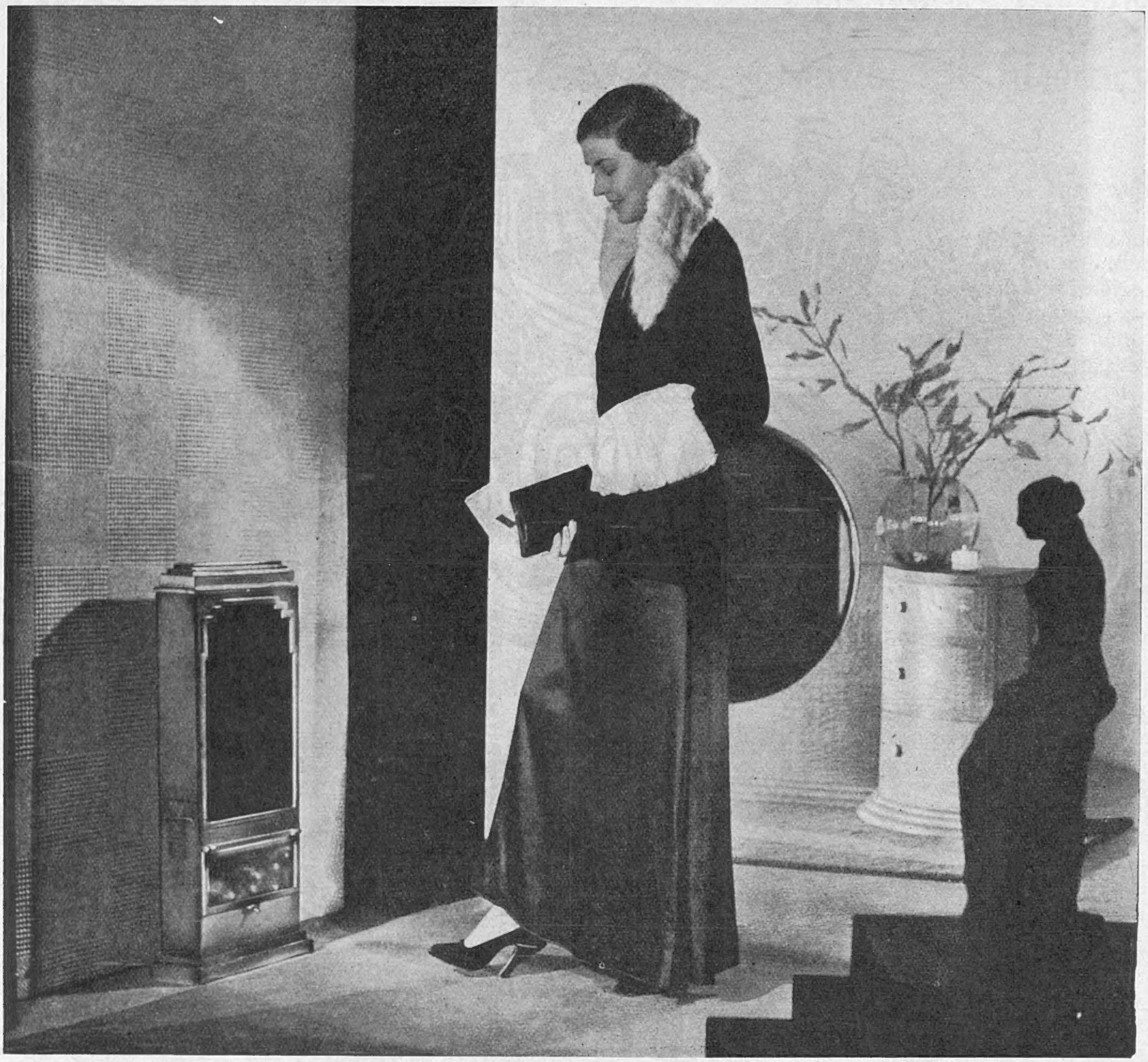

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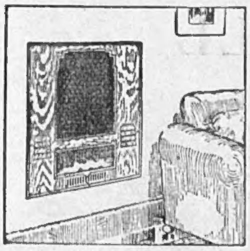

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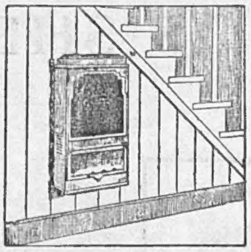

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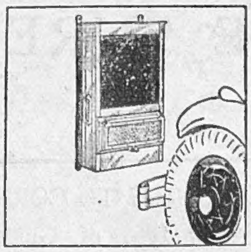

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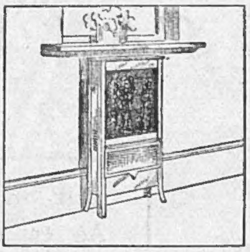

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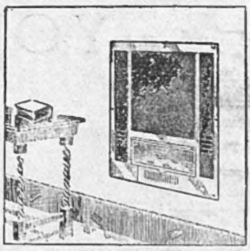

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Fifty Years Ago . . .

No. 11. Pageantry of the Past

Flashbacks on the Screen of History

PAGEANTRY was popular fifty years ago, especially if it could be viewed by the populace free, gratis and for nothing, and the most popular pageant of all was the Lord Mayor's Show.

In 1884 Lord Mayor Nottage was the new chief magistrate of the City of London, and in order to inaugurate his term of office with a show which should not only equal, but excel, any which had been seen before, he called to his assistance the famous circus impresario, "Lord" George Sanger, who, with his knowledge of public taste and *flair* for processions, gave the public of that day something to remember.

It was doubtless Sanger's name in connection with this spectacle which drew crowds of unmanageable proportions along the route, for so vast were the numbers that, despite the efforts of mounted troops, the procession was at one time broken.

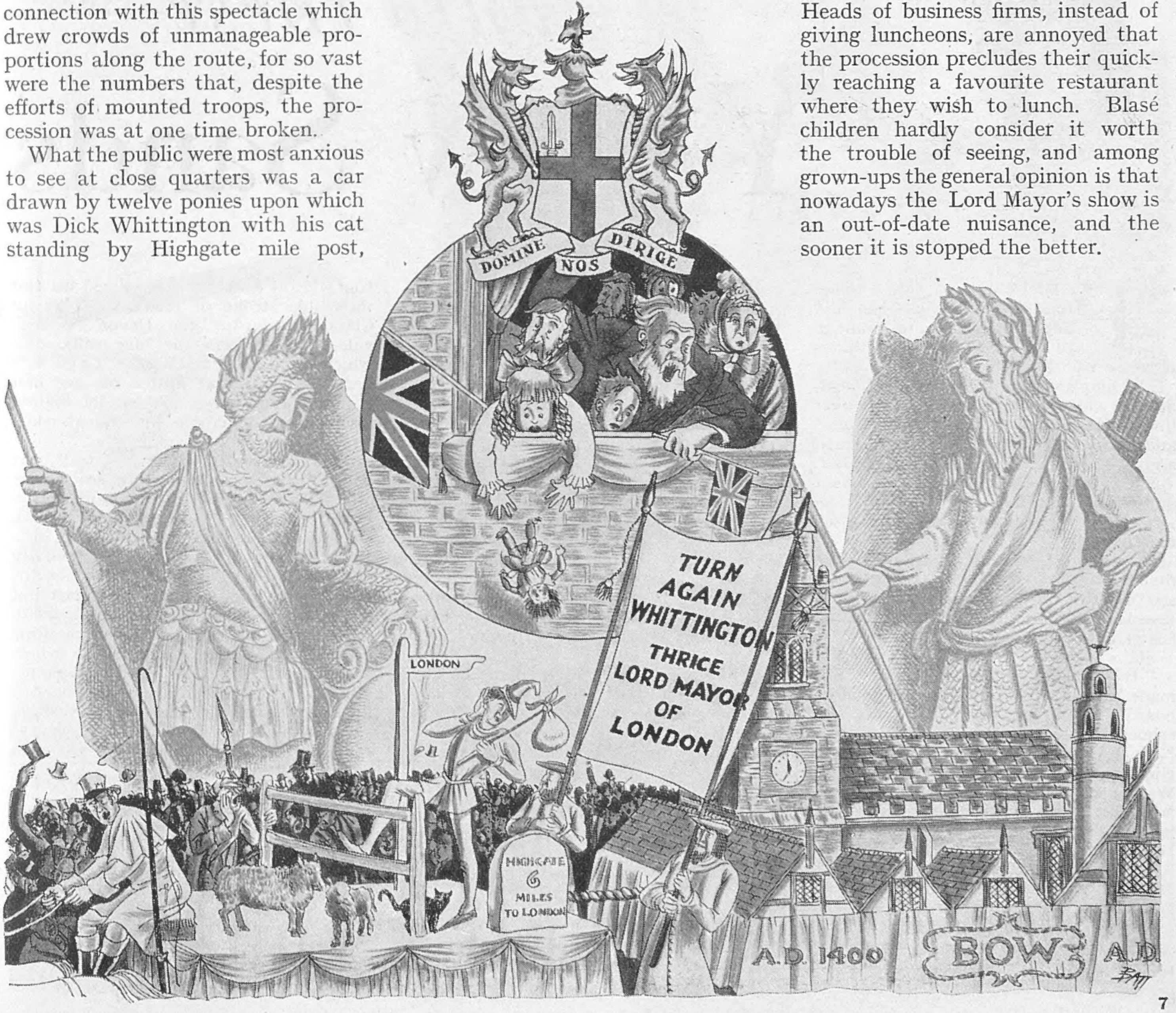
What the public were most anxious to see at close quarters was a car drawn by twelve ponies upon which was Dick Whittington with his cat standing by Highgate mile post, while on a car which followed was a model of Bow Bells Church from which rang out the chimes.

IT is difficult to realise nowadays the excitement that was engendered on Lord Mayor's day fifty years ago. But little work was done in the City and staid business houses gave up their routine to jollification, with champagne luncheons provided for guests.

Those firms which were fortunate enough to have windows on the line of route were much cultivated by acquaintances anxious to cadge an invitation, while the juniors in these buildings seized the opportunity to add to the excitement by heating up pennies until they were difficult to hold and throwing them out of windows to be scrambled for by the crowd below. An amusing spectacle for lookers-on, but frowned on by the City police, who were busy enough without having the added labour of putting a stop to ugly rushes.

Fifty years pass, and what a change is there! The Lord Mayor's Show, no matter how much money is spent on it, is regarded more with derision than enjoyment.

THERE is no chance nowadays of the police having to exercise force to clear a passage for women and children knocked down and trodden upon, as happened in 1884. Heads of business firms, instead of giving luncheons, are annoyed that the procession precludes their quickly reaching a favourite restaurant where they wish to lunch. Blasé children hardly consider it worth the trouble of seeing, and among grown-ups the general opinion is that nowadays the Lord Mayor's show is an out-of-date nuisance, and the sooner it is stopped the better.


DOMINE NOS DIRIGE
TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON THRICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON
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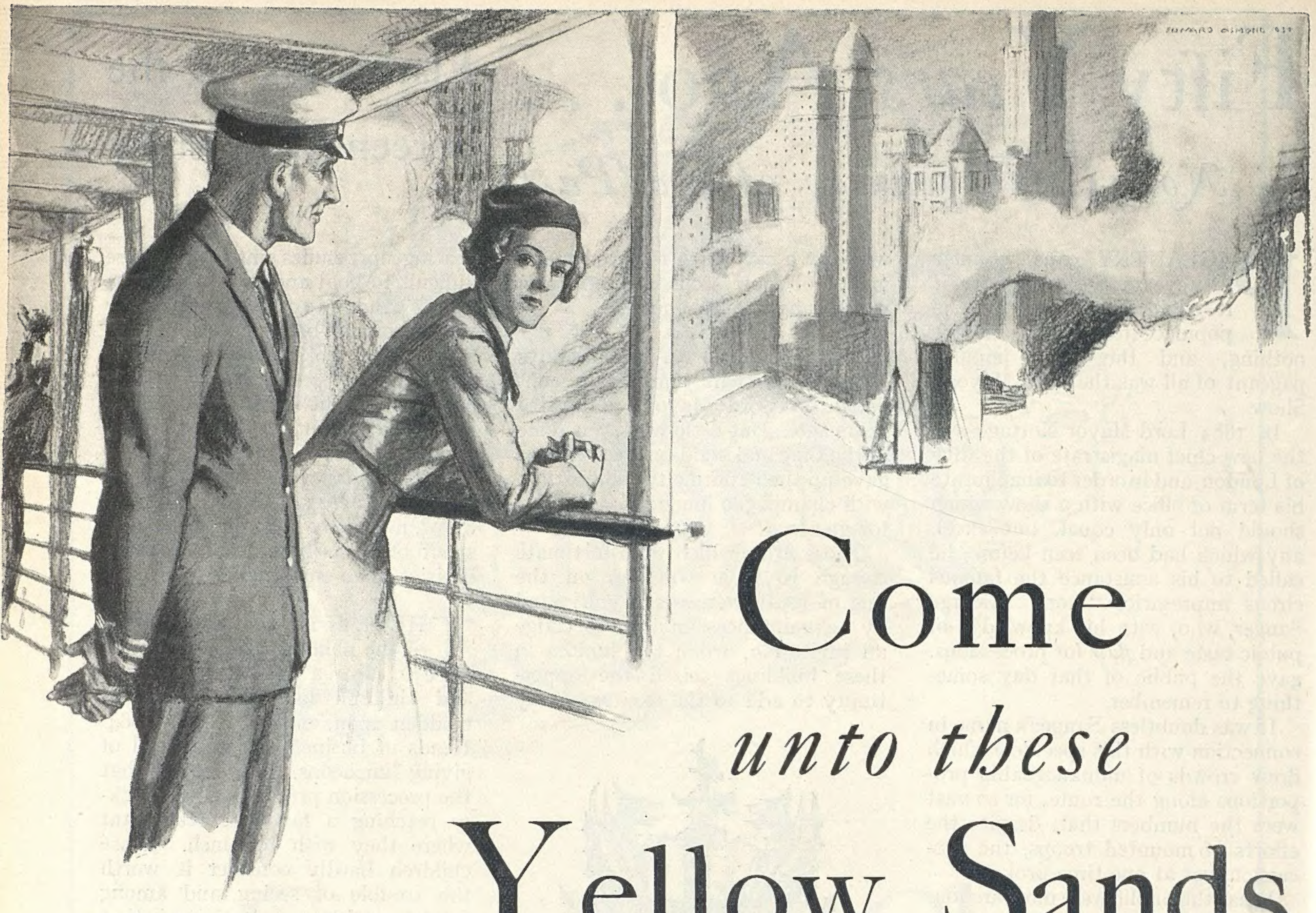


SHE turned with a look of astonishment and wistful eagerness. "How do you do, Dr. Morrow?"

Come *unto these* Yellow Sands

By Cosmo Hamilton

"THERE is an old Chinese adage which runs, roughly, thus: 'Luck admires courage and is apt to send good things to those who take the bad ones well.'"

The ship's doctor spoke—a thin, neat, dapper, elderly man with a face all over lines. He added, "How do you do?" and put his hand on the rail. There leaned a girl who might have stood for Despair.

She turned with a look of astonishment and wistful eagerness. "How do you do, Dr. Morrow? What makes you tell me that?"

"Two good reasons, my dear. The first because you're coming back at least six months too soon, and the second because our wireless announced Miss Clara Crawford's death."

She was unable to speak.

"It was a great blow to the ship. She made herself so charming to everyone on board. Then, too, her lovely voice still echoes in the saloon. It was a great blow to England. The loss of "the Devon Nightingale" is one we can ill afford. We have few such singers to-day. In fact, there isn't another, and may never be again. I'm very, very sorry. Can I be of use?"

"I'm afraid not, thank you," she said. "All the same, I shall try to remember how that Chinese proverb runs."

"They're wise old birds," he said. He smiled, saluted and turned away as the ropes were drawn on board.

Wise as they might be, however, and inspiring as was the philosophy for which they had a name, she was taking a bad thing badly and with utter hopelessness, so that when the three long, raucous hoots went echoing among the buildings which make New York unique, they sounded her defeat. They seemed to her to celebrate the wreckage of her life.

She had thrilled at the fantastic skyline on arriving at those docks, but as the R.M.S. *Laconia* came suddenly to life and slid away imperceptibly among those fussy tugs, it receded from her sight behind a veil of tears. The good thing which luck had sent—the best in her profession—had been snatched from under her hand. She was going home with failure and a heart filled with grief.

AFTER five years at the piano for the greater part of each day, and another year as accompanist at Broadcasting House, she had been picked out by the great soprano for her first American tour. How everyone had envied her this incredible stroke of luck! To play for Clara Crawford, "the Devon Nightingale," was to win the blue ribbon for which she had been trained. To go with her to the United States on her first triumphant tour was to wear the highest accolade which labour and talent could win.

To this exhilaration there had been added the adventure of a first sea voyage and the excitement of being daily with a great celebrity. There was the rush to the Surrey vicarage in the shade of a Norman church, the bewildered advice of a father who knew so little of life, the search from shop to shop for smart but reasonable frocks between the hours of rehearsal in the singer's studio, the final binge at the boarding-house in which for years in her cubicle she had dreamed of such a chance, then Liverpool and the floating city and the new and bewildering sensation of a moving element.

To a girl like Janet Rowley, who had

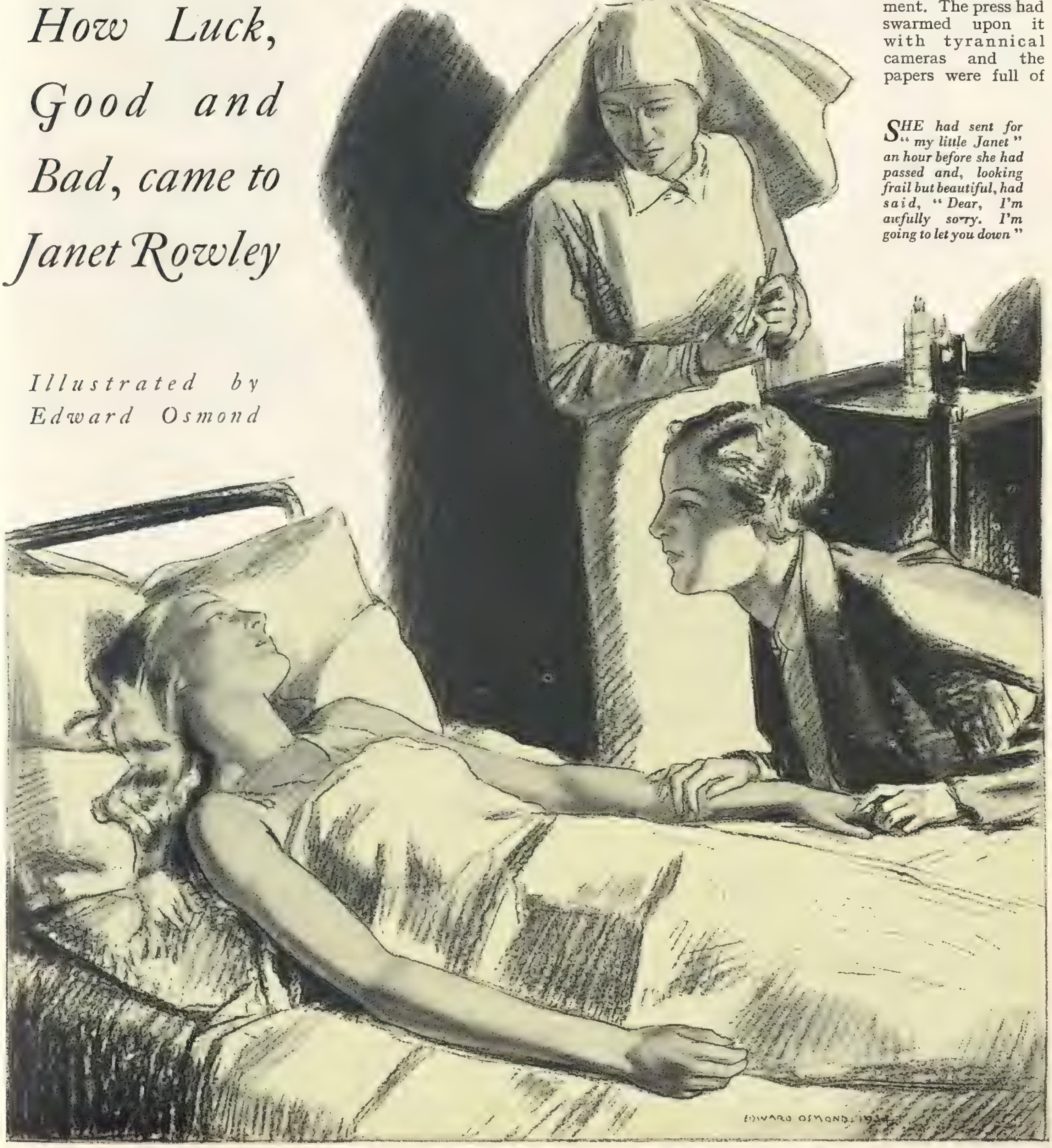
known no other transports than the London buses and tubes, the ship and all her wonders was no inanimate thing. From the moment that she had slipped her ropes and headed out to sea, that vastness of uncertainty and ever-changing moods, she had become an individual with the physical and mental character of a responsible human being. Through gales and mountains of water, as through beneficent peace, it was her job to carry her family and what passengers there were.

The crossing had been a good one, with smoothness and hours of sun. The passengers had been pleasant and the games on the boat-deck had passed the time away. In the diary that Janet had written to the rural vicarage she had described Miss Crawford as being " most awfully sweet to me. She keeps me with her always, and laughs and talks all day, and we stick to each other at tennis and put up an excellent game. I like her better than any woman I've ever known in my life. She's the very soul of kindness, and such thoughtfulness and consideration I've never met before. Then, too, she assures me that my playing helps her to sing, and you can't imagine how happy I am to be told that by her. To-night she sang at the concert which is always given on ships, and the last of her songs, which people loved and which made some of them cry, was to the exquisite new music by Karolik, the great violinist, which has never been sung before. It's called, 'Come unto These Yellow Sands,' and we shall use it to wind up the programme of the first concert in New York. 'Come unto these yellow sands, and then take hands ; curtsied when you have and kiss'd, the wild waves whist.' They're Shakespeare's words. . . . It's all too wonderful, darlings—like coming to the end of a rainbow in a sort of fairyland. I'll work myself to the bone for her in sheer gratitude."

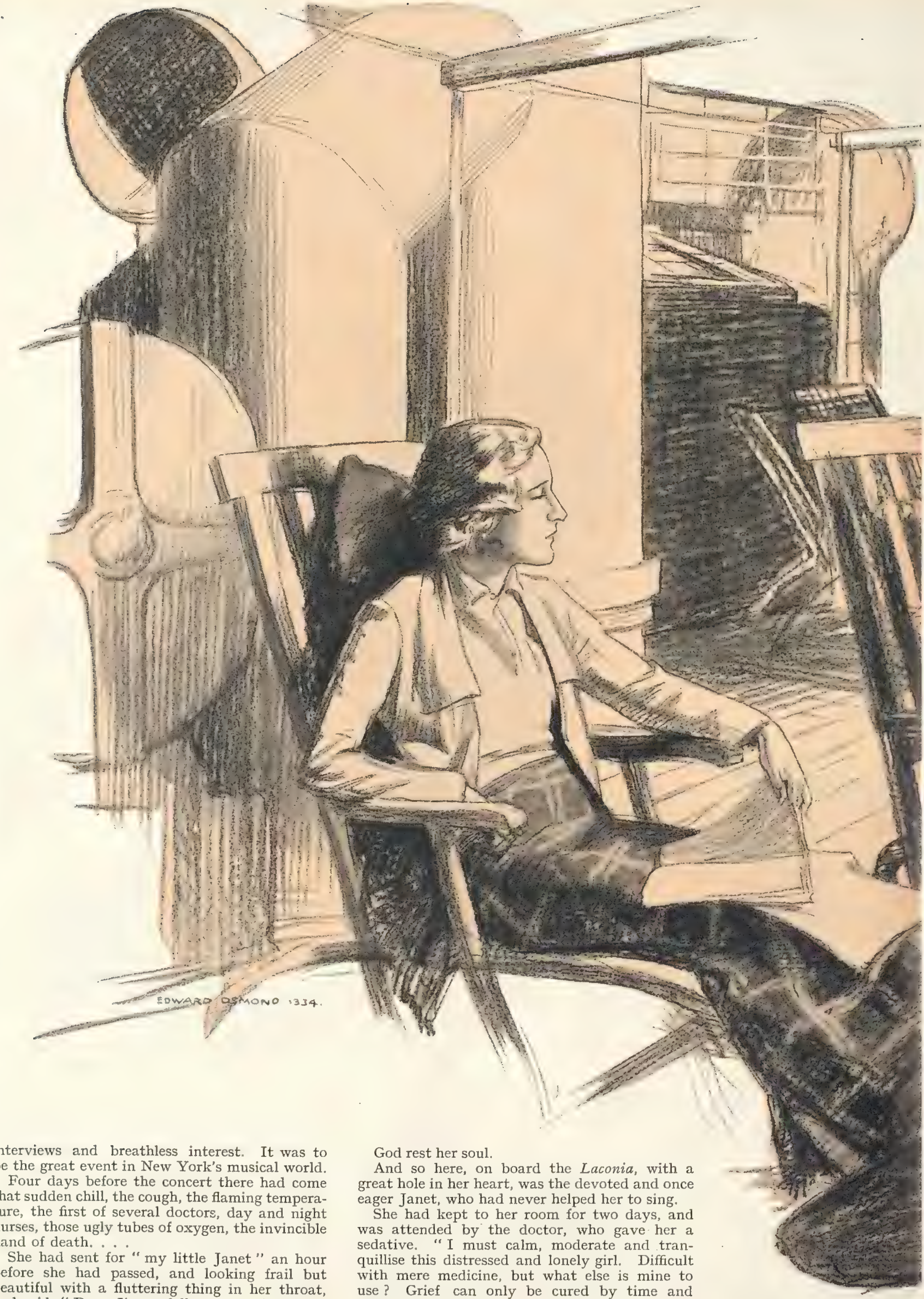
And that she had done on the opening programme which had been chosen for Carnegie Hall. Even that enormous place had been completely sold out. The agent had taken a studio in 57th Street, with the latest modern furniture and a lovely instrument. The press had swarmed upon it with tyrannical cameras and the papers were full of

How Luck, Good and Bad, came to Janet Rowley

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



SHE had sent for " my little Janet " an hour before she had passed and, looking frail but beautiful, had said, " Dear, I'm awfully sorry. I'm going to let you down "


EDWARD OSMOND 1934.

interviews and breathless interest. It was to be the great event in New York's musical world.

Four days before the concert there had come that sudden chill, the cough, the flaming temperature, the first of several doctors, day and night nurses, those ugly tubes of oxygen, the invincible hand of death. . . .

She had sent for "my little Janet" an hour before she had passed, and looking frail but beautiful with a fluttering thing in her throat, had said, "Dear, I'm awfully sorry. I'm going to let you down."

God rest her soul.

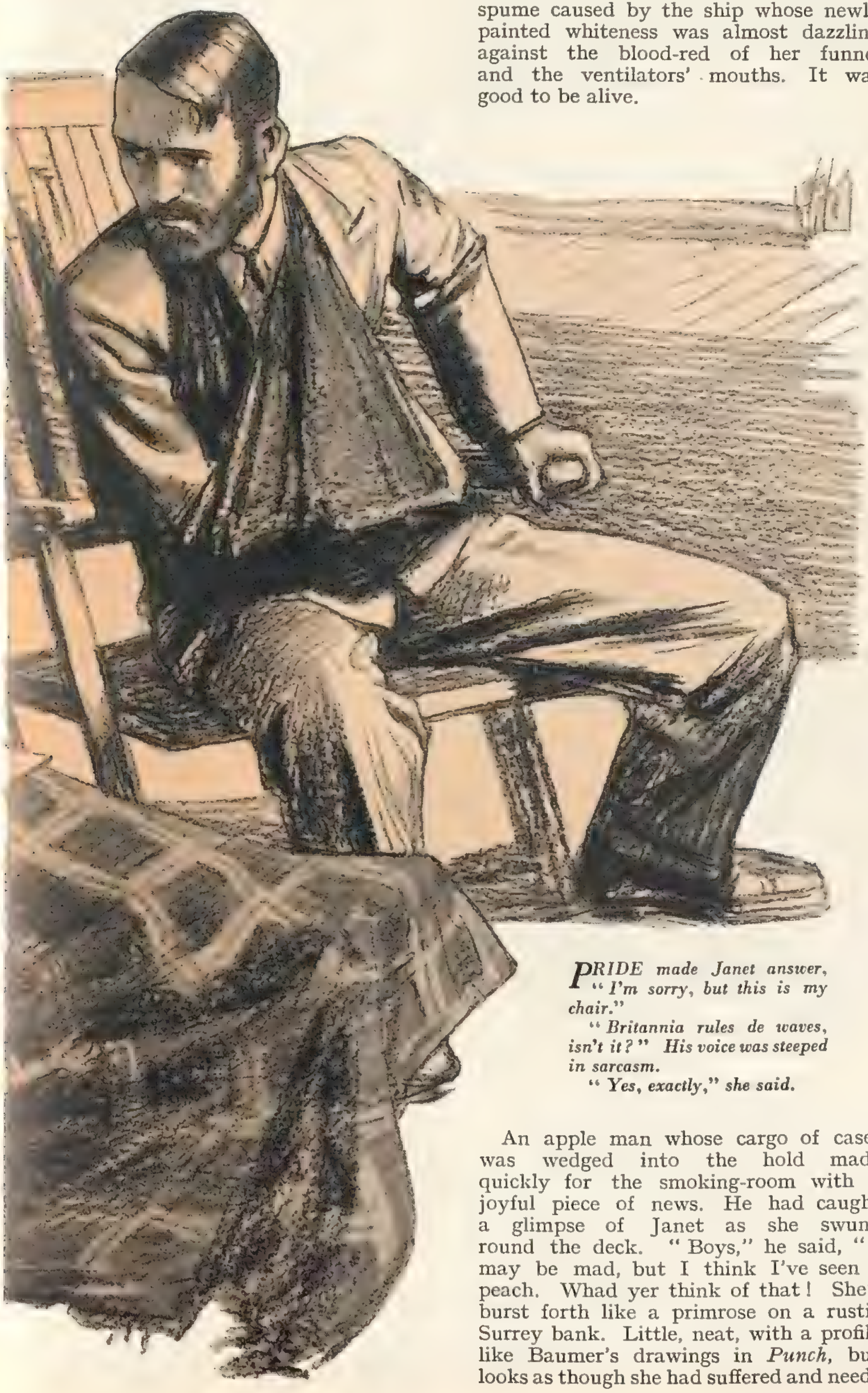
And so here, on board the *Laconia*, with a great hole in her heart, was the devoted and once eager Janet, who had never helped her to sing.

She had kept to her room for two days, and was attended by the doctor, who gave her a sedative. "I must calm, moderate and tranquillise this distressed and lonely girl. Difficult with mere medicine, but what else is mine to use? Grief can only be cured by time and despair by success." But once again on the second day, as the ship did her duty with an unbroken pulse, and there was laughter in the smoking-room, music in the drawing-room, and the intermittent voices of those who walked the deck, he reminded her of the adage of the Chinese Rochefoucauld.

At which she smiled and said, " All right, Doctor, to-morrow I'll be on my feet."

" We're not carrying many passengers, worse luck," he went on to say. " Half a dozen apple men who punish the whisky a bit, a honeymoon couple who look self-conscious and are trying to assume the indifference of an old married pair, about twenty of the sort of people we always carry across who spend their time in the library with Edgar Wallace and such—and the usual middle-aged lady who throws her eyes about. The second-class is more lively. Numerous nice Irish girls who are going back to the old country because America's in the dumps. And, of course, there are several priests. The most interesting, picturesque, but bad-tempered creature who snaps at everyone and whose name I see by the passenger list is Jan Machakoff is, oddly enough, first class. He's a tall, slim person, with a Communistic beard, a soft hat with a large flop, and his right arm in a sling. He appears to have a grievance which makes him hate the world. Give him a wide berth."

SHE came up to one of those mornings which are only to be found at sea. It was clear, keen and sparkling with an unclouded sun, a sky which appeared to be higher and bluer than she had ever seen before, a south-west breeze which sang through the ropes and sent away the oily smoke in a long thick line, a sea in a coy and charming mood with the white spume caused by the ship whose newly painted whiteness was almost dazzling against the blood-red of her funnel and the ventilators' mouths. It was good to be alive.



PRIDE made Janet answer, " I'm sorry, but this is my chair."

" Britannia rules de waves, isn't it ? " His voice was steeped in sarcasm.

" Yes, exactly," she said.

An apple man whose cargo of cases was wedged into the hold made quickly for the smoking-room with a joyful piece of news. He had caught a glimpse of Janet as she swung round the deck. " Boys," he said, " I may be mad, but I think I've seen a peach. Whad yer think of that ! She's burst forth like a primrose on a rustic Surrey bank. Little, neat, with a profile like Baumer's drawings in *Punch*, but looks as though she had suffered and needs an uncle or two. Let's be good to her."

It was received with a burst of assent. The notorious effect of apples is to make men altruists.

As Janet felt the sun on her face and took deep breaths of that air she repeated the Chinese encouragement and tilted up her chin. " I'll take the bad things well," she thought, " and make a wreath of courage for that dear woman's grave. I'll do what this good ship does and go on and on with pluck."

Refusing to look into the future with its inevitable lack of work—her job had gone with the B.B.C. and there was nothing else in view—she made the best of that day and the returning sap of youth. It was not until the evening, an hour before the bugler sounded the call to change, that she looked for her chair and sat. For some peculiar reason, probably mischievous, the deck-steward had allotted it next to the bearded man's. And as the former tucked her into it with his usual bed-side smile Jan Machakoff uttered a growl.

Again and again she had seen him as she took her exercise and once had only just missed the book which, with an outraged jerk, he had tossed overboard. He had offered no apology for its nearness to her head. He had merely, in fact, glowered, so that the Doctor's summing up of him was fully justified. But his advice was difficult. How could she give him a wide berth in a chair that touched his own ? Not that evening, at any rate. To-morrow she would see that it was placed at the other end of the deck.

But when he gave an impatient heave and said with deliberate rudeness : " It is not that you are 'ere to stay ? I cannot tink it is in all this emptiness," pride made Janet answer, " I'm sorry, but this is my chair."

" Britannia rules de waves, isn't it ? " His voice was steeped in sarcasm.

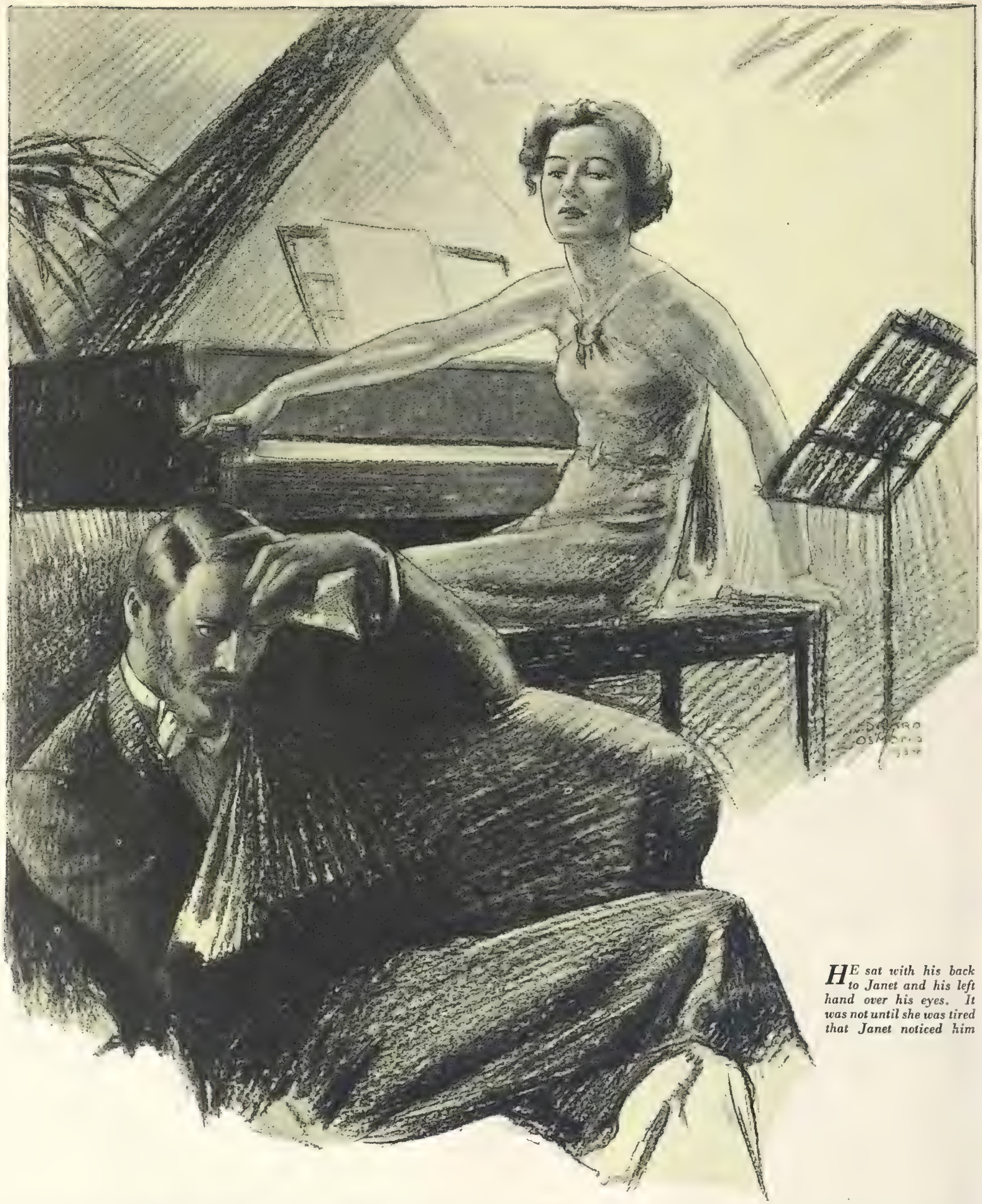
" Yes, exactly," she said.

At which he gave a gesture of the most profound dismay. " At once it is good that I say to you ' Do not run the risk.' I am down and—'ow you say ?—out. The world has turn against me. I am a too kicked dog. All day I shall groan and toss from side to side. I am in the pain of the body as well as of the soul. I shall curse and use the word that it is not for the young. At this moment I make a warn. I say to you ' Move away from me. It is better that you do.' "

HE spoke with extraordinary rapidity and a sort of explosive force. He used every one of the fingers of his unbandaged hand. His accent was broken and curious and his tone had in it the impatience of one not usually crossed. His manner was that of a man who had ordered people about and was accustomed to be petted and spoilt and refused all argument. He took it for granted that Janet would go immediately.

But to his amazement she drew her rug about her and held her place. It was not that she felt obstinate, antagonistic or hurt. It was with the sudden recognition of a fellow-wounded dog. It was in answer to the herd instinct, the wish to help at a stile. It pervaded her sympathetically so that she understood. He was almost as young as she was, like her, had a pain in the soul, and they were both of them down and out. She would pass on the Chinese adage which had done her so much good.

Before she could fumble to that, how-



HE sat with his back to Janet and his left hand over his eyes. It was not until she was tired that Janet noticed him

ever, he stared at her wide-eyed, said something in a language which might just as well have been Greek, stumbled to his feet with difficulty, having only the use of one arm, made a grab at a magazine and headed along the deck.

"Well, that's that," she thought. "Good intentions misapplied. I shall see his chair to-morrow at least a mile away. The beginning and the end."

SHE dined at the doctor's table at which there were four of the people who haunted the library. He had placed her on his right so that he might look after her and continue to give her the tonic of cheerfulness. He looked smart and even more dapper in his neat mess kit and had polished the dome of his bald head which shone in the light. His eyes looked all the bluer because his face was deeply tanned and his stiff shirt even whiter against the brown of his sensitive hands. No one knew what his past had been or why he had come to sea, though it was known that he had been in Harley Street as a famous specialist. It was believed by some of the officers that he had lost a beautiful wife and had joined the ship as a means of escape from his painful memories. Whether that was so or not was a matter of surmise. The personal pronoun was absent from his volubility, although the lines on his face were eloquent of mental suffering. It was obvious that he had cut ambition from the work he did so well and was content with his beneficent duties among the ship's company. He had been heard to say that " winds and waters keep a hush more dead than any sleep."

It was with the almonds and raisins which are inevitable in ships that he said to Janet, " Well, I hear that you bearded Machakoff—everything gets about—and that he threw a fit."

" Not a very big one and I quite understood. It must have been appalling to find what he called Britannia in the chair next to his."

Dr. Morrow laughed at her way of putting it. He would have been far from appalled if, as Machakoff or any other passenger of the same number of years, he had turned to see so charming a girl in a chair so close to his.

" There's something wrong with that man," he said. " I wonder what it is ? "

" The whole of life," said Janet. " The world has turned against him. He's a too-kicked dog."

" Oh, well, there are plenty of others who can thus describe themselves. But that's not a good enough reason for being disgustingly rude. Why advertise ? At any rate, I don't think it's likely that he'll get another chance."

" I'm quite sure of that. He'll avoid me like the plague."

" By the way, the owner of most of our cargo—you can smell it everywhere—has been to me about you."

" About me ? "

" You wouldn't perhaps think so, but he's timid, it appears. He wants to be introduced. He's heard that you're alone and wonders whether you'd like to join them at bridge. He's a decent little fellow and means awfully well. He and his companions put up an excellent game. I played with them last night."

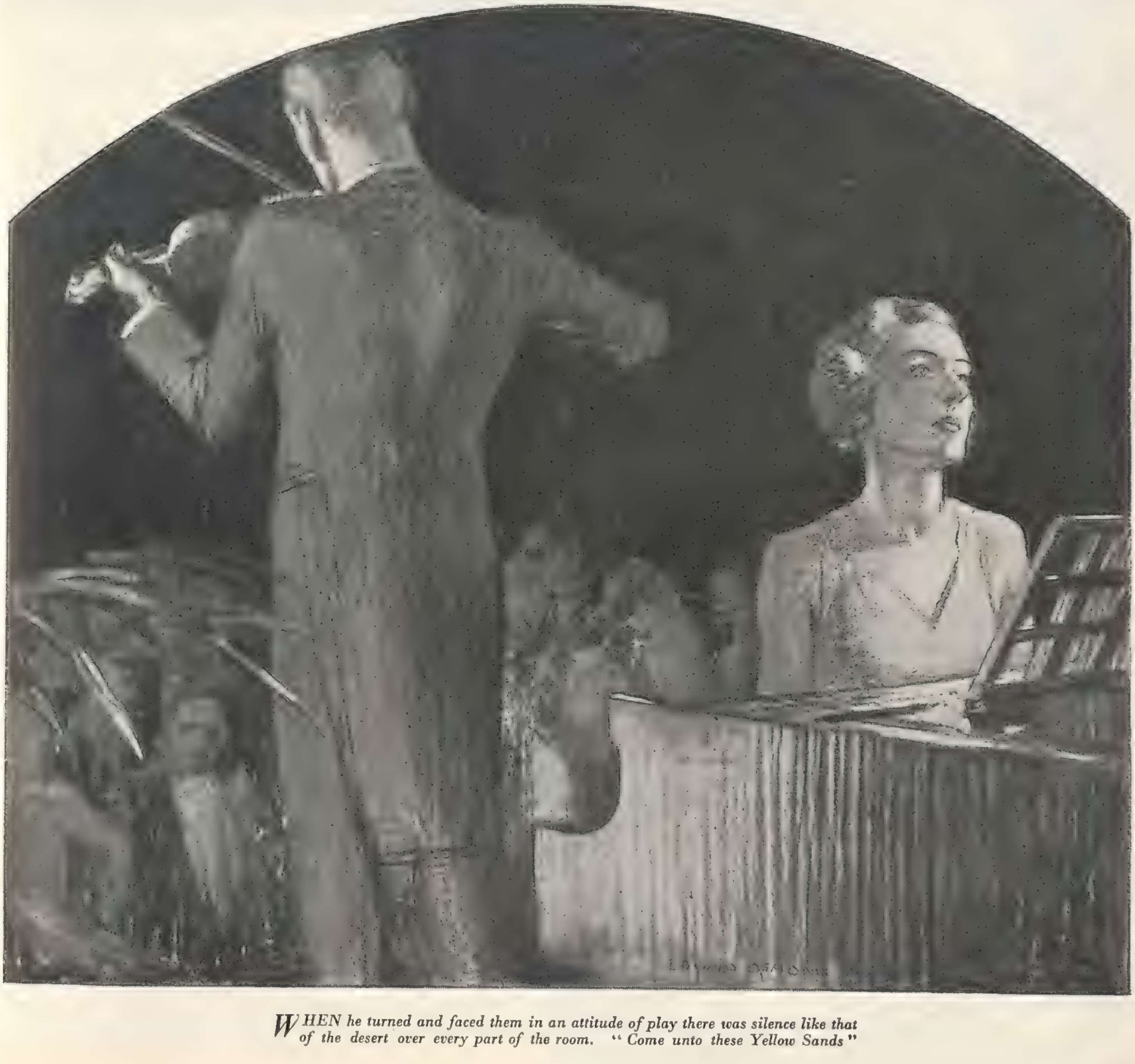
" How very kind ; but no. My bridge is even worse than the average vicarage. I simply wouldn't dare. I revoke at any minute and always hug my trumps."

An infinite number of wrinkles were added to all those round Dr. Morrow's eyes. " Then I think," he said, " you're right. One can be an amateur at any other game. Pons asinorum merits instant death. Come up to the drawing room and play the piano to me. Chopin is good for the soul."

And this is what she did, having waited until the orchestra had finished the work of the day. Gladly as it happened because the listeners were few and those who sat through the numbers were inconsiderate. If they were appreciative they gave no signs of it. Janet walked the deck and but for the example that the good ship set—duty, courage and persistence on her way through the night—her attempt to win Luck's admiration by a steady cheerfulness would have failed. Nothing was the same on board, unaltered as it was, without the delightful woman with whom she had been before. Every place had memories and the echoes of laughter were everywhere to be heard. Thrills, discussions, anticipations, moments of chilling nervousness, the dread of tremendous railway journeys, the excitement at the thought of receptions with probably a speech—everyone spoke in America whether able to do so or not—all came back again. But there was no warm hand on her arm . . . .

She had played three of Chopin's preludes and was in the middle of the first part of his Scherzo No. 3 in C sharp minor when the doctor saw the eyes and beard of the man he so greatly disliked in the window facing him. After a moment they disappeared and the whole of the tragic figure came quietly into the room. As if drawn like a snake to the music, though reluctantly

(*Continued on page* 114)



WHEN he turned and faced them in an attitude of play there was silence like that of the desert over every part of the room. " Come unto these Yellow Sands "

Below:
AN Arab café in one of the streets of Biskra

Left:
A WOMAN selling bread. The round, flat loaves of white bread are temptingly displayed on low-legged wooden trays. They look good, but taste somewhat sour

Behind Harem

An intimate record of the customs of the Veiled Women

By Baroness Sophie de

"DO you really mean that the old-fashioned harem still exists in Morocco, with the French influence and all that? Why, I had thought that, with the emancipation of women in Turkey, all this had vanished from the shores of the Mediterranean! Do you mean to say that the harem still exists in all classes?" a woman I met asked me in surprise. I had just returned from a long stay in Northern Morocco and, thanks to letters of introduction, had managed to see a good deal of native life. To anyone who has visited Tetuan, Fez, Marrakesh, even the native quarter of Tangiers, there can be no manner of doubt that East is still East in Morocco.

Very wisely the French have built their fine new cities at some distance from the Moorish towns. The old native cities have remained unchanged, and anyone walking down their narrow, dark streets, with tortuous passages a loaded donkey can scarcely get through, who has been inside the tall, windowless houses, who has seen the veiled women gliding through the streets, feels that nothing has been changed here for centuries. As of yore, no man ever speaks of his wife. "You must never ask an Arab how his wife is, however well you may know her," a long-time resident told me. "It would be a gross breach of etiquette. You must only inquire after the family—he will understand that you mean Lella Amina."

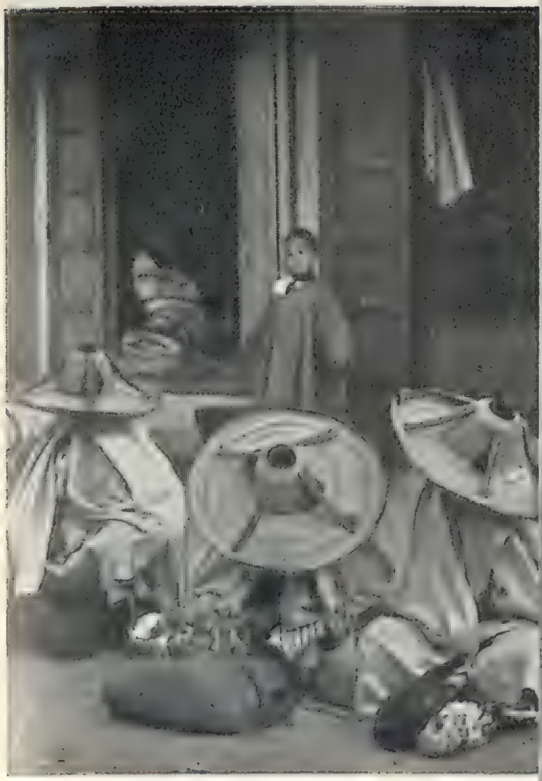
The close veil that shrouds the home life of Orientals cannot be drawn aside by a European. Thanks to their innate hospitality, any woman having an introduction by a mutual friend is sure of receiving a polite welcome in a harem, but you may visit the ladies time after time, you will not "get at them" really. Only years of residence, giving the opportunity to render some small service and proving your friendship in cases of illness or misfortune, can lift a corner of the veil.

The Arabs are generous and grateful. Once a friend always a friend, but it requires a good deal to surmount the barrier of religious fanaticism and distrust of the foreigner. Every household has several mistresses as soon as a man has the means to keep the four legal wives allowed by the Koran. Besides the keep of the ladies, every marriage entails great expense, for the prospective husband literally buys his wife from her family in the form of costly presents he is bound to give to his in-laws and his bride, the amount being fixed in accordance with the lady's charms and age. Thus I was told that when one of the former Sultans died, there remained over two hundred ladies in his harem. Though these slave wives have a secondary status themselves, their children have the same legal rights as those of the four first wives.

The Sultan's successor encouraged the notables to marry these "widows," whose housing, in suitable state, would have been a heavy item in his budget. He made known that he would not demand a heavy price for them—indeed, that the scale would be lowered to half and even a quarter of the price for the older contingent. They nearly all found husbands to the general satisfaction.

The fact that they had been in the palace enhanced their value in the husband's eyes, and as for the ladies, they were delighted to go to a home of their own, instead of ending their days in the huge, dreary palaces of Fez and Meknes, where the old relatives of the Sultans wearily wait for death.

No princess, no Chareefa (descendant

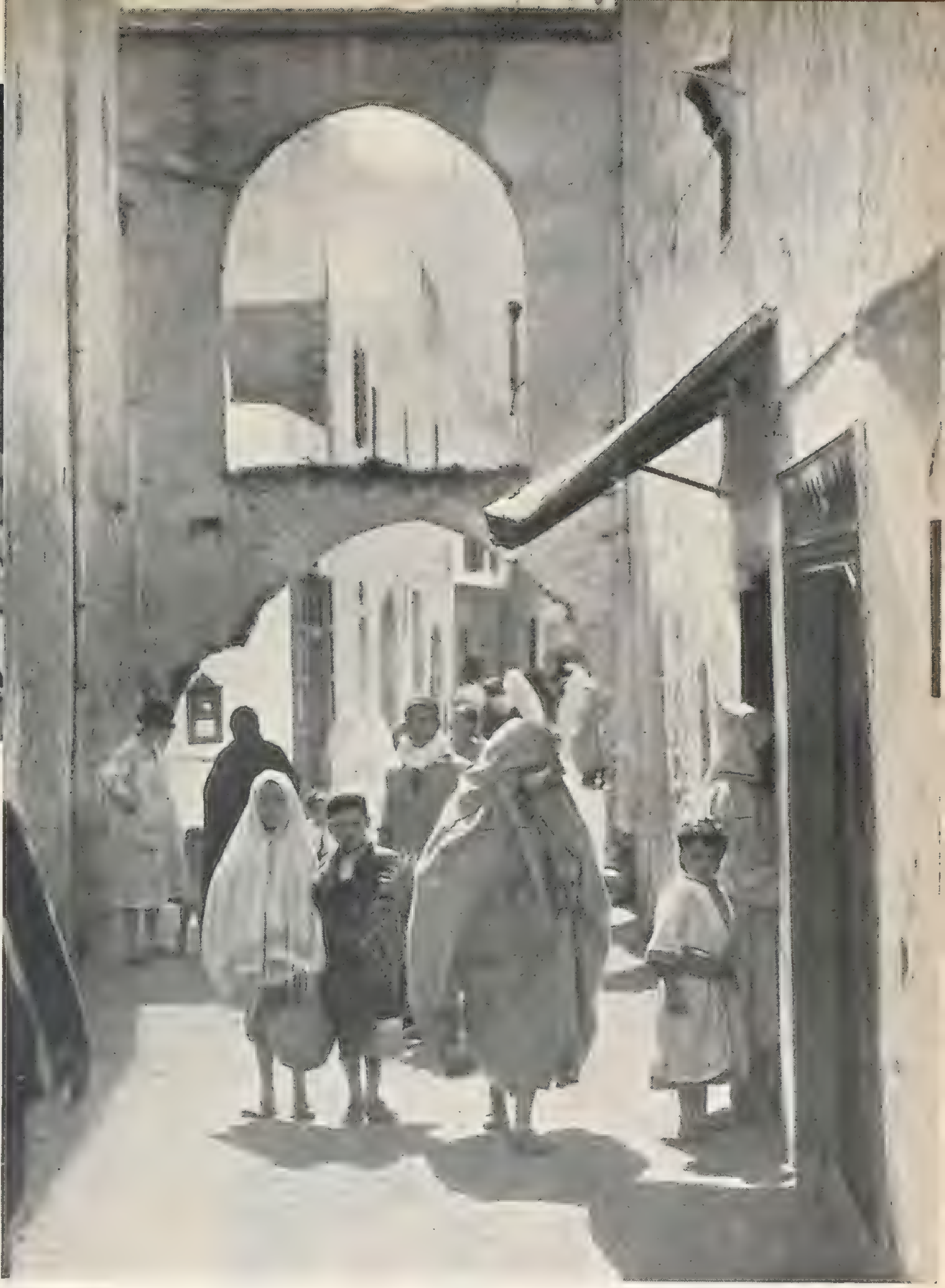


MARKET women at Tetuan. The hats are a feature of the Spanish zone. They bowed their heads to avoid being photographed

Walls

life, manners and of North Africa

Buxhoeveden



A NARROW street in the native quarter of Tetuan. Note the picturesque double archway

f the Prophet's family), no woman who as some pretension to belong to the ristocracy, ever goes out. "We are told the town has changed very much these last ten years," a young Chareefa said to me, "but we, of course, do not know. We never have been in town." The mysterious, closely veiled figures, whose eyes alone peep out from the veil that covers their head, are women of the middle classes. The voluminous folds of their haik, a wide draped garment of hand-woven white wool, completely hide their shape, and remind one of the Bible: in such robes Sarah and Ruth must have gone about. According to our standards, the middle-class Moorish woman leads a more active and consequently less tedious life than her sister of the upper classes. She is busy all day looking after her home.

Early in the morning, accompanied by a female relative or her servant—the poorest families have one help at least, generally poor relations—the lady goes to the "soukkho" for her shopping. The streets are full of women in the morning, carrying a baby on their back, firmly secured by the folds of the haik and invisible to the casual glance. It gives the impression that every woman one meets is a hunchback. The baby is hidden away, for the superstitious mind cannot bear strangers looking at it. If it is admired, the mother is in despair, and immediately calls it an ugly misshapen creature—for fear of evil spirits hearing the praise and harming the baby in revenge. The anxious parent doubtless had already done her best to keep them at bay. She has shaved her little one's head, leaving (*Continued on page 122*)

Below:

A NATIVE shopping centre in Algiers. Most of the streets are only accessible to foot passengers

Cosmic Rays, Sky Matter—what great lie hidden in the still,

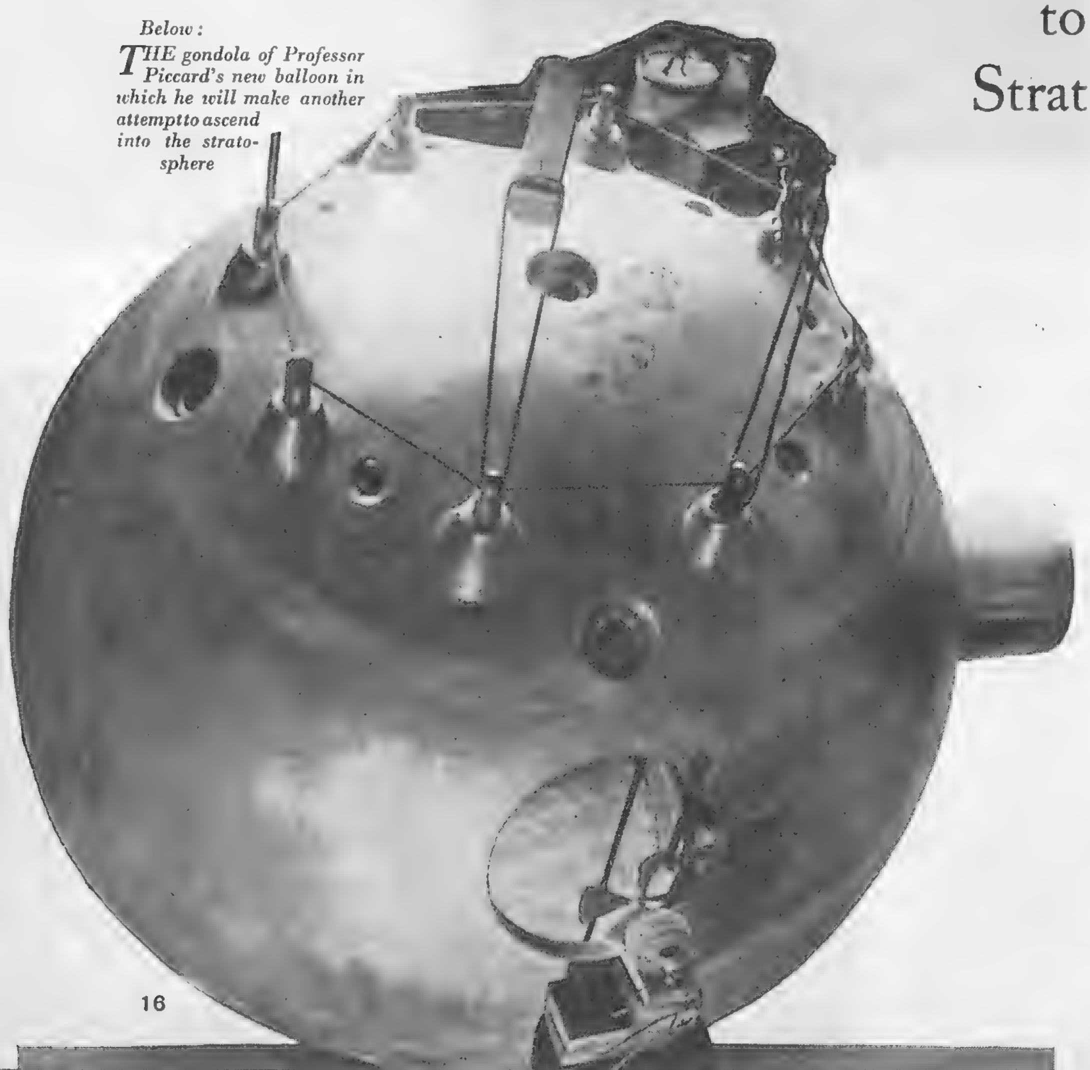
By Ferdinand Tuohy

Twenty Miles Up

Why Piccard has decided to return to the Stratosphere

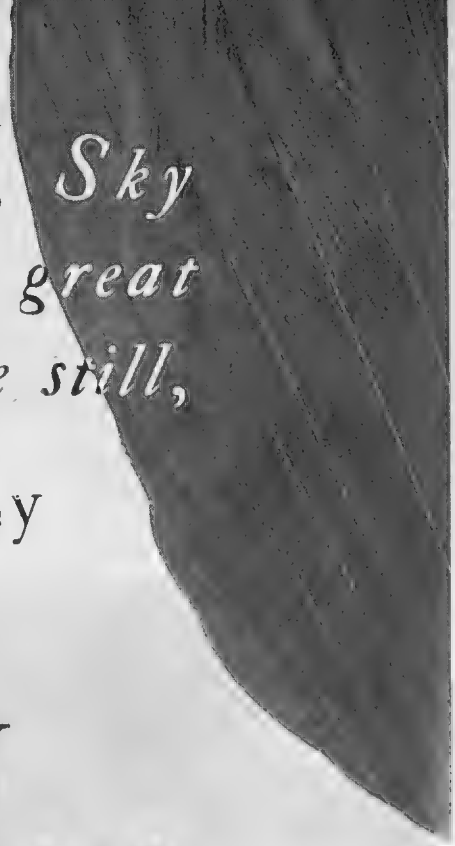
WHEN, about four years ago, the story first began to percolate that a certain Brussels professor was talking of ascending, in a metal globe attached to a free balloon, far higher than mortal man had ever risen above or away from the earth's surface before, the gentleman in question, one Piccard by name, was put down by some as a gasbag (" why take up a balloon ? "), by others as an amiable crank. Sincere, no doubt, yet carried away by a not unknown scientific mysticism! Few were greater scoffers than air people, with whom the one variation came when Piccard persisted in his preparations. The experts were then content to dismiss the whole business with the word, " suicide." Pity the poor fellow could not have been kept to his laboratory and his family. . . .

Forty months have gone by since Piccard's pioneer ascent smote the world's imagination as nothing had done, even in this wonderful day, for a generation, or, at any rate, since the war. People far and wide were so awfully glad to read of something *new* and exciting and, conspicuously so, away, *away*, from all the endless mess and troubles and fears down here below. The peaceful, windless and cloudless glory of the stratosphere (of which not one in a hundred had ever as much as heard) was somehow terribly attractive as an idea.



Below:

THE gondola of Professor Piccard's new balloon in which he will make another attempt to ascend into the stratosphere



GOING up. Professor Max Cosyns and his assistant, M. Van Der Elst, ascending from Hour-Horennes, France. They reached a height of over ten miles

Now that I have learnt in the Piccard home, in Brussels, that the celebrated professor not only contemplates returning to the stratosphere but is planning to go up twenty miles, there will be neither scoffing nor commiseration. The world has grown to appreciate that Piccard is the direct opposite of the sensational, hit-or-miss person who overstates his possibilities or is lured by publicity. Auguste Piccard takes no chances, prepares everything minutely, including alternatives, only ventures aloft after the experience has been proved to his scientific satisfaction below; he emphatically wishes to continue living, alike for his young family and for scientific research, and he doesn't ostentatiously " hate " publicity (as some film stars affect to do), he genuinely feels uncomfortable when the front page hovers in his vicinity. It isn't modesty so much as a special brand of humility that one has noticed before with men of science. Piccard's attitude is: " I shall give to the world what I get. Isn't that sufficient ? "

Colouring, Radiation, Energy, Secret of the Universe may mysterious calm of forbidden Altitudes?

PROFESSOR PICCARD looking out of the porthole of the gondola of the balloon in which Professor Max Cosyns and M. Van Der Elst made their ascent at Hour-Harennes, France

Left:

THE final overhaul. Major William E. Kepner and his companions making last-minute adjustments to the balloon in which they made an attempt in the U.S.A. to break the world's stratosphere record

Below:

MAJOR WILLIAM KEPNER and Captain Albert Stevens inside their balloon. Note the small space left in the gondola after all the scientific instruments had been installed

Well, perhaps not quite, on certain occasions. . . .

MORE than three years had elapsed since my last call at the foliage-hidden villa in the Avenue Ernestine. I was reminded of the fact by the way the younger children had grown—here they were, romping on the lawn. Last time, when father first went up, they were squealing. The Piccards live in a calm and leafy corner just outside the Bois and quite close to the University buildings where the Professor works. Once again I chuckled, approaching No. 14 . . . for one has to do so down the Avenue Lloyd George. This and the rue Kitchner (*sic*) at Havre represent our total nomenclature collectings abroad out of the Great War.

Madame Piccard (daughter of a leading French historian) was the main channel of information. She is now something of an expert herself. Indeed, I noticed at once what a change had come over her in relation to the stratosphere. In 1931 she was all nerves. In 1934 she was almost chirpy about prospects. I pointed out that her husband had given us to understand that he would never go up again, that the descent near Lake Garda had produced too great exhaustion and that things should be left to younger men in the future (the Professor has just turned fifty).

"I know. But you can never be certain with scientists what they do or want to do. Besides, it is less worrying now. It was the first time that was so anxious."

I asked why the Professor had gone back on his decision, and what he was particularly seeking this time, at the great height mentioned—32,000 metres, or over nineteen miles? And why this special "ceiling"? If so high, why not higher?

Boiled down, the answer to the first and second of the above may be resumed as follows: There is nothing more to be done at present heights. Max Cosyns has done all the validating and checking that offers round 10 and 12 miles. The Russians have been helpful, too. There was a chance that we should be able to "read" and understand the stratosphere and its components at present heights, but this has turned out not to be so. We are not appreciably nearer solving the origin of the cosmic rays—paramount question. In fact, latter

(*Continued on page 132*)

Corkscrew Number 57

A Murder Mystery in a London Square

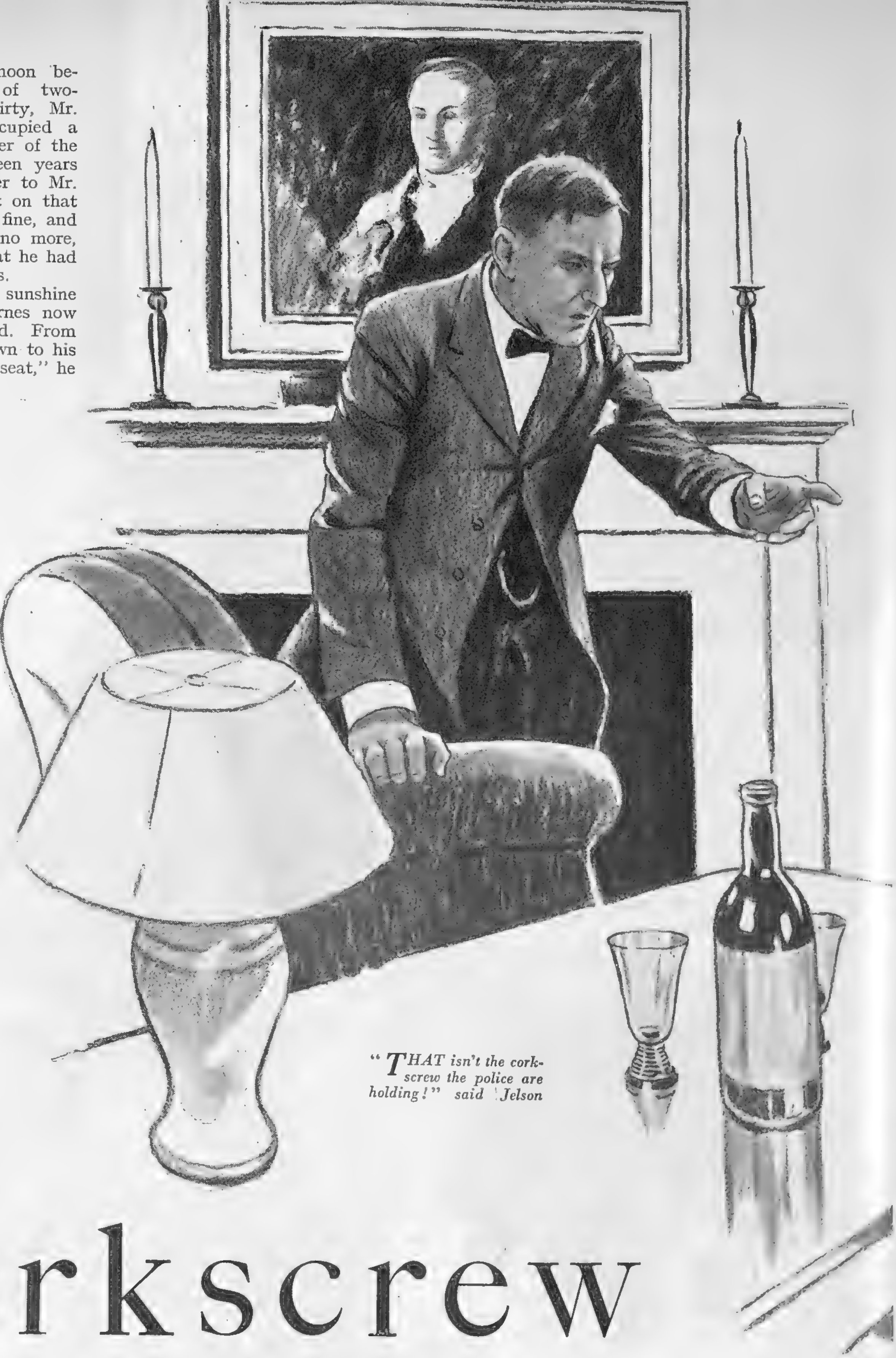
By James Francis Dwyer

EVERY sunny afternoon between the hours of two-thirty and three-thirty, Mr. Richard Barnes occupied a seat at the south-east corner of the Square. During the eighteen years that he had acted as butler to Mr. William Corbett he had sat on that seat when the weather was fine, and now that Mr. Corbett was no more, he continued the routine that he had followed during the long years.

Of course that hour in the sunshine was more agreeable to Barnes now that his master had departed. From the seat in the square, known to his neighbours as "the butler's seat," he could look at the neat red-brick house where he had worked for long years as a servant and which was now his property. House and contents, together with an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Richard Barnes, in those first months after his employer's death, often thought that the annuity might have been larger. It was a nice legacy, of course, but the old man could have made it five. It was silly of Mr. Corbett to leave so much money to hospitals and charitable homes. When this mood came upon Barnes he would softly damn the memory of his late employer. "'Mean old curmudgeon!" he would growl. "He deserved what he got. What did he collect the damn things for? Spending money on them that he might have left to me."

IT was in the early spring that Mr. William Corbett met his death. After the hullabulloo had died down Richard Barnes took



"THAT isn't the corkscrew the police are holding!" said Jelson possession of Number 19, and, as in former days, he occupied "the butler's seat" during the warm afternoons. He "did" for himself. His outward appearance did not change. As Mr. Richard Barnes of the red-brick house he was the same sedate, reserved person that he had been as Barnes the butler.

He had little converse with his neighbours. The watchful, talkative neighbours to whom Mr. Corbett's death had provided such a gossip feast. Those neighbours were divided in their verdict concerning the part played by Barnes in that affair.

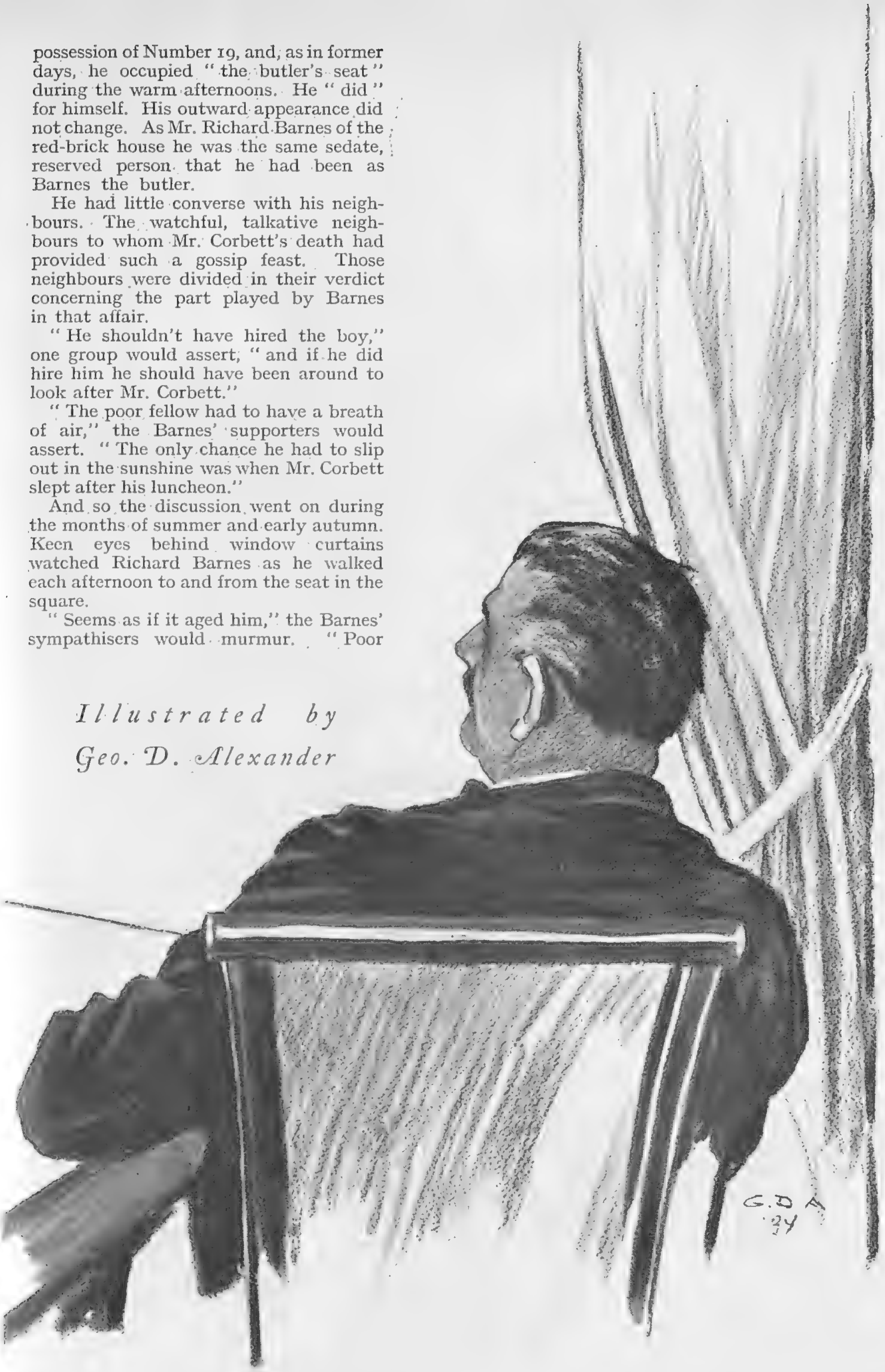
"He shouldn't have hired the boy," one group would assert; "and if he did hire him he should have been around to look after Mr. Corbett."

"The poor fellow had to have a breath of air," the Barnes' supporters would assert. "The only chance he had to slip out in the sunshine was when Mr. Corbett slept after his luncheon."

And so the discussion went on during the months of summer and early autumn. Keen eyes behind window curtains watched Richard Barnes as he walked each afternoon to and from the seat in the square.

"Seems as if it aged him," the Barnes' sympathisers would murmur. "Poor fellow! He never speaks to anyone."

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander



"Lucky man," the envious would whisper. "Got a house and two hundred and fifty a year for looking after an old gent that he lets get murdered while he's sitting in the sunshine."

Richard Barnes knew well that he was the subject of much discussion. He fought against a strange nervousness that had clutched him after everything had been settled, as Barnes hoped it might be settled. It was the watchfulness of the square that troubled him. The eyes behind the curtains, the tongues that discussed his good fortune. He longed for a companion who was outside the critical area represented by the inhabitants of the square.

It was then that he met the little man with the lean face. The meeting took place on an afternoon in August. Richard Barnes, walking to his favourite seat, tripped over a length of wire left on the pathway by a careless electrician, and came down rather heavily.

The little man was the only person on the Square at the moment. He rushed to the assistance of Barnes. He helped the ex-butler to a seat, brushed the gravel from his clothes and exuded sympathy.

"Can I get you anything, sir?" he cried. "Drop of something, sir? Awful fall for you, sir, you being a bit heavy, if I might say so, sir."

Richard Barnes was not hurt in any way. He was irritated by the fall but he found a strange soothing quality in the words of the little man. They constituted a verbal balm. The continuous use of the word "sir" was cheaply bought by a fall on the gravel.

"I'm all right, my man," he said pompously. "Good of you to help."

"Why, sir, I'm pleased at being able to help," said the stranger. "It was a nasty fall for a well-built gentleman like yourself, sir."

"Stupid of me," said Barnes. "Just walked out from my home. Number 19." This little man didn't know that Richard Barnes was an ex-butler. That continuous "sirring" and the words "well-built" gentleman proved that.

The stranger looked reverently at Number 19. The red-bricked house that Mr. William Corbett had willed to his butler glowed in the autumn sunshine.

"Is that your home, sir?" cried the little man. "Well, I must say, sir, that you have the prettiest house on the Square."

"It's not bad," said Barnes. "Small, but large enough for an old bachelor. Has dignity, y'know."

Immediately he had uttered the words he realised that they were not his own. He had heard William Corbett use them a thousand times. But, as the little man had never heard Mr. Corbett's comments on the house it was quite in order to use the phrase.

"I should say it has, sir!" giggled the stranger. "Lots of dignity, sir. And it's not small in my opinion. I'm living in a back room so tiny that you couldn't hang a cat in it."

The words "hang a cat in it" grated curiously on the ears of Richard Barnes, but the humility and fawning capacity of his new acquaintance was pleasing. The spirit of Barnes, driven into hiding by his loneliness, came and basked in the fellow's flattery. Here was a man who didn't know that he, Barnes, had been a servant. Possibly would never know.

The little man confessed that he was a newcomer from Manchester. He had a small pension, and he rented a room in a side street some distance from the Square. Like Richard Barnes he came each day to the Square to sit in the sunshine. He told this with many interlarded "sirs" and with a self-abasement that delighted his listener.

When Richard Barnes decided to return to Number 19 the little man offered his assistance. Bashfully he gave his shoulder to the hand of the ex-butler, and Barnes graciously condescended to use the proffered support. The extraordinary meekness of the man delighted Barnes.

THAT was the beginning of the friendship. A friendship that a psychologist would have foreseen. The lonely ex-butler finding pleasure in the flattery of a man who was visibly impressed by the wealth of Barnes.

August and September passed. It was a regular thing for Richard Barnes to meet the little man, whose name was Sam Jelson, on the Square each afternoon. They occupied the same bench, and Jelson would listen with something akin to awe while Richard Barnes expressed himself. Barnes never considered what Jelson got out of the meetings ; he only knew that he, Barnes, was consoled immensely by the fawning attitude of the little man.

It was in the first week of October that Richard Barnes proffered an invitation to Sam Jelson. Barnes invited the little man to visit Number 19.

It came about in this fashion. Jelson, while listening to Barnes, whittled at a piece of soft wood with his penknife. He was proud of the penknife. When Barnes paused in his talk Jelson showed him the penknife. He had bought it in Manchester at a fair. It had five blades, a small saw, an instrument for taking stones out of the hoofs of horses, and a corkscrew.

" Corkscrews are handy," said Jelson. " A man ought always to carry a corkscrew."

Richard Barnes looked at him. He was certain that the remark was made in all innocence. Jelson knew nothing about Mr. William Corbett or the manner in which Corbett had met his death.

In the little silence that followed Jelson's remark there came to Barnes a sudden idea. He had profited by the daily companionship of the little man on the Square, built himself up by the flattery of the fellow, why not use him now as a weapon to kill the timidity that clutched him at odd moments ? He, Barnes, had never invited a stranger to Number 19. He had never mentioned the matter of Mr. William Corbett's death since the will had been probated. Possibly his annoying timidity was caused by his fear. If he could talk freely to someone, discuss the matter, he might escape the occasional nightmare. And what better listener could he have than this fawning man from Manchester ?

" I am interested in corkscrews," he said pompously. " As a matter of fact I have a collection."

" A collection of corkscrews, sir ? " asked Jelson.

" Yes. Two thousand of them. Corkscrews from every country in the world."

Jelson's face expressed amazement. " Two thousand of 'em ? " he cried. " Why, sir, what do you do with 'em ? "

" Nothing," answered Barnes. " They are in glass cases in the hall of my house."

The face of the little man pleased Richard Barnes. It was hard for Jelson to swallow the story. Barnes was certain now that he would gain courage by showing Jelson the collection. He might even tell the little idiot the story of Number Fifty Seven.

" Would you like to see the collection ? " he asked.

" Why, yes, sir ! " cried Jelson. " Never saw more than two corkscrews together in my life, sir."

" Come with me," said Barnes. Surely this was the way to kill those annoying fears.

TOGETHER they walked across the Square. Richard Barnes inserted the key in the lock of Number 19 and led his companion into the entrance hall.

Jelson's cry of astonishment as his eyes fell upon the glass cases delighted Richard Barnes. Now he, Barnes, was certain that he had made a mistake by living such a retiring life. He should have paraded his treasures to small folk like Jelson ; sucked courage from their astonishment and flattery.

Jelson was a treat. From the stiff hair on his round head to the thick soles on his shoes he exuded astonishment. Of course, two thousand corkscrews of every size and design was a strange exhibit.

Barnes took on the air of a showman. He was surprised to find that he was using the same words that Mr. William Corbett used when showing his collection to visitors. He was a little startled at the trick his memory played upon him, but he couldn't stop.

" The corkscrew, or to use the French word, *tire-bouchon*, did not come into use till the seventeenth century because cork was not generally used for stopping bottles till that period." (How often he, Barnes, had listened to the voice of Mr. Corbett repeating those words ?) Amazed, but unable to stop, he went on : " Although we have a mention of corks being used by the ancient Greeks and Romans. There are the lines in the Odes of Horace which are so well-known :

corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit amphoræ."

Barnes tried to control this parrot-like effort of memory but he couldn't. The words—Mr. Corbett's word—flowed from him in a manner that startled him. But the face of Jelson was a delight. Jelson was impressed with the knowledge of the interlocutor. Fearfully impressed.

" These are the earliest and, of course, the crudest," said Barnes, in the best Corbett manner, " Gathered from different parts of Europe, Northern Africa, and the East. In the great wine countries the most progress was made. France, Germany, Italy. Here we have a silver corkscrew from Mannheim, *circa* seventeenth century. It has a wise motto on the cross bar. See. *Man kann des Guten zu viel haben.*"

" What does that mean, sir ? " asked Jelson.

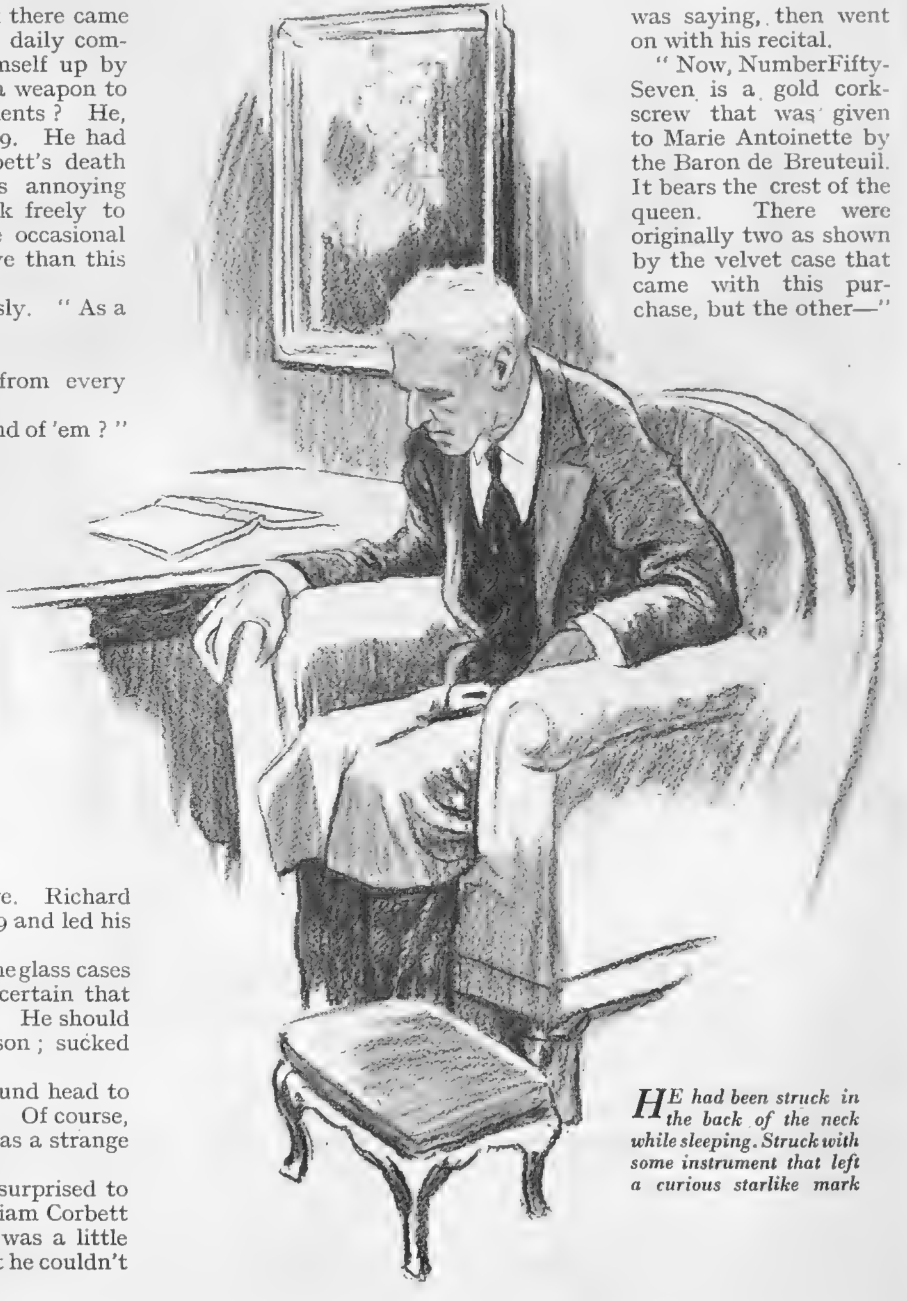
Richard Barnes laughed. He seldom laughed. " It means one can have too much of a good thing," he cried.

This repetition of old Mr. Corbett's chatter was really fun.

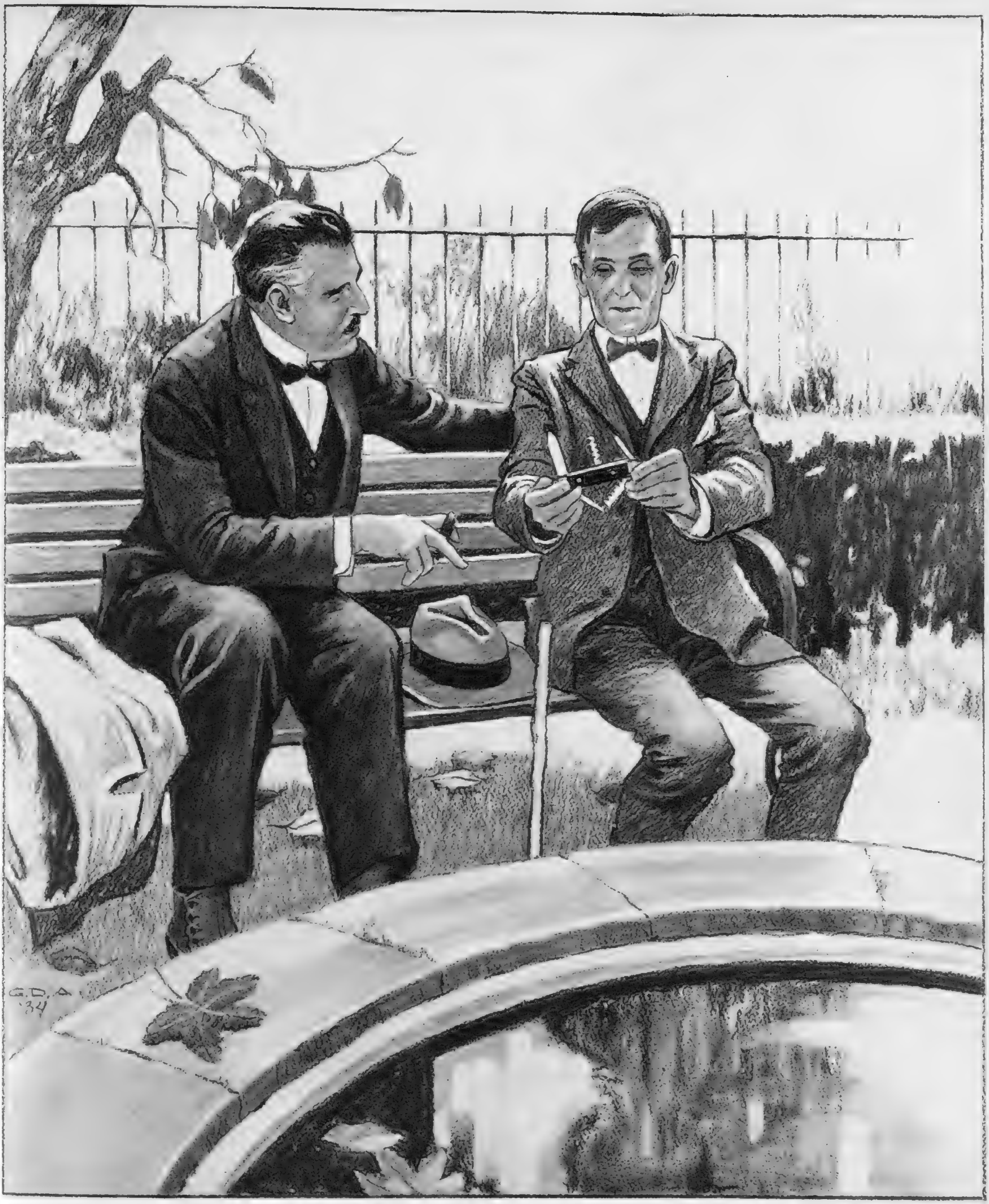
" Here now," he said, " this big brass *tire-bouchon* came from the Château of Chenonceau. It too has an inscription. *Femme, argent et vin, ont leur bien et leur venin.* How true. Women, money, and wine have their pleasure and their poison."

Barnes had a startling belief that his voice had changed. He listened to his own words. Not only were the words those of the dead William Corbett, but the voice itself was Corbett's. He closed his eyes the better to hear what he was saying, then went on with his recital.

" Now, NumberFifty-Seven is a gold corkscrew that was given to Marie Antoinette by the Baron de Breuteuil. It bears the crest of the queen. There were originally two as shown by the velvet case that came with this purchase, but the other—"



HE had been struck in the back of the neck while sleeping. Struck with some instrument that left a curious starlike mark



WHEN Barnes paused in his talk, Jelson showed him the penknife. He had bought it in Manchester at a fair. It had five blades, a small saw, an instrument for taking stones out of the hoofs of horses, and a corkscrew

Richard Barnes pulled himself up with a little grunt of astonishment. Had he gone mad? Was he possessed by the spirit of the dead William Corbett?

Jelson was looking at him with astonished eyes. The stubby finger of the fellow was pointing at the glass case.

"But it isn't here?" said Jelson. "There's only the label and the number."

"Yes, yes," muttered Barnes. "I forgot. Quite right. It isn't there. For the moment . . . for the moment it is somewhere else."

He was himself now. He recognised his own deep voice, so different from the soft tenor of William Corbett. Funny that he had blundered along like that. Unbelievable. In his stupid effort to find out if he was speaking in the voice of Corbett he had recited that infernal rigmarole about the gold corkscrew labelled "Number Fifty-Seven."

He made a great effort to cover his confusion. The little man was watching him curiously.

"Well, we've had enough of them for the time," said Barnes. "Would you like a drink? Drop of sherry perhaps?"

"Why, sir, that would (*cont. on p.* 75)

Twilight *of*

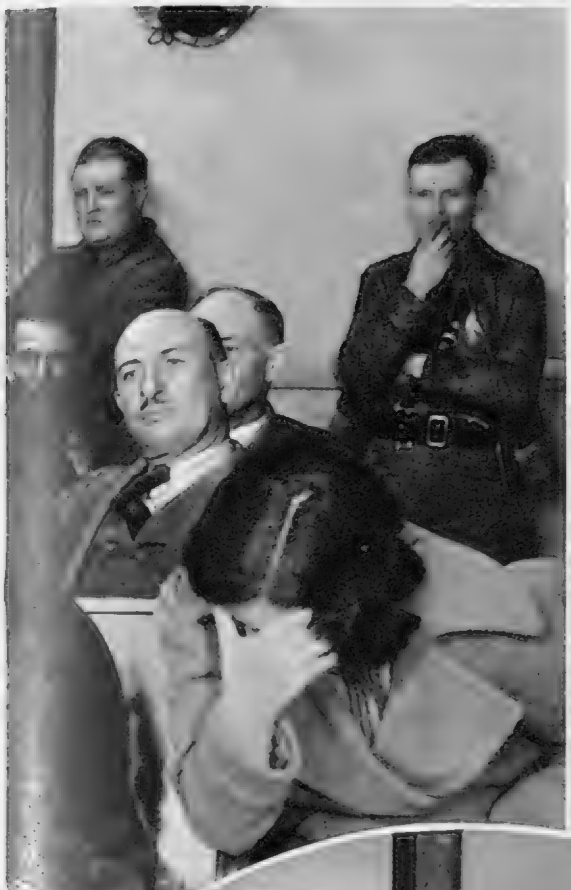
BEHIND prison bars. James Ward Kirk, Larry Kerrigan, and Rey Williams photographed in the county jail at Los Angeles. They pleaded guilty to kidnapping William F. Gettle and were sentenced to imprisonment for life

(Top)
AL CAPONE, bootlegger and racketeer, was found guilty of failing to make a return of his income. Fined £10,000 and sentenced to 11 years in jail

THE sun of the American gangster is setting. It is a stormy sunset, enriched with spurts of flame and the thunderous music of armoured cars and exploding machine-guns and hand-automatics; while, in the far distance, the clang of prison gates, and the faint sizzle which accompanies the discharge of a tremendous current through the human body, adds variety to this symphony in scarlet. Students of sociology, criminology, and pathology will presently study its phenomena with absorbed interest. A grim and bloody affair, but significant, too, and not without its touch of ironic humour.

There have been two separate and distinct phases so far. The high light of the first was Al Capone, Public Enemy Number One in his day; and the highlight of the second was John Dillinger, Public Enemy Number One in *his* day. If by chance you meet, some years hence, a stout and philosophical Italian-American gentleman, with a genial smile and a hard eye, and, perhaps, a nice estate in Florida, or, it may be, in Southern Italy, it would, I fancy, be extremely inadvisable to mention the two Public Enemies in the same breath. Robber barons have their pride, and, even after defeat and retirement, are apt to resent being classed with outlaw serfs. The fact that so great a gulf of class and caste separates the two Number Ones in itself explains and illuminates the astonishing revolution which has

the Gangster



(Left)
SOME of the members of the Dillinger gang, who were wanted by the authorities of seven States for various desperate crimes, arraigned in the Tucson Court after their capture

(Right)
EDWARD J. "SPIKE" O'DONNELL, an ex-Chicago beer baron and one-time arch-rival of Al Capone

By C. Patrick Thompson

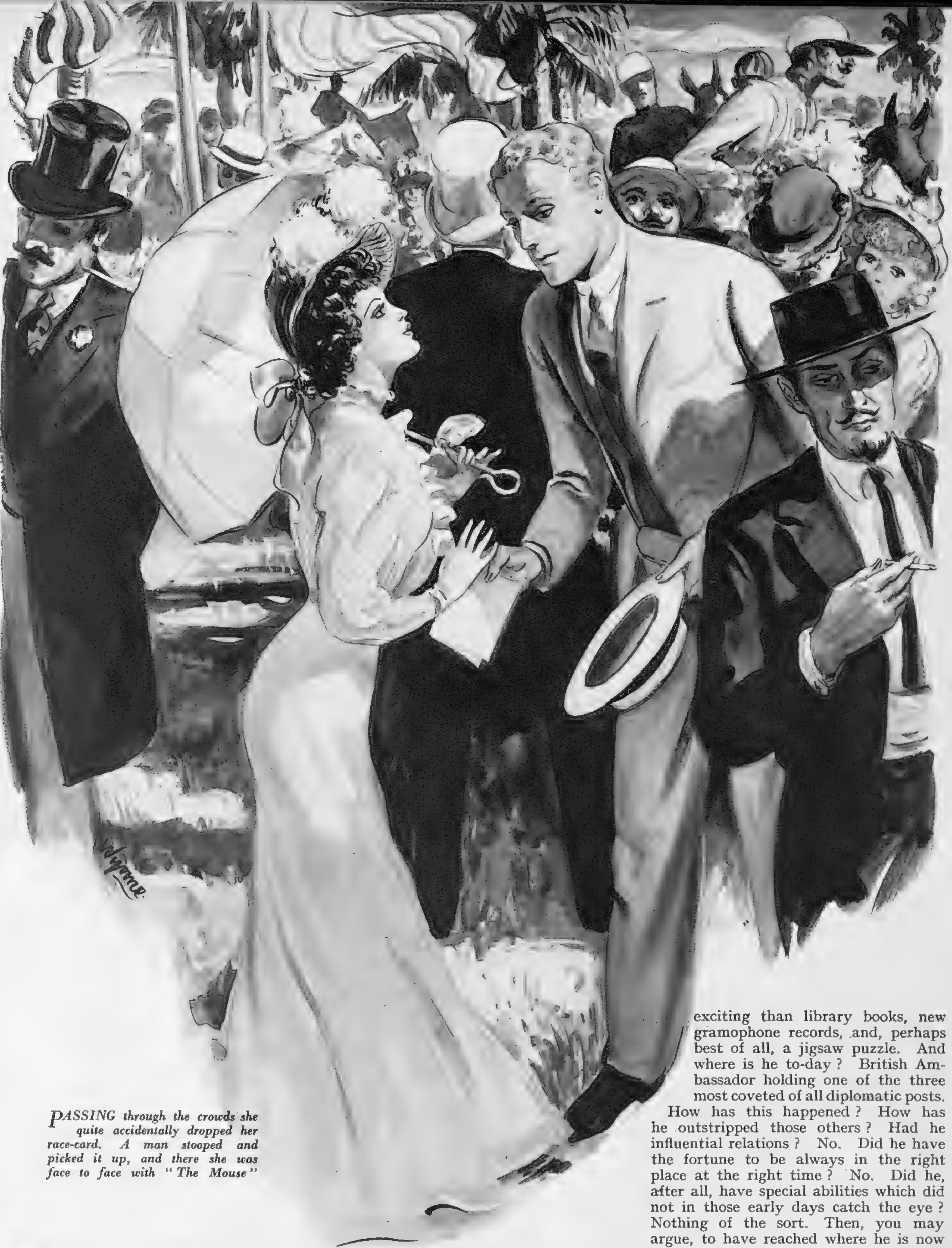
occurred in the American crime world. A whole epoch ended when Capone fell, and when Dillinger rose a new epoch began.

A glance back at the politico-crime scene of the Capone era helps to an easier understanding of the Dillinger phenomenon and the coming of the American storm troops of the anti-crime army. The eye may now come to rest upon the obese Alphonse Capone, premier baron, as he sits in the steel-lined office of his gang headquarters in the Chicago suburb of Cicero, on a day when he talked with his lawyer, and, for the first time, a sharp, puzzled fear flickered in his bold tawny eye.

He came from the North Side mob of New York, young Alphonse. Joe Colosimo brought Alphonse and his friend, Johnny Torrio, a thousand miles west to bodyguard him. Joe was a Mafia-minded Italian who had started as a street cleaner, and risen to ownership of a big restaurant and a string of disorderly houses. He saw the possibilities of the liquor traffic as soon as prohibition came in. A mighty, lawless city which had voted solidly against prohibition and had (*Continued on page* 76)

(Left)
NOT on Army Manœuvres, but the kidnapping section of the American army searching for kidnappers

(Oval)
A MACHINE-GUN guards the cell doors where a trio of desperadoes, members of the Dillinger gang, were imprisoned while awaiting trial for the murder of a sheriff



PASSING through the crowds she quite accidentally dropped her race-card. A man stooped and picked it up, and there she was face to face with " The Mouse "

EVEN an ambassador was young once, and in those far-off days when he was *attaché* in that South American capital, and when they nicknamed him " The Mouse," he was a pale, slight youth, with watery eyes and a shyness it was disturbing to watch. True, he was studious, amiable, had no noticed vices, and was ever ready to do the work of others who sat, hot hour after hot hour, in the drowsy Chancellery of His Britannic Majesty's Legation. But he was exasperating, vague, and had so bad a memory that, for anything requiring alertness or dexterity of any kind, one of the other *attachés* was always chosen. Yet where are those others now ? And where is he ? They have retired, or, awaiting their pensions, they represent their country in humdrum semi-provincial towns which the last two decades have transformed into capitals ; where nothing ever happens and where " the bag " seldom brings anything more exciting than library books, new gramophone records, and, perhaps best of all, a jigsaw puzzle. And where is he to-day ? British Ambassador holding one of the three most coveted of all diplomatic posts.

How has this happened ? How has he outstripped those others ? Had he influential relations ? No. Did he have the fortune to be always in the right place at the right time ? No. Did he, after all, have special abilities which did not in those early days catch the eye ? Nothing of the sort. Then, you may argue, to have reached where he is now he must have greatly changed. Wrong again ! For the changes are in his position, not in himself ; though, admittedly, seen from this other angle his qualities are apprized differently. To-day, for example, his shyness is taken for reserve ; his forgetfulness is held to be a disdain for trifles ; his vagueness is considered to be a detachment which, in this age of nervous hesitation and hasty slap-dash compromise, shows his real distinction. No, his success has

A Bouquet *of* FLOWERS

Which made life a Bed of Roses for a Timid and Polite Young Man

By Geoffrey Moss

Illustrated by D. Lloyd Wynne

been due to those very qualities which from the first marked him out as different from his contemporaries—his shyness, his vagueness, his forgetfulness.

True, the wife of his chief in those far-away South American days was a woman who had been a beauty of European reputation and who, moreover, was related to some of the highest in England. Still those others, who shared with him the heat and tedium of that little chancellery, saw her as much as, or more than, he did; nor did she ever show him any special favour. She would give him a cool, tired, fragile hand; she would regard him with those dark, beautiful, empty and by then tragic eyes; she would sink back into memories of her splendid pampered girlhood, or of grandiose days in Vienna, Rome and Paris and, till it was his turn to take his leave, she would appear scarcely conscious of his being in the room.

She was seldom visible till the late afternoon; she did not trouble to go out more than was necessary into local society and she remained aloof from the life, gossip and scandals of that minor Spanish-American town, where the inhabitants were largely half-castes with but the thinnest coating of civilisation and where the foreign diplomats were either young men serving grudgingly an apprenticeship in that heat, or failures, marooned to watch the leaves drop off the calendar till their careers were done.

She knew his name: she saw, no doubt, what manner of young man he was; she came to hear his nick-name.

"They call you 'The Mouse,' I hear," she said one day.

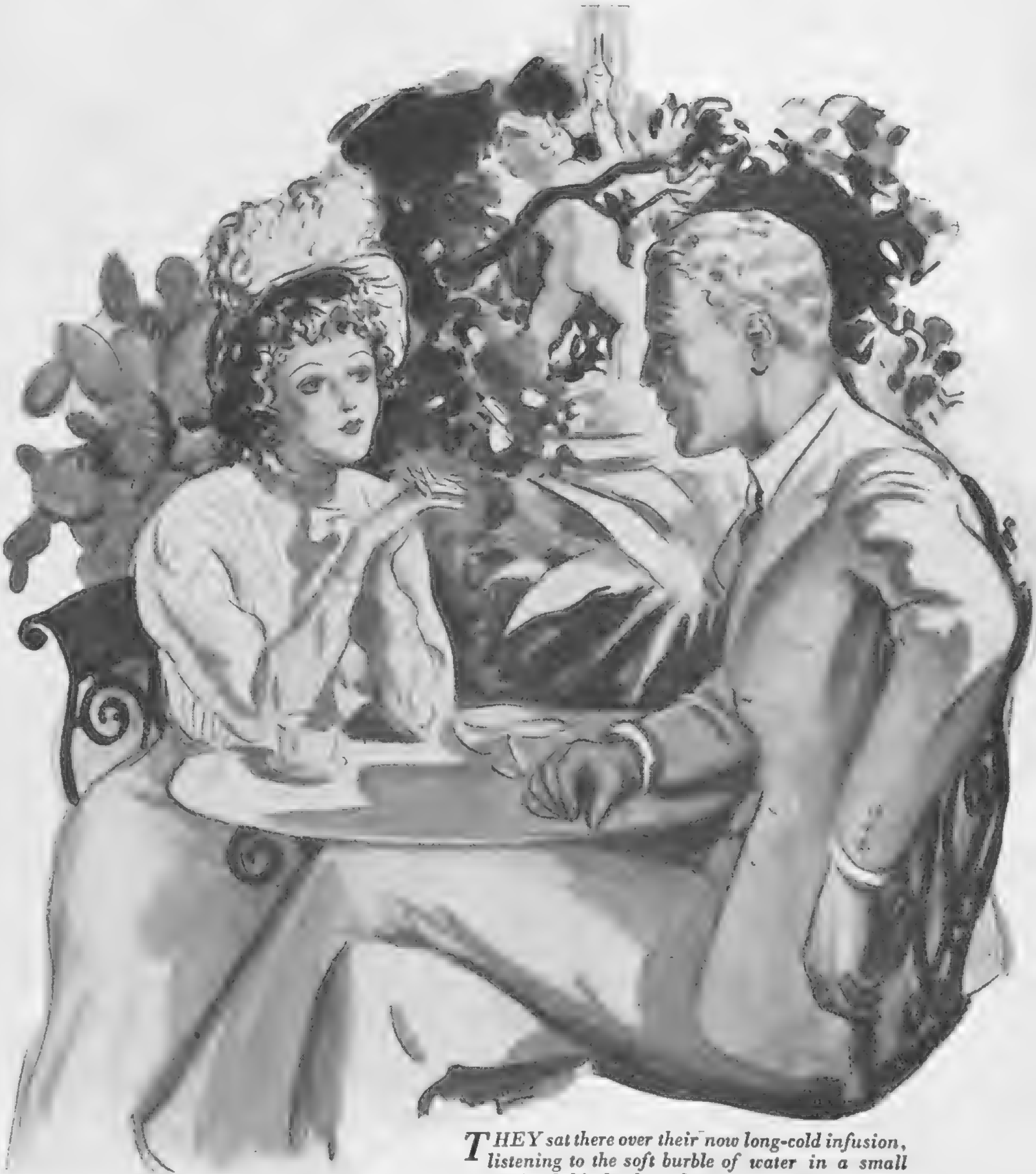
"Yes——. They do."

"I knew another 'Mouse' once——. That was long, long ago." She was silent. Outside the five long windows, closed and half shuttered against the heat, the sunlight glared and palm fronds rattled in the torrid dusty breeze. Another guest, a Russian Pole, was waiting at the piano, his hands raised, watching her, ready to begin. His fingers spanned a chord, they struck it, and the sound rose swelling into the watchful shadows of that lofty, darkened room.

"'The Mouse,'" she said again.

"Yes." He was shy and miserable. Her calm, her poise and her faded loveliness seemed to hold him mesmerised. As often, he had no idea how he was to withdraw, not even when someone else came to her side to talk with her. He sat there blinking, he watched her with his pale watery eyes, he got up quickly yet stealthily and, like a mouse, he slipped away.

A year went by, another spring had come and with the spring the Races. "The Mouse," with a new straw hat—for the last year's one had been turned by the heat to a jaundiced brown—took out his motor-car, his treasured possession, one of the first in the city, and in it he drove alone to the Races. Not that he was much interested in the sport he would see, but of late he had been conscious of a growing sense of loneliness. During the past spring he had been a new arrival and he had been looking around him and arranging his rooms. There had been calls which it had been his duty to make, and he had been working up his Spanish. All the last summer he had been happy enough slipping off, once his work was done, to his apartment in the older part of the town, where he would read, do his Spanish exercises, write long, careful letters to his aunts at home, and sometimes listen to his Bach records played upon his wooden-horned gramophone. And in the cool of the winter he had been able to ride even in the afternoons and had played occasionally a game of golf or tennis. But now with this second spring he had found himself restless. Perhaps he needed a change. Perhaps it would really be better if, despite his shyness, he tried to see more



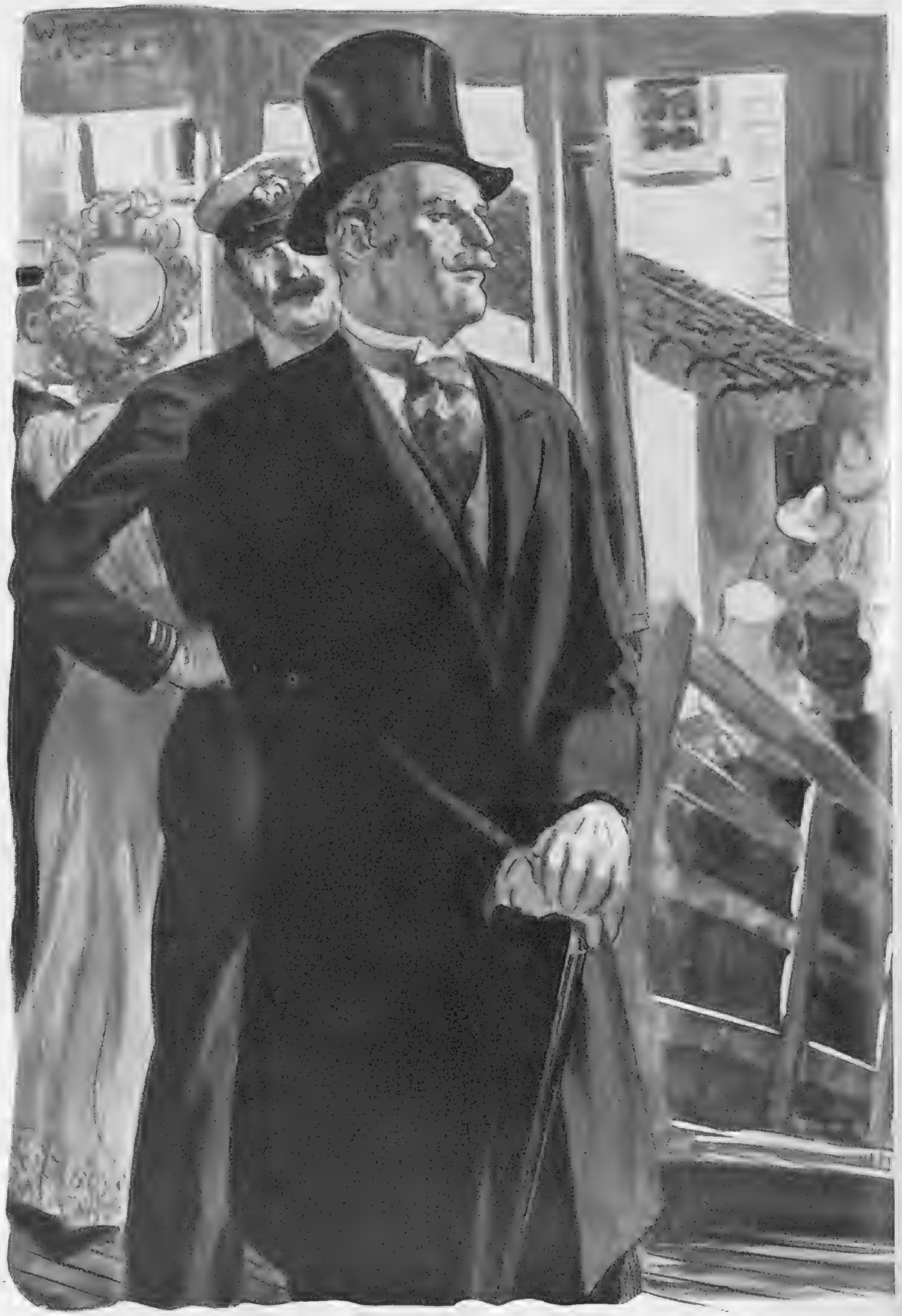
THEY sat there over their now long-cold infusion, listening to the soft burble of water in a small ountain behind the aloes and prickly pears social life. The Races would give just the chance he needed. In the paddock he would be spared the difficulties of when to sit down by a woman's side and when to make his departure.

He made ready. He examined the single-cylindered engine of his car; he took his field glasses to pieces and cleaned them; considered, almost for the first time, which of his three ties he should wear; he regarded for a while his reflection in his new straw hat; he climbed into his treasured car; he started off, feeling for some reason like John Gilpin. Almost any other man of his age would have understood what was prompting him to these changes from the routine of his life, but "The Mouse" had not the slightest idea. He thought with warming anticipation of the crowds and noise there would be at the Races, of the excitement in the paddock, and that was all he fancied he was seeking. Now a young man in such a mood has but to meet a woman who is bored and needs diversion to believe that something portentous has occurred and that Destiny has for weeks been busy arranging the strings which are to draw his and her life together. Moreover when a young man goes forth in such a frame of mind it happens more often than not that he does find a woman there to play the part opposite his.

So at the Races "The Mouse" soon encountered the wife of a Greek Attaché on whom he had left cards, whom he had seen at parties, but with whom he had never spoken. She had lately cut short an *affaire* which had lasted her through the previous winter, and her husband, having one of his own on hand, would be only too glad that she should amuse herself. She, too, had come to the Races with a feeling of restlessness and of pleasurable excitement, but she, of course, had been thoroughly aware of its nature. Who would it be this time, she had wondered. The Frenchmen were all too old or married; the Germans too clumsy and precise; the Russians too wild; the United States Americans either prosy or else as vulgarly promiscuous as a dog at a street corner; while the local ones, chiefly half-castes, covered with really cheap scent and rarely clean, were altogether impossible. Passing through the crowds she quite accidentally dropped her race-card, a man stooped to pick it up and, there she was face to face with "The Mouse." He looked spruce in that new straw hat, better built than the Germans, better dressed than the French. He was shy and awkward, but a gentleman. In a torrent of quick, incorrect French she began to thank him.

If she had spoken in English he would have been confused, would have blushed and smiled and slipped away. But, hardly conscious of it, he enjoyed showing off his French. So, talking it, he remained at her side. No one could have been better able to deal with a shy young man. She needed so much, and a normal young man loves to supply a woman's needs, as long as these are not alarmingly expensive. She needed his advice in laying her bets—and advice is cheap enough. She needed his pencil to mark her race-card. She needed—fruitful of delicious intimacy—his race-glasses and help to focus them. Later she needed refreshment, and later, her husband having found a lift in a Legation barouche, she needed someone to drive her back to the city. She had never been in a motor car before. It was all great fun.

Had she suggested their returning to her home, he would have been reminded of the day when, newly arrived, he had left cards there. And he would have



SHE trailed towards them, smiling that
"Mouse," scarlet and more at a loss
an inarticulate farewell and, last man to go

remembered, too, that her husband was a colleague. Had she taken him to some thronged and fashionable resort he would have been conscious of eyes upon him and of a situation in course of being created. But she had a *flair* in such matters, as well as experience, so she chose a *patisserie* she knew of, where there was a secluded garden at the back of the dark, sweet-smelling shop.

She was minute, dark, not more than thirty. Her figure was of the sort admired at that time, with a pigeon breast which rose and fell in a way he found delightful and disturbing. She had a baby mouth and a voice he found appealing. As the wife of a diplomat who had his way to make, she had had to do with men of every race, and she had kept the traits of each docketed. Therefore she avoided suggestions that her husband did not understand her and, in any case, had fish of his own to fry. She talked. "The Mouse" watched. They sat there over their now long-cold *infusions*, listening to the soft burble of water in a small fountain behind the aloes and the prickly pears. They sat there till the sunlight had stolen away out of the garden—till, indeed, she appeared suddenly aware of her wrist-watch at which in reality she had been glancing from time to time. She gave a little childish gasp and found she had barely time to dress for dinner at the Peruvian Legation.

He helped her up into the high single-cylindered car and, very conscious of her at his side, he drove her home through the dust, the cooling evening and lengthening shadows. She was wise; she did not talk. Their way lay through the residential suburbs, over sandy, half-made roads, etched in with a few purposeless curbstones. The air was still; the sun slanted across the flat world, across the dark-toned trees and glaucous vegetation, now so proud and full of promise but which in a few weeks would be parched, weary, and resigned.

"Such a lovely evening," he ventured.

She only nodded; she was as wise as that.

He steered round a corner with more than necessary care. "And how I've enjoyed it all."

She held her breath; so it seemed to him.

He blushed and re-settled his straw hat over his eyes. "Is there any chance——"

The car had travelled all too fast and the avenue was all too short. On their right, under its palms and eucalyptus, yawned the gateway of her villa. He swung the car uncertainly through it, over the crunching shingle, and drew up where the glass *marquise* which, jutting out like a fan, broke the repose of the old, low, white Spanish house. She let him help her down and keep her hand.

"Well," she said, "till——" the phrase was there, an unfinished formality, with hardly a note of question.

"Could I, perhaps, one day——"

"I would be enchanted."

"I suppose you don't happen to be free on Wednesday?"

"Not Wednesday, but Thursday."

"Where?"

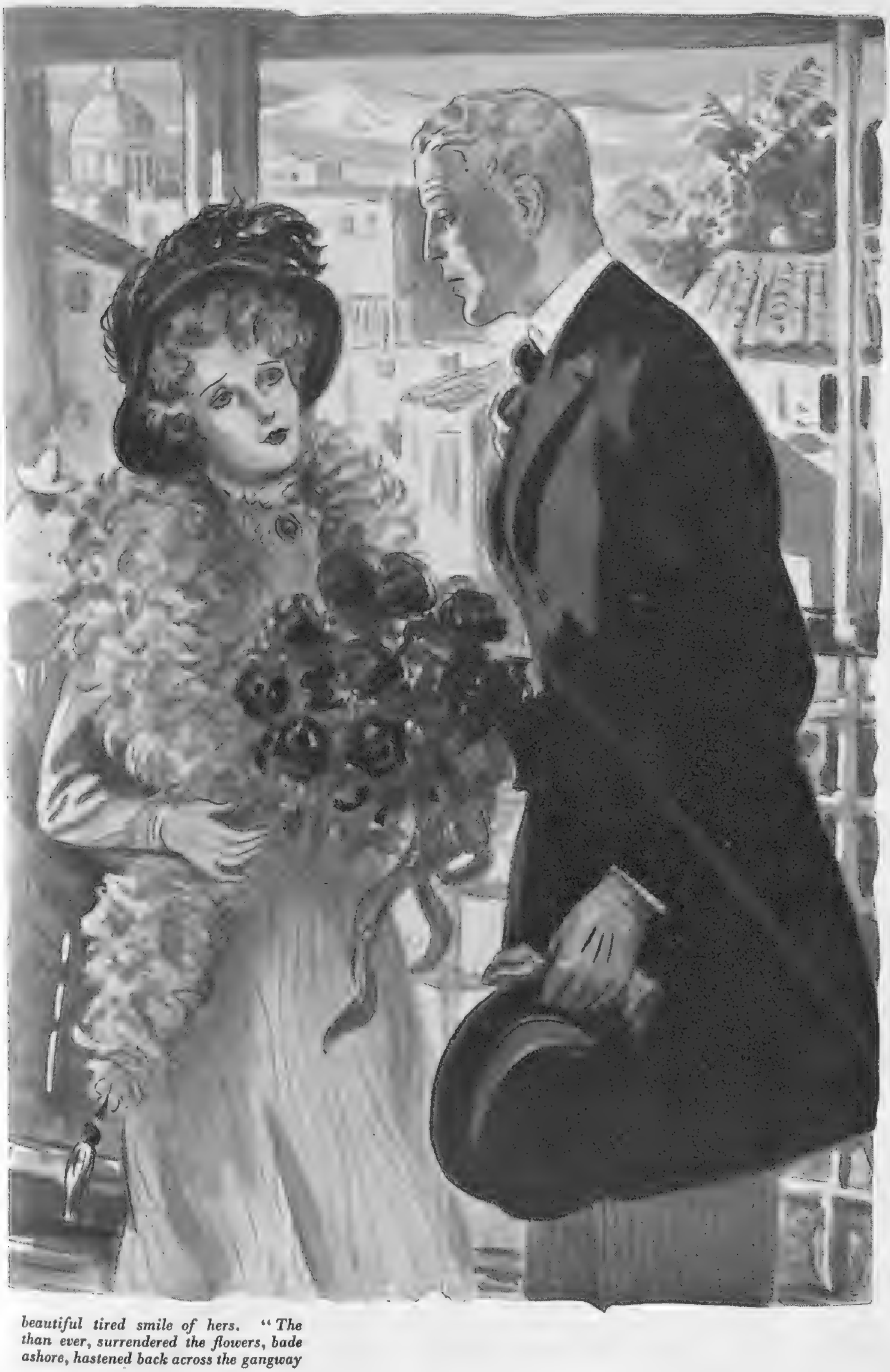
"Where would you like?" She looked about her, at the now open door, at the dusky, untidy interior, at the slip-shod man servant.

"The Mouse" took a breath. "Would the same place——?"

Her eyes met his. For a second her lips parted. She made no sound. She turned and went in and the door closed silently behind her.

Conscious of a delicious sense of guilt, "The Mouse" drove home through the soft spring twilight, with as

(*Continued on page 82*)



beautiful tired smile of hers. "The than ever, surrendered the flowers, bade ashore, hastened back across the gangway

Top left:
***H**UGH WILLIAMS and Pat Paterson, newcomers to Hollywood and under contract to Fox Films, exchange Hollywood first impressions at lunch in the Café de Paris*

Hollywood Eats....

Round Hollywood's Restaurants

By Margaret Chute

WHATEVER else may be lacking in Hollywood, there is no scarcity of restaurants. Every few yards along the main Boulevards, lurking in any available corner, plastered hideously along one side of any drug store is an Eating Establishment—of sorts. Sometimes so cheap that it seems a shame to eat such masses of food, and pay so little for it. Sometimes so expensive that one is positive an industrious cashier has added to the bill not only the date, but the combined ages of the "Captain" and every waiter. *We* call the "Captain" a *maître d'hôtel*; but he wears the same smile, none the less.

The most expensive luncheon for which I have ever paid was provided graciously by Hollywood's most chic Eatery, "The Vendôme Café," erected by enterprising gentlemen on Sunset Boulevard, in the heart of Hollywood, almost facing the white-walled Athletic Club. Three of us: and we consumed two very simple dishes apiece, three glasses of indifferent sherry, a white wine cup (Californian wine, beyond any shadow of doubt) and two liqueurs. The bill came to a shilling under £5 (reckoning the dollar at five to the pound) and I paid it without a murmur. Such nerve deserves to be rewarded, minus comment, for the undying memory it provides.

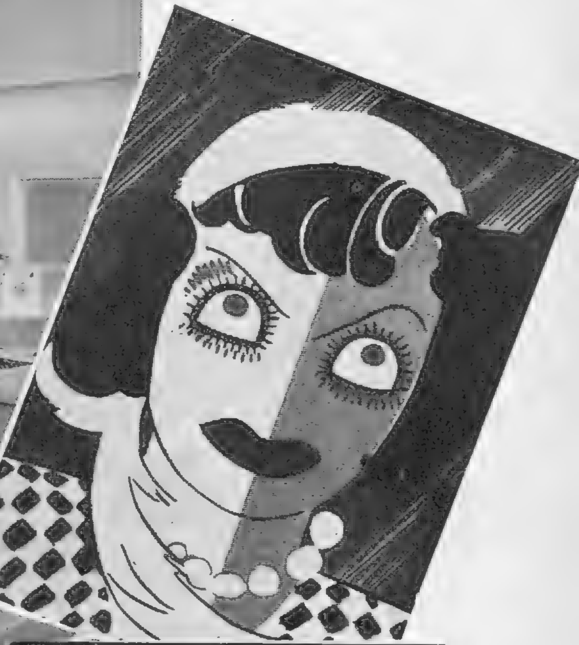
But, then, I realise that we had the blissful experience of sitting at the very next table to Miriam Hopkins; shiny of face, white-pyjamaed (beach variety) as to costume; full of vivacity, and managing to keep four attentive specimens of the opposite sex well entertained for over an hour. Opposite, in a semicircular "booth"—there will be a great many "quotes," I fear, in this article, the American language differing somewhat from our own—Wallace Beery enjoyed a large lunch. He is booming as to voice, genial as to manner, and not a soul passed into the restaurant without pausing to say something to him, with a smile. Clark Gable and his wife went by, to park themselves on another semicircular banquette. Such Film-Dreams-Walking as Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard, Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans, frowned over the lengthy menu, knowing perfectly well they would have "just-a-salad-and-melba-toast-and-a-demi-tasse, please." So maybe one paid for the show, rather than the meal. . . . maybe. Outside, a sign says, "FINE FOODS." Well, that's fine.

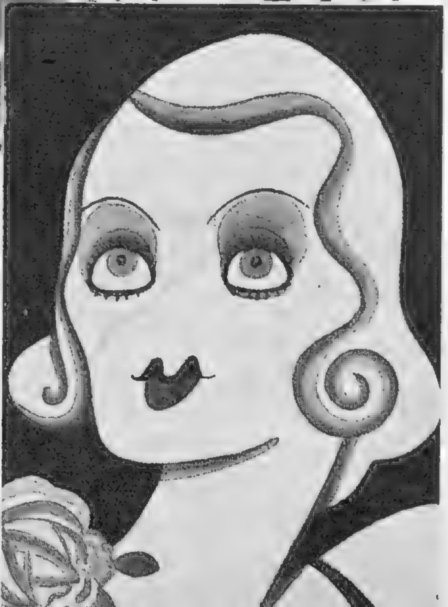
Thursday night, each week in the year, is Restaurant Festival Night. For Thursday, in Hollywood, is STAFF NIGHT OUT! No matter if you live in a million-dollar palace on the edge of a precipice, or in a humble bungalow to which a jet-complexioned Melinda makes her regal way, in her own private coupé each morning—you are without staff on Thursday night. So forth you go to a restaurant. It is a game that nobody ever tires of playing, in Hollywood.

"Come to dinner, darling, Thursday, and we'll go to the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills, or the Russian Eagle, or Sardi's, or the Ambassador Garden, or Al Levy's Tavern." Thus prospective hostesses; and every woman of their acquaintance is saying the same thing, over another telephone line, to somebody or other. What a meeting takes place in the eating houses, on Thursday. What a babel of sound; what a repetition of "Of course, when I saw how ABSURDLY small the part was, I told them exactly what they could do with it!" Forced smiles, sham cordiality, lavish ordering of unwanted dishes; while the restaurant proprietors

Left:
SPENCER TRACY unveils a portrait of Madeleine Carroll as she appears in the film "The World Moves On." This picture decorates the walls of the Café de Paris at Movietone City

Above:
EDDIE BRANSTATTER and Fred Staub in one of the booths at Sardi's. Amazing caricatures by Berman and Joe Grant decorate the wall of this famous restaurant





A GENERAL view of Sardi's Restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard. The colour scheme is green, silver and white. (Right) Caricatures of Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett which adorn the walls

sitting alone in their sanctums, unleash one loud, prolonged purr.

I have often wondered what would happen to the Lady-of-the-House, out Hollywood way, if she ventured to remark, "Melinda, take your night out on Wednesday!" Bateman might tackle the idea—perhaps it caused the last earthquake? Less surprising things *have* happened, in the land of grape fruit and auto-parks.

Let us stroll round the restaurants of Hollywood. In none of them, save the Coconut Grove, will you find people in evening dress; unless it might be at the Roosevelt Hotel, (*Continued on page* 109)

The Cinderella Dog

By Hannen Swaffer

I WANT to go back to the time when I was a mongrel. I was a mongrel for a long time. But now they tell me that I am a real thoroughbred. I don't like it.

I cannot remember how it started, but I arrived in England in a monkey cage. Sometimes, when they looked in, they thought I was a monkey. They saw three monkeys in the cage and they thought I made four.

"Oh, look at that monkey dog," some people said.

I dimly remember that I came from a long way away, and that for weeks I was shut up somewhere, and that I felt very ill. The monkeys were ill, too.

Then we got to a shop somewhere in England and the cage was put in a back parlour. There we stayed for weeks. I felt very unhappy. The monkeys had never had very much to do with me and I felt, oh, so terribly alone!

Then, one day, a Wonderful Lady came in and said she wanted to buy a cat. She looked in the boxes where the cats were, among parrots, rabbits and tortoises.

S. TRESILIAN

I only heard her voice at first. But then, when she came near, I saw that she was really a Wonderful Lady. I had never seen anyone like her. I wanted her for my mistress.

So I made my noise and said to her, "Oh, do look at me."

She came over to the cage and said, "Oh, what a funny little dog! How miserable it looks."

So I tried to look more miserable still, and I made my noise again.

"What on earth is it?" she said to the man who owned the shop.

"Oh, he's some mongrel," he replied. "He came over in that monkey cage from India. I expect they put him in to keep them company."

"Why, he is just like the monkeys," she said.

I thought if I made my noise again she might take me away. So I tried to look as unhappy as I could and made my noise three times. I kept to her side of the cage, and went on making my noise and tried to cry.

"Oh, I can't leave that poor dog here," she said. "How much do you want for him?"

"He's not worth much," said the man. "He's only a mongrel. You can have him for fifteen shillings."

"I think I must take him," said the Wonderful Lady. "Perhaps he'll look all right when he has been washed."

And she took me away.

"Where on earth did you get that mongrel?" they asked, when we got to her home.

"Why, he's the silliest looking dog I have ever seen," said her husband.

"I think he is rather a dear," said Wonderful Lady. "Anyway, he is going to have a bath, and then we'll have another look at him."

IT was dreadful the scrubbing they gave me. The soap got in my eyes.

"Oh, look at the fleas coming out of him," they said. They rubbed me and scrubbed me and soaped me all over several times. I tried to look more miserable than ever, but they took no notice. They just went on rubbing and soaping.

Then they dried me.

"I thought he was rather a dear," said the Wonderful Lady, when I was dry and clean. "Look at his dear little face."

I snuggled up to her: I knew I would have to be very careful now, or I might go back into the monkey cage and stop in the dark shop. She held me in her arms and gave me a hug. Then I knew I should love her for ever.

"WHY, he's the silliest looking dog I have ever seen," said her husband. "I think he is rather a dear," said Wonderful Lady

But it was funny living in the new house to which I now belonged. Everyone who came said "Oh, what a comic dog," or, "What on earth is that?"

When they were told I was brought from a monkey cage, someone said "I should think one of the monkeys was his father." Then everybody laughed.

Whenever Wonderful Lady took me out, people would stop and say, "What kind is that?"

"It is a Chinese Griffon," she used to say, and they would say, "We've never heard of those."

"No, they are very rare," she always replied. "I think this is the only one in England."

SOME people who came to the house regularly always said I must be the most wonderful dog in the world, because never before had they seen such a mongrel. Some called me "Heinz," always explaining it meant fifty-seven varieties, and then laughed, as though they had thought of it first. I had heard that in the monkey cage.

One man always declared that if there was a dog show for mongrels I should certainly get the prize for being the worst mongrel of the lot. But they always made a great fuss of me. I got very popular in that house. I was very artful. I always walked up to strangers and made a fuss of them.

Then gradually callers began to talk about "Your dear dog," and then I became "Your darling dog."

But there was a woman near by whom I did not like. She had a prize dog of some kind or other, and she would always sniff when she passed Wonderful Lady in the street and I was with her. She felt very superior to my mistress because her dog had won prizes and I was just a mongrel. But, the worse mongrel I seemed, the more popular I was.

One day, I went to the King's vet. because I had a stomach-ache.

He looked at me and said "What on earth is this?" I was afraid he was not going to cure my stomach-ache, that he did not think I was important enough. But to him all dogs were dogs, and he was very kind.

I liked being a mongrel. No one worried me. I got used to their fun. I was allowed to do anything I wanted. I could eat anything. I was treated as one of the family, and only dog who is one of the family knows what that means.

THEN a terrible tragedy came into my life. I am still suffering from it.

Wonderful Lady took me to the station one day, because her daughter was going off to school and I had to go. When we were standing on the platform a man came up and said to Wonderful Lady, "Where did you get that dog?"

Wonderful Lady looked at him very suspiciously. I understood, because other dogs had told me, that, sometimes, when a man-being wants to talk to a woman-being and she has a dog, he walks up and starts talking about the dog. They call it a "pick-up."

Still, Wonderful Lady is not afraid of men. So she said: "I bought him in a monkey cage. I gave fifteen shillings for him. That's all I know. But he is a dear."

"He is more than that," said the man. "Don't you know what he is? He is a Lhassa Terrier. They are very rare. There are only a few in England. I have judged them in India and he is the finest specimen I have ever seen."

"I don't care what he is," said Wonderful Lady. "We all love him."

WHEN I got home that night my troubles began. There was a lot of talk and I heard for the first time I might have to go in a show.

I don't know what a show is, but other dogs have told me you have to sit in a cage for days, that men come and prod you, and measure your legs, and make you put your tongue out, and that everybody stares at you and that they give you disinfectant.

And sometimes you have to carry a cup home. All the dogs that have done this tell me it's dreadful. They don't like shows.

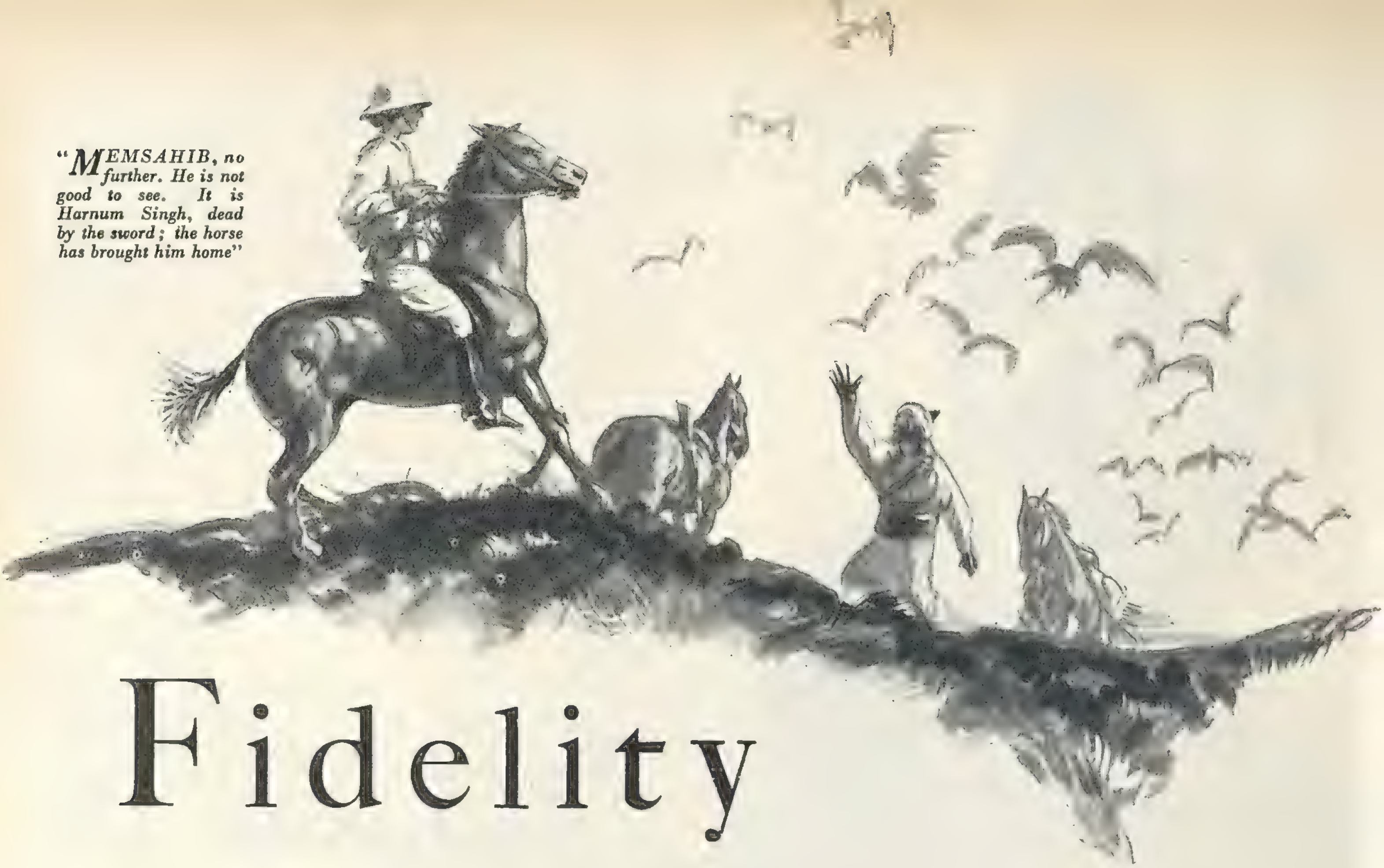
Yes, there was a great deal of talk about me then.

The man who had seen me on the station called and said I must be registered at the Kennel Club.

"But he can't be registered," said Wonderful Lady. "We don't know who his father is, or his mother, or where he was born."

"Oh, they will take my word," said the man. "We must put down 'Sire unknown: dam unknown: birth unknown.' But they will take my word."

Then photographers came to take my picture, and they started to write about me in the papers. (*Continued on page 84*)



"MEMSAHIB, no further. He is not good to see. It is Harnum Singh, dead by the sword; the horse has brought him home"

Fidelity

"For whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"

By Allan Swinton

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THOUGH it was the dance of the season, Rowena was not enjoying herself; to-morrow would too soon be here. "It's so hot," she said, "let's go outside," and when Mellor would have stopped on the veranda she kept on through the dusky garden till the music and the chatter died behind them. There was starlight, the twitter of a night-bird and the scent of spring.

From the nor'west a wind blew, soft and odorous of the forest; kee-way-tin, the home wind of the old-time Redmen.

Mellor inhaled the fragrance with a deep, slow breath. "Wonderful. It won't be like this in April where I'm going."

She watched sidelong his tall figure with the powerful sloped shoulders bulked against the teeming stars and waited, breathless, for a word; for the least sign that leaving her meant anything to him. But he lapsed into a contented silence with his face averted. "*Zig-zig-zig-zig*" the crickets chirred, it seemed to her in mockery.

Presently he looked down. In the starlight she could not discern his features. But she had no need, she could picture every detail. "Feel cooler now?" he said. "Shall we go in?"

Impotent to do otherwise, she went, while her thoughts raced. Was this to be the end? Was he to stroll back to his India like this, out of her life, taking with him the glamour and the tenderness, leaving her wrung and hurt and longing? The idea was monstrous, and at the steps she revolted, stopping abruptly.

She had done everything a woman could do short of blurting out the truth, and there was no finesse left in her, so she said: "John, I'm bored with dancing. It's your last night and I'd like you to myself a little. Take me home now; there'll be a crowd there after the party."

Alone with him in her own home she might regain her confidence, shake off the awful helplessness that with the imminence of his departure had been growing on her. At least she'd have him to herself a little, be with him quietly just as if— if——

His reluctance was plain, but she gave him no loophole. You do not observe social niceties when you're fighting for your life.

IN the big living-room there were only two lights burning and she did not turn on more. "Mix us a drink, won't you?" she said, stripping off her cloak.

She sat on a lounge in the pool of light beneath a lamp, a slender, gracious-looking girl of twenty-three, dainty in crisp mauve organdie with a gay appliqué of tulips, her vivid, proud, small face framed in brown curls. Mellor brought the drinks and sat, as far from her as the lounge would permit, tumbler in hand, looking straight before him.

Presently she stole a glance at him. Against the further dusk the yellow light glowed on his bronzed profile with the new-healed sword-cut down the cheek and the firm, friendly mouth. In his posture there was no suggestion of repose. She knew that he was tense, felt again the sleeping strength in him and knew that underneath his calm was fire. She had known always that the passion which possessed her now would come some day, and but for this consciousness she must have yielded to the steady pleading of Dan Patton. She had not understood the nature of the lack she felt, but only that her life was incomplete. That lack was ended now; she was gloriously alive; but with something close to fear she realised that everything by which she had her being had passed into the keeping of this tall soldier with the grey eyes of a poet, and the smile always just behind his lips, and that if he left her now her joy in life would go with him.

He turned to her, smiling: "My last night, Rowena. I'm glad we left that dance. I was bored too."

She felt the blood suffuse her face, almost obeyed the impulse to reach out and touch him.

He said: "It was charming of your

father to have asked me, a mere shipboard friend, to be his guest and see this splendid country." It was at her prompting that her father had done this, and it was she who had overruled Mellor's diffidence by tales of a new, almost virgin land, free and open from '50 to the Arctic, and a race of sportsmen.

"I had no idea Canada could be like this, so mature, so beautiful, so much fine sport. I should like to spend a whole long leave here, hunting."

"That's not too much to hope for, is it?" she contrived to say, and at the same time control the shake in her voice.

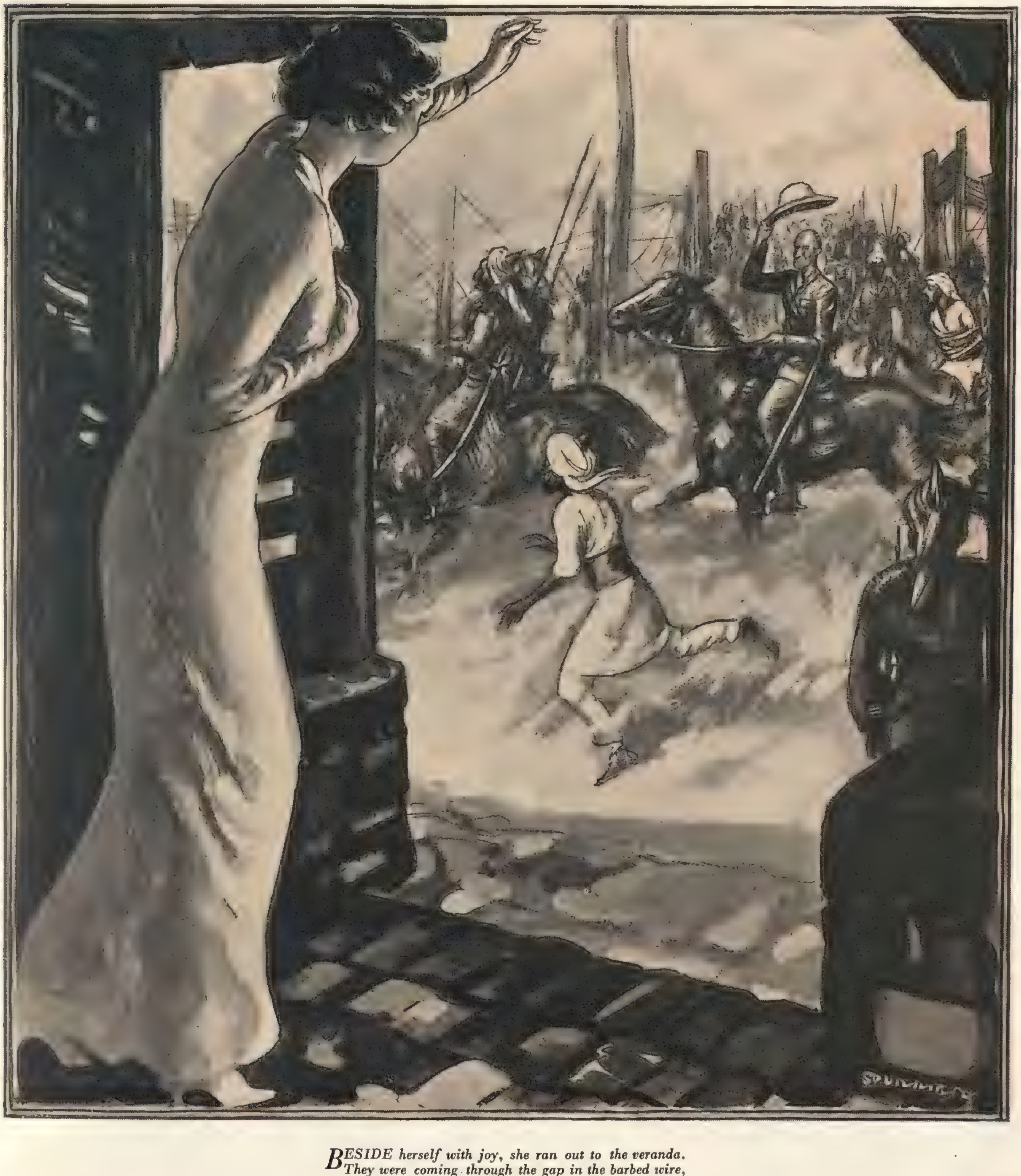
"I'm a poor man, Rowena. An Indian Army major's pay doesn't run to many leaves out of the country, and that's all I have."

She could think of no retort to that.

"That big bay horse of your friend Patton's—Sunstar, isn't it—might be the best I ever saw. A charming fellow, Patton. But they all are. In fact, everybody's been so kind I rather hate to go."

She was at the end of her tether; words that no woman should say unprompted to a man were on her lips, and to conceal the fact she rose abruptly and sat down at the piano. Its response to her touch was a blessed relief; all the hunger of these weeks, all her despair lest her hopes should come to naught, went into the music. Mellor sank deeper into his seat and closed his eyes. She began to sing, forgot herself, forgot Dan Patton who had always loved her, forgot even Mellor's presence in the outpouring of her passion. . . .

When at last she let fall her hands she

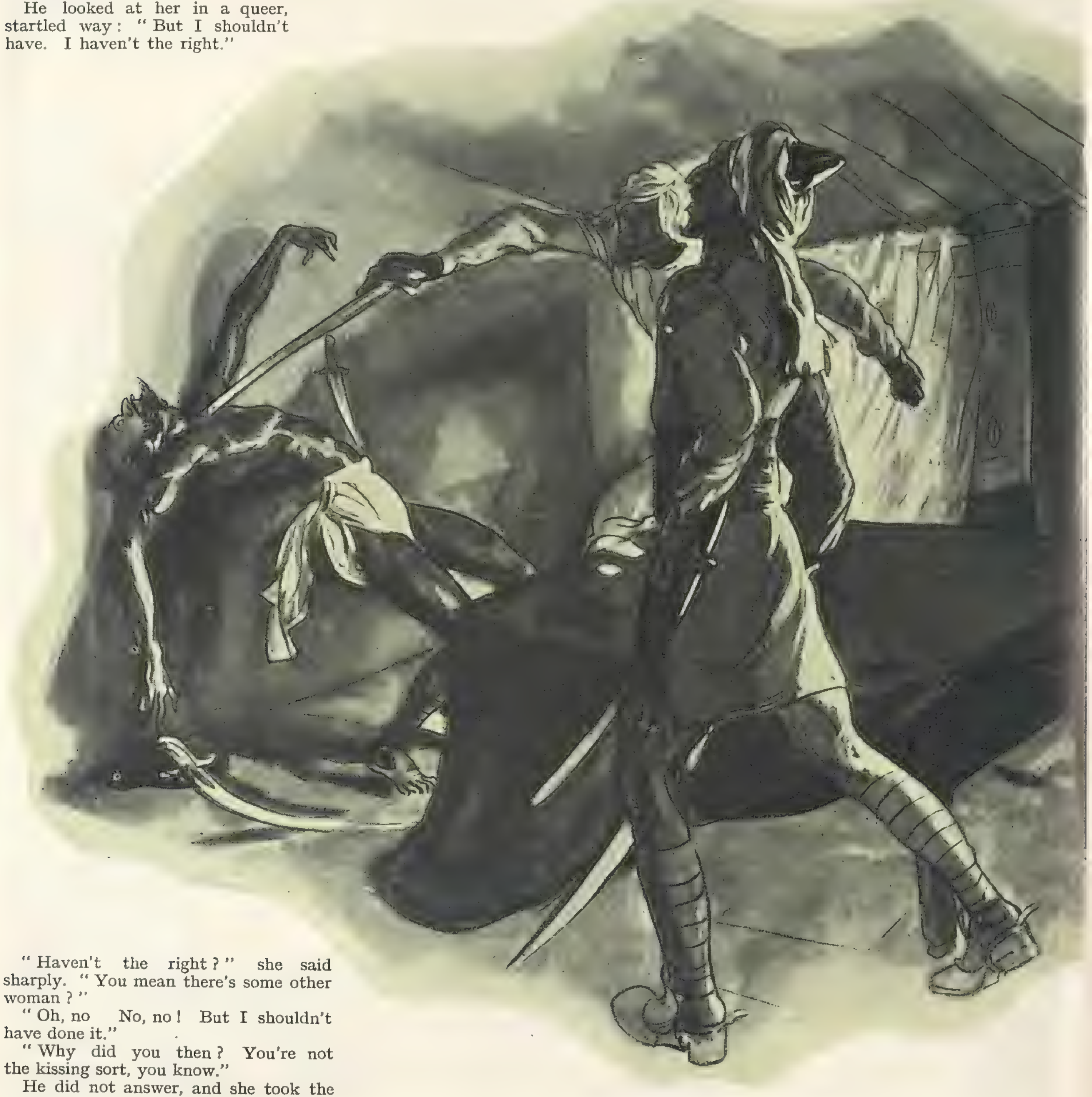


BESIDE herself with joy, she ran out to the veranda. They were coming through the gap in the barbed wire, the long file of bearded horsemen with the venomous black lances swaying in the slings behind them was aware of him beside her, and looked up and smiled. Though she did not know it, she had never in her life smiled just like that, and never would again; the glory of her womanhood and its sublime self-abnegation shone around her like a halo, and suddenly it happened, the simple thing that she had dreamed of, she was in his arms and he was kissing her, as though he would never stop.

When at last he did she hid her face in his shoulder and for a while he held her there in silence. But then he put her off abruptly: " Forgive me, Rowena. I shouldn't have done that."

So he took his kissing seriously. She might have known he would. Her voice was low: " You don't suppose I'd kiss like that a man who'd need to ask forgiveness."

He looked at her in a queer, startled way: " But I shouldn't have. I haven't the right."



HE fought like a tiger, holding at bay two master swordsmen. Then suddenly a blade was through his throat and he fell, writhing and gurgling, while his blood spurted, flooding the floor

" Haven't the right?" she said sharply. " You mean there's some other woman?"

" Oh, no No, no! But I shouldn't have done it."

" Why did you then? You're not the kissing sort, you know."

He did not answer, and she took the lapels of his coat, drew herself close and forced him to look at her.

" Why did you kiss me, John?"

He gnawed his underlip and looked distressed. But she held him mercilessly to the issue. " Why did you, then?" she insisted, till at last he said: " Because I love you. I have since the first. I never meant you to know, but you were so beautiful and I forgot."

She spoke with swelling heart the words which for a month past she had been saying to herself.

" And I love you. I've never loved a man before and I never shall again. Kiss me some more."

He stared with incredulous delight; then his face went dogged and he shook his head decisively. " No! It isn't fair. You mustn't care for me."

" But I *do*. We belong, for ever and for ever."

" Rowena, that can't be. There's no place for a woman in my life. I've been a cad to let this happen; I should not have come here, but I didn't think I'd show my hand like this. I'd be a bigger cad if it went further. I'll be gone tomorrow. Wipe me out of your mind, fill up your days with work and sport. By and by there'll be some other man and you'll forget."

" Shall you forget?"

He did not answer, but hung his head, and she reached up and kissed him. " John, there are three men you've met who've wanted me for years. One of them I like tremendously, and I tried to bring myself to say yes, but I couldn't.

Something was lacking that I've found in you. This is a final thing. I know it, and so do you. It's you and I. There's no separating us now."

There was awe and worship in his face: "Have I done that to you?"

She nodded, with a contented, radiant smile. "I've dreamed of it and now it's come."

"It can go no further. I must go back to India, it's my profession, all I have. There's no life there for you."

"You'd be my life."

"You don't understand. All you know is Montreal, and the same sort of thing in England. My life is different. It's raw and cruel, the heat is savage, there are no white women, and most of the time there's fighting. If there was a chance of finding another occupation I'd gladly give it up for you, but you must know how hopeless that would be, these days, with no experience but soldiering to offer."

"Oh yes, I do, so I must go with you. The details are beside the point. Don't you see, I can't turn back from this? It's my life, my destiny, I must go through with it. We shan't be dependent on your job for always. Aunt Abigail has willed me what she has, and in the end there'll be enough. But meanwhile I must go with you."

"My dear, it's impossible. You can't visualise what your life would be. In Zaharistan——"

"Do you remember father showing you great-grandmother's spinning wheel and telling how she and her man trekked up here from Virginia in an ox-cart with the loyalists, after the thirteen colonies left the Crown? There were just they two, their baby, the cart, the spinning wheel, their axe and plough and rifle. Do you suppose she visualised what she was coming to, savages, cold, loneliness and want? Of course she didn't. How could she? She just came for her man's sake and endured and was glad. And I can do the same."

He shook his head. "That's magnificent of you. You tempt me desperately. But it would be criminally selfish. You'd suffer, you'd be consumed with loneliness——"

"None of those things signify. It's the principle that matters. I *can't* turn back. I've got to go on. We love each other; you can't leave your work, so I must go with you. That's living, that's getting on with life. The other way is failure, turning your back on what the gods provide. If we did that we could never hope for anything of them again."

"No! No, Rowena. I've done you one injury. This would be a greater one."

Suddenly she was angry and she stamped her foot. "Then you don't love me. You're just infatuated and you know it. Love means trust, and putting the spirit above everything. And you're not doing it. You're afraid for me; you think I can't face realities. I loathe that. And you're being smug, holding your principles to mean more to you than mine do to me. You die for your duty—I've seen your wounds. They weren't pleasant, were they? You took them because they were incidental to your life and you could not turn back. Well, neither can I. This is not in your hands or mine, it's our destiny and must be faced together. If you really loved me you would understand."

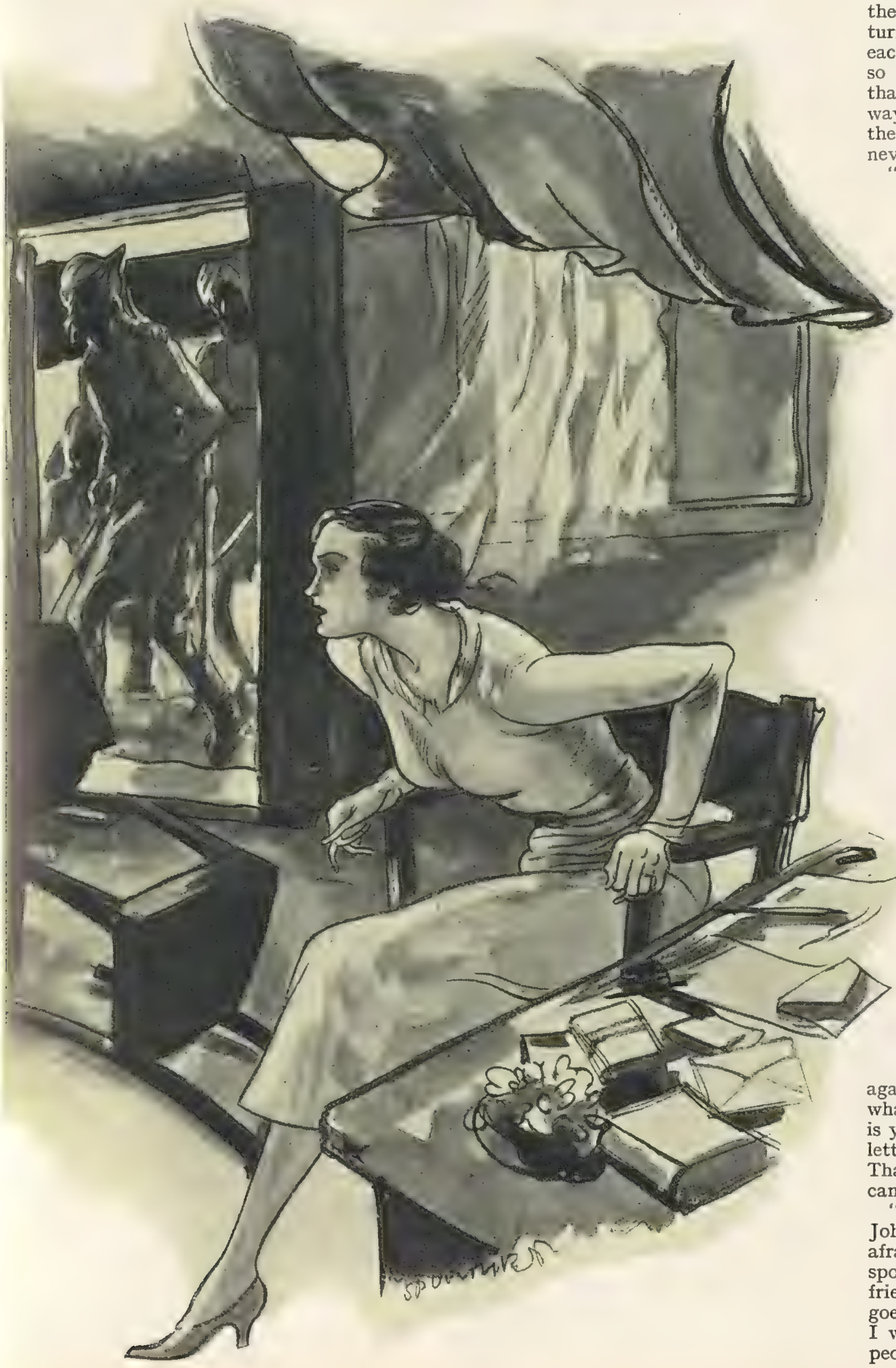
She saw the muscles in his lean cheeks knot, saw the hurt in his eyes, and her anger melted into pleading: "John, you do love me, don't you, with everything there is in you?"

He nodded silently.

"Then you must see I've got to go on, whatever it may bring. If I didn't I should lose my self-respect. You couldn't leave me ashamed for ever because you dared not trust me, could you? John! Oh, please, you couldn't humiliate me so." She pounded in his shoulder and gazed up at him entreatingly.

At last he said. "I have realised that you were fine, but I did not think that any woman could see life like that. I must warn you again that you can have no conception of what you would be going to. But if that is your last word, if you hold me to the letter of that principle, I cannot deny it. That would be a responsibility that I cannot bring myself to take."

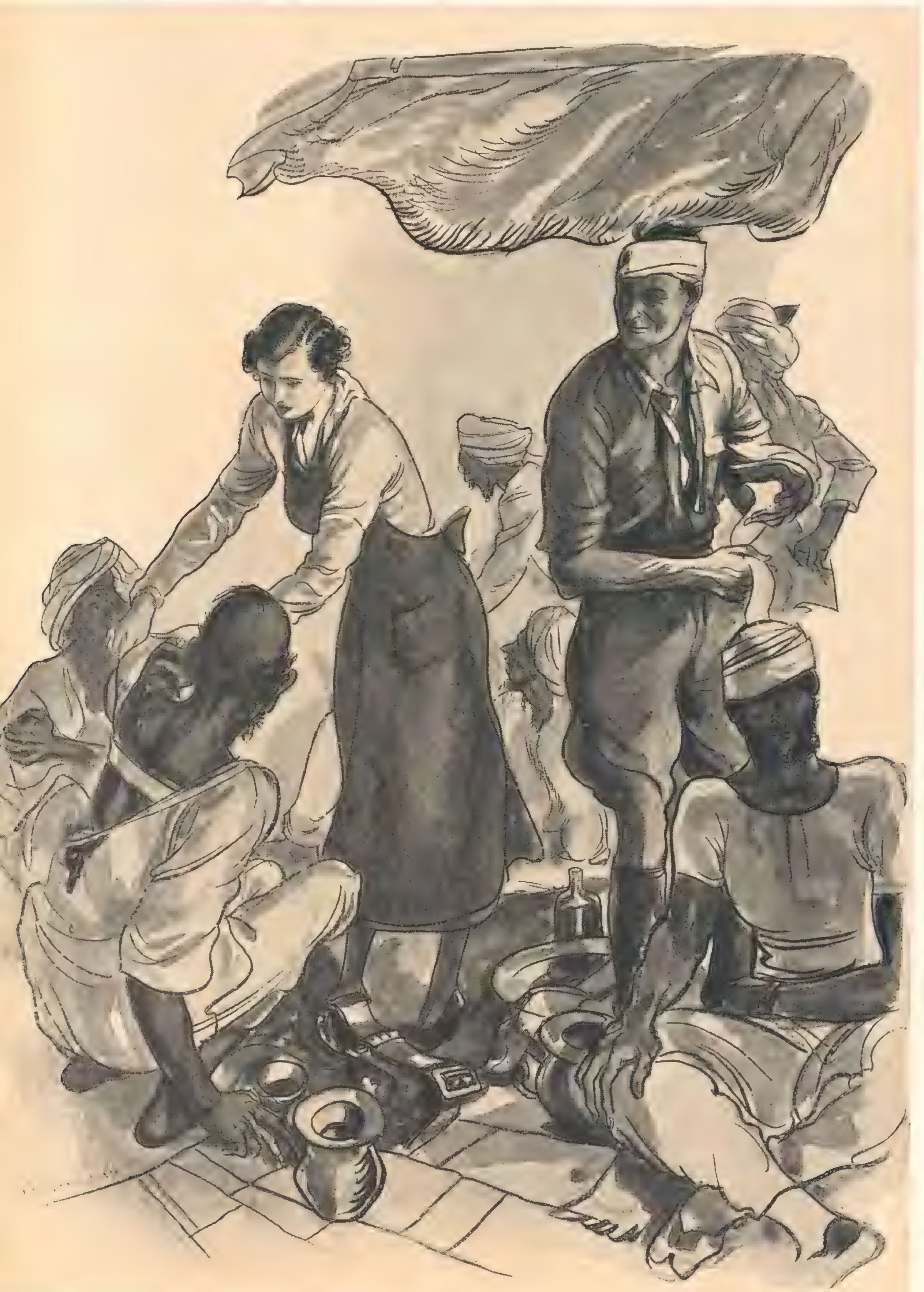
"Oh, I knew you'd see it. Thank you, John. Oh, thank you; and don't ever be afraid. It will be you and I, always." She spoke the splendid words of Ruth, the friend of Naomi: "For whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy god my god . . ."



ROWENA lay on her bed and sweltered, while only the whine of the punkha-cord and a crow's dejected caw broke the oppression of the silence, and neither the split-cane blinds covering the windows nor the punkha paddling the air above her served to mitigate the frightful heat. She could not rest, she could not think, her nerves were tight as banjo strings and there was a numb feeling in her middle that was part heat-nausea, part loneliness, part boredom, and part fear.

Only just two! Eight hours till dark, and dark brought no relief; these naked hills absorbed heat all day and gave it out at night. Nine days since John had ridden off, and before that he had not been home a week. But time had lost its perspective; it seemed weeks since morning, months since she saw John, years since she left home. She could endure this ghastly inactivity no longer; she must do something. She got up and sat on the bedside, running her fingers wearily through her damp brown curls, a slim, dishevelled girl in champagne silk pyjamas, her dainty face pale and hollow and the lovelier therefor.

She had ridden once that day, at dawn, before the malignant sun came up. But there was nothing else to do, and she must get out of this awful bungalow.



MOTIONING a man to support him, she began to remove the bandage. Presently John looked up and saw her there. His face lit up and he smiled, but he did not stop his work

She clapped her hands for her woman, and crossed to her improvised dressing table. The room was small, with whitewashed walls of naked brick and floor of uneven stone. She had done everything she could to bring charm to the place, but the dust drifted in from the unverdant country, soiling things in a day, all her silks were splitting, and the ayah simply would not dust or tidy up. And what was the inducement, weighed down with heat and ennui and loneliness, John always away, and the slow round of daylight and dark alone to mark the passing of the hours.

The click of toe-rings sounded, and the ayah's flat voice answered sleepily: "Memsahib." Heavy-eyed and sulky from her interrupted siesta, the white-draped, brown woman shuffled in. Rowena said to her in halting Hindustani, "I want my bath, Laloon. And order my horse."

"It is too hot. None go abroad at midday but the vultures and the dogs?"

"I must. I can't stay here any longer."

"It is the heat. No one can fight the heat. Only the English try. To sleep and to wait is better."

Rowena controlled her impulse to scream and said, "Do as I say."

The clatter of the water-carrier's pots in the adjoining bathroom gave her hope and she shed her damp pyjamas. Her slender form, that had been soft and white as milk, was blotched with the lumpy rash called prickly heat, and while she watched the beads of sweat grew out upon it. The bath brought no relief; the tepid water in the tub of hammered brass made her chafed skin burn, and the touch of the towel afterwards was torture. The rat as usual came to the mouth of the open drain and watched her. No one seemed able to catch it: no one tried very hard.

When she was dressed she went through the living-room to the veranda. Three steps led down to a few square yards of yellowish grass flanked by some potted roses, which were all the garden for which water could be spared in Fort Wazul. Beyond them the ground was bare and deep in dust. A hundred yards to the right stood the fort, a squat, grim mud-built pile with a watch-tower in one corner and the flag drooping over it. Under its high bullet-pitted walls stood the thatched living-huts and stables of John's troopers, and encircling the small plain in which it stood, cutting it off from the outside world, the hills reared in an immutable and grim brown rampart. There was no green, no living thing, nothing but naked rock and gravel slides and nullahs lined with sere grey thorn. Save for the tails of the two waiting horses there was no movement; over the entire naked land lay silence, desolation, stillness, that seemed to her like those of death itself.

She lifted her chin determinedly, and went down the steps to the horses. The sun's heat struck her like the blast from an oven, and she felt the air hot in her lungs. The syce salaamed and said with deprecation: "Too hot, memsahib, too hot. There is death in the sun."

"I know, Ram Singh, I know. But I must go." The old man held her stirrup, and she led across the flat and through the gap in the formidable barbed wire barrier encircling Fort Wazul. The sentry before the thatched gate-house saluted, they crossed the level, turned a spur of rock into a climbing path and the sepulchral hills engulfed them. The heat was frightful; fine dust curled upward, powdering her completely; its parched smell mingled with the reek of horse-sweat, and the sun's rays seemed literally to press her down.

As they wound upward, presently she could see beyond the fort to the mouth of the pass down into India. North-west reared the mighty rampart of the Sulimans, fifty miles south-west through the pass was the rich valley of the Indus, and between them here in Zaharistan were the last outposts of the frontier force, to keep Khuttuck, Masud and Eusufzai from their ancient pastime of raiding southward after horses, gold and women. From this vantage point she beheld a greater mountain-scape, crag and valley, nullah, slide and precipice, mile after mile until they grew dimmed in mists of mauve and amethyst and, far to the north beyond dim half-imagined further ranges, five snow-clad peaks soared glittering against the turquoise, like the symbol of the high faith which had led her into Wazul valley.

And this was an afternoon in August. At home they would be racing; pretty girls and splendid horses on green turf; Dan Patton to greet her with his rueful grin as she met him in the paddock, desperately happy if she smiled and took his hand; in the clubhouse there would be the clink of ice in frosted glasses, and at night music and the scent of flowers, and Dick Abbot and Raoul Lassidière and Dan to vie with each other in devotion. At the thought an intolerable nostalgia gripped her and her heart sank down and down. John had been right. She knew it now. This life was not to be endured; it was too grim, too stark and violent. She saw the years stretch ahead, immured in this scorched, aching wilderness, waiting, always waiting, for John to ride in, and despair gripped her.

She had observed a swarm of vultures wheeling beyond the shoulder of the hill; now the trail turned the spur and she saw what drew them. It was a horse, plodding along, nose down, dejectedly, dragging behind it by the stirrup leather something very heavy. With a rush of hoofs the syce went past her, pulled up beside it in a cloud of dust and dismounted. As she neared, the vultures sweeping on their hissing wings close over her, she saw by the accoutrements that it was a troop-horse. Dust covered it, except where the flies swarmed on a ghastly gash in its neck; the scabbard dangled empty; her heart leapt to her throat. "John——" The syce came running, hand outstretched in warning.

"Memsahib, no further. He is not good to see. It is Harnum Singh, dead by the sword; the horse has brought him home."

Limp with relief, she moistened her cracked lips, "He was with the sahib?"

"Yes, memsahib. There has been a fight."

White woman and venerable Rajput looked at each other, while the vultures wheeled down closer. Ram Singh looked back anxiously, lest they defile the body of a brother Brahmin. "Memsahib, might I make so bold? Wouldst thou ride hard back to the fort, while I wait here with *him?* The vultures, if he no longer moves . . ."

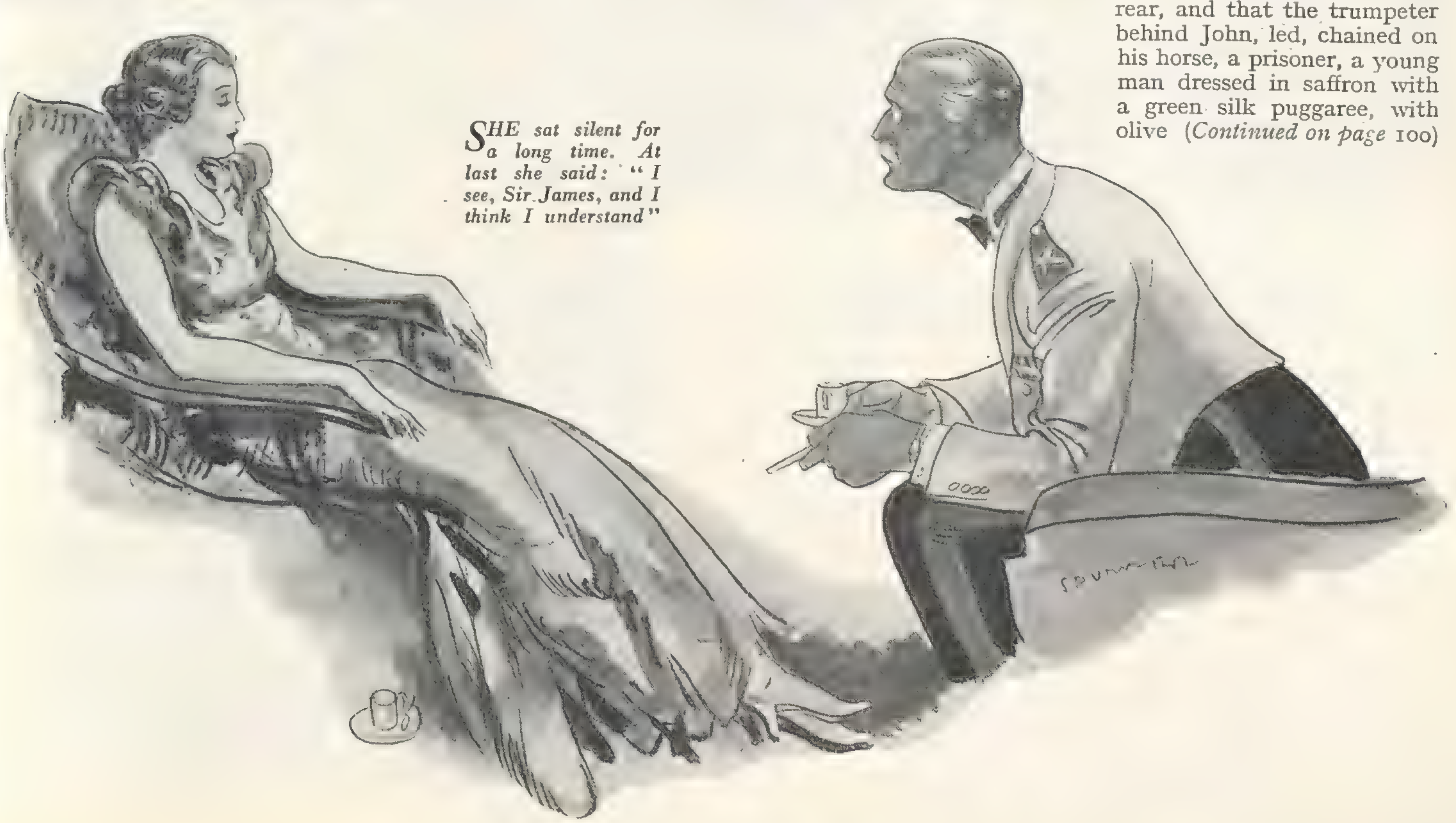
Glad of some pretext to hurry, in spite of the heat she rode home at a tearing gallop and arrived there with a lathered horse and drenched with sweat herself.

A patrol cantered out to the aid of old Ram Singh. Rowena remained behind, distressed and frightened. What of the rest of the party? What of John? She had a ghastly vision of his big dun horse tearing riderless through some rocky valley with the stirrup leather taut behind him . . . or of a horde of the hook-nosed Pathan tribesmen she had come to hate thundering out of some secret gully in these graveyard hills, down and over John and his five and twenty *sowars* . . .

In similar distraught and reposeless fashion two days dragged by, two endless, empty days, till on the morning of the third, while she was writing to Dan Patton with a hand which the sweat stuck to the paper, Laloon came running with the clash of toe-rings, white teeth in copper face, nose-ring and brass ear-plugs bobbing. "Memsahib, they come. The *risalah* returns."

Beside herself with joy she ran out to the veranda. They were coming through the gap in the barbed wire, the long file of bearded horsemen, two and two, with the venomous black lances swaying in the slings behind them. Her heart swelled with relief—at their head rode John, erect on his rawboned yellow horse, and he took off his helmet and waved it to her. As they filed past the bungalow on the way to the parade ground she saw that there was an empty saddle in the rear, and that the trumpeter behind John, led, chained on his horse, a prisoner, a young man dressed in saffron with a green silk puggaree, with olive

(*Continued on page* 100)

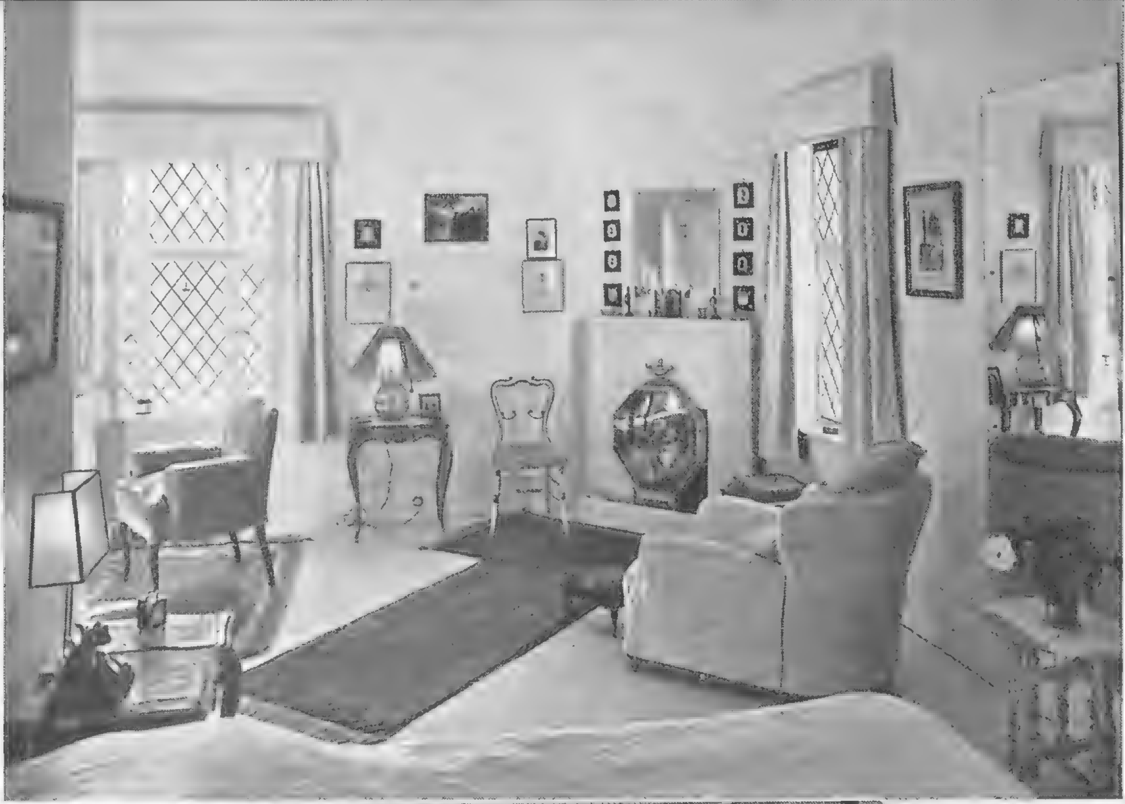


SHE sat silent for a long time. At last she said: "I see, Sir James, and I think I understand"

No

If you have a
will tell you how to

By Winifred Lewis

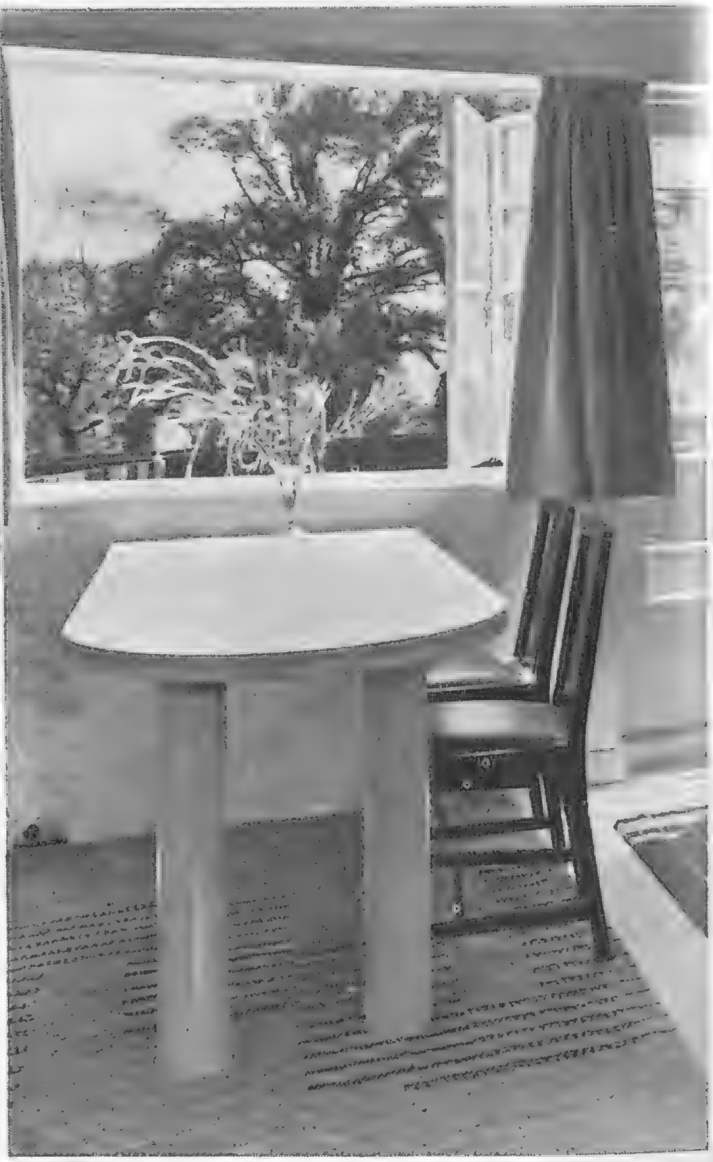


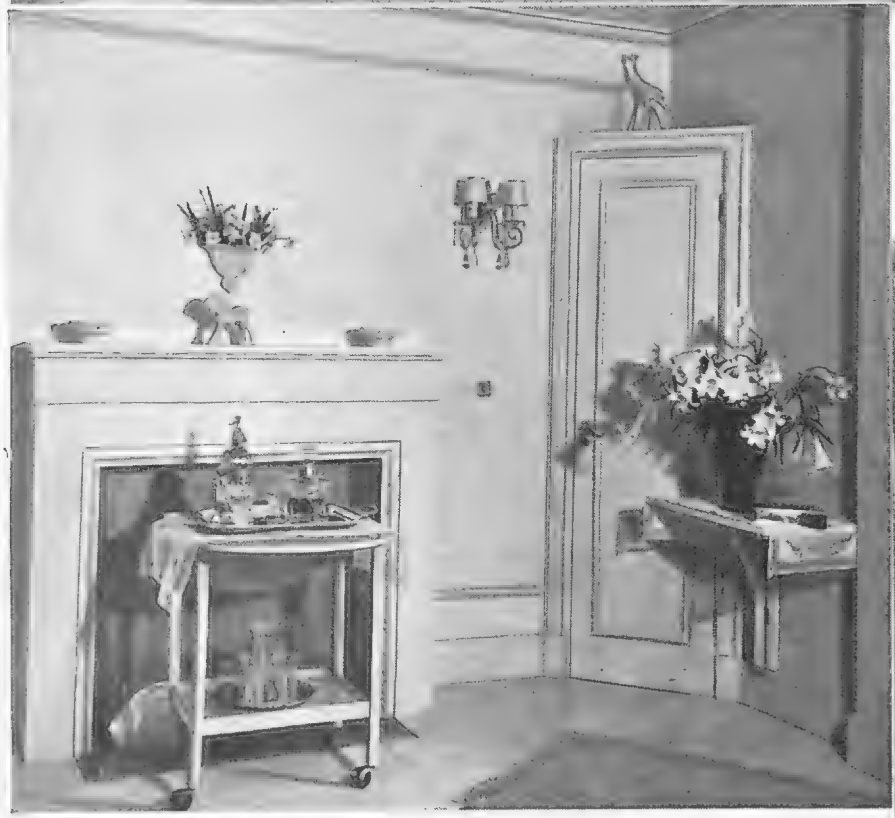
Left:

THIS is a simple room, but it has character. Not so much, however, that it risks a clash with schemes of another type elsewhere in the house. By imposing a personality upon a simple background and restraining all emphasis a clash is avoided

Below:

HERE is a modern dining-room which has no quarrel with either of the schemes shown elsewhere on this page. Eccentricity is carefully avoided and between the schemes a definite relationship of colour is maintained





EQUALLY charming but quite different, this scheme could live side by side with the other rooms shown without a murmur of contention between them. Again the character of the room is sketched in upon a simple background

THE very nicest things are apt to grow monotonous—houses, especially. The well-known feminine weakness for change asserts itself in the house as elsewhere, and even the strongest minds find after deciding firmly upon a Jacobean scheme (and installing the characteristic features of the period) that something really delicate would have been nicer after all.

I don't say that it isn't a weakness with advantages, or that any woman specially wants to be a model of firm decision and right-mindedness. At the same time, too much mind-changing is upsetting for people and pockets and ought to be avoided.

So, have your variety by all means by ringing the changes in the treatment of each room. Then simply change your room with your mood.

Quite seriously though. Carried out with discretion, a different character can be given to every room in the house and one can satisfy the most will-o'-the-wisp fancy without disturbing the restfulness of the general scheme.

Two Rooms Alike

taste for variety in decoration this indulge it with safety and effect

Nothing eccentric—not even mildly so—must be allowed to enter your plans. You cannot get away with a heavy Jacobean scheme in the dining-room—beams and wrought-iron complete—and then switch on to some bizarre form of modernism elsewhere.

Restraint must be exercised in the choice of form, colour and general effect, otherwise variety will degenerate into a mere hotch-potch.

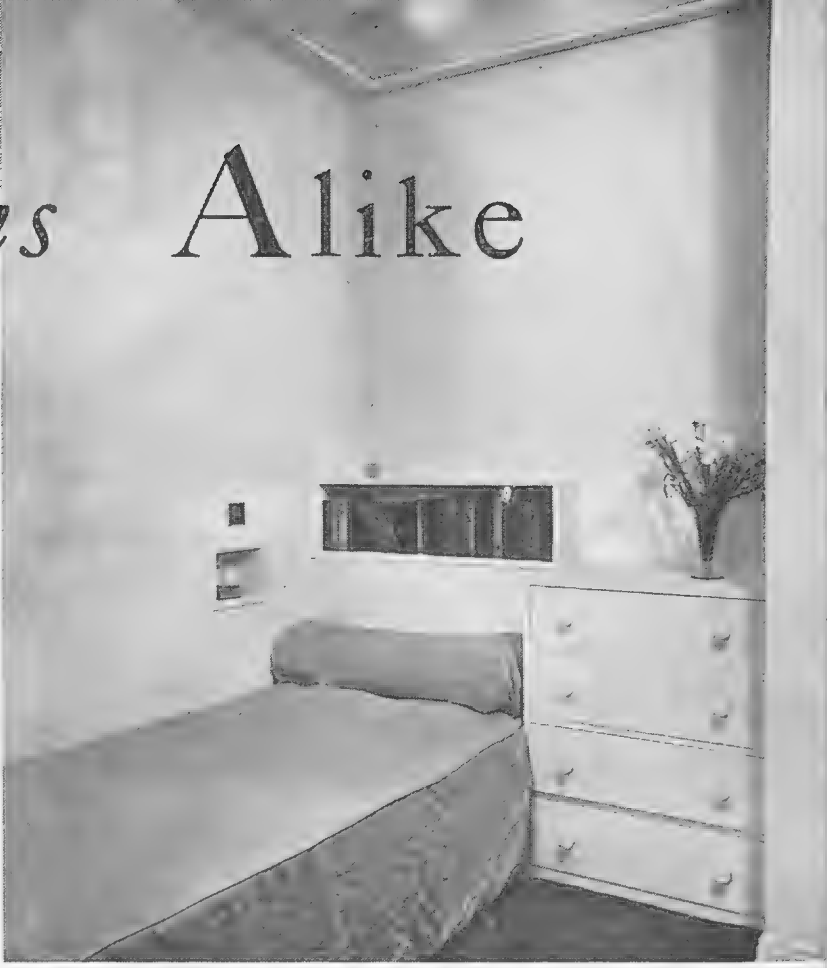
Look at the pictures on this page. They show you rooms of totally different styles which, though full of character, might still live together in perfect harmony under the same roof. Backgrounds are purposely simple, and, in each case, the character of the room is sketched in upon the background, as it were.

Throughout the house the backgrounds are kept in harmony, thus ensuring a restful continuity throughout. The play of colour is a vital factor in the introduction of variety, the same colours being repeated in different combinations and tones.

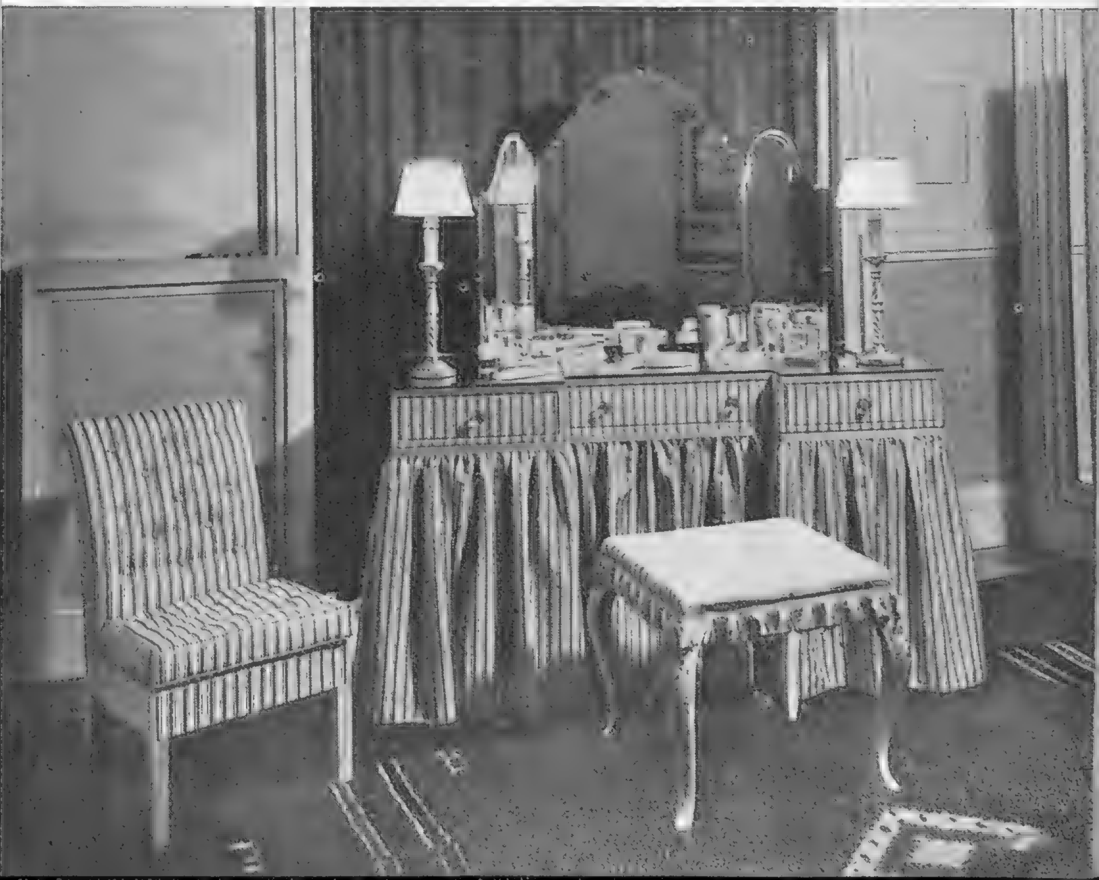
Thus in one room green is the predominant shade, with creamy pink and brown to accompany it. In another, these same colours are used again in different order. Brown perhaps becomes the dominant shade in this case and pink and green fall into second place.

The small bedroom photographed is quite modern in its effect, but has no dispute with the rooms of widely different character shown elsewhere on these pages. This is due to the very careful avoidance in each case of eccentric features. Plain backgrounds, colours blending softly in the room itself and also with the rooms beyond are the secret of this success.

Beams may not jostle with chromium chairs, neither may period fabrics hang beside eccentric modern designs, but by striking a careful line between the two it is simple enough to achieve a harmony of character and charm in the house, with no two rooms alike.



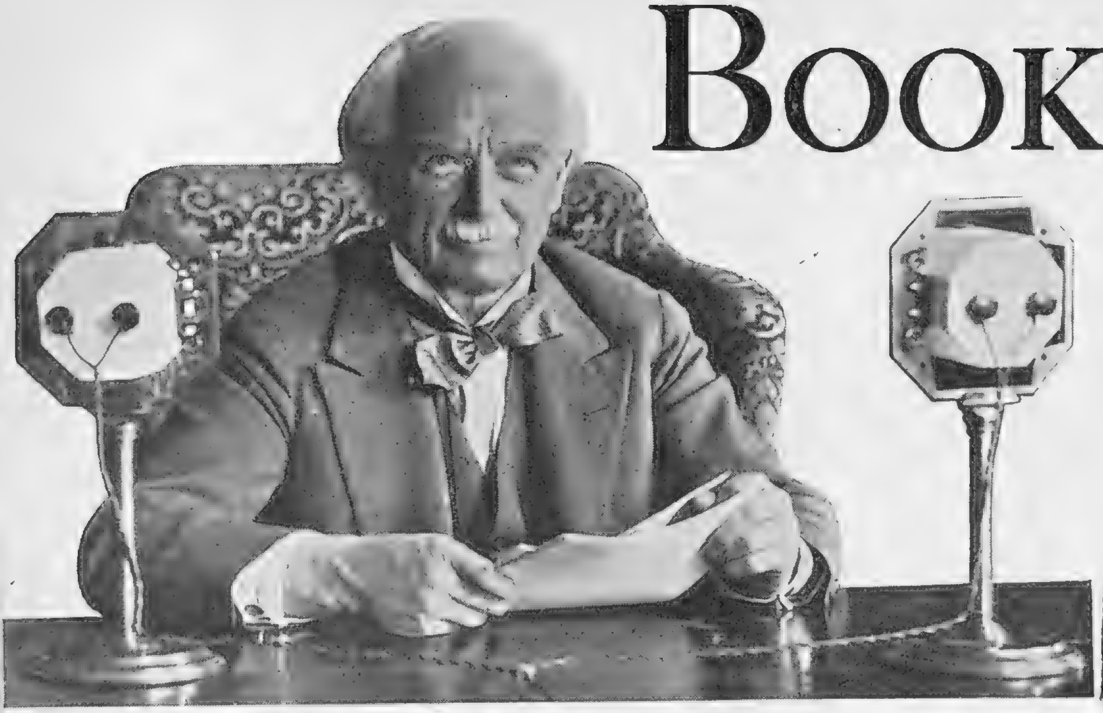
UPSTAIRS, the smallest bedroom can safely strike the modern note so long as strong colour contrasts are carefully restrained and the background retains its relationship with those in other parts of the house



Below :

SOMETHING different again for a larger bedroom. Still keeping a simple background and using the same colours in other combinations, this strong effect is obtained without disturbing the restfulness of the decorative scheme as a whole

BOOKS: *Reviewed*



THE Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, whose third volume of War Memoirs is reviewed on this page

THE third volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.) takes us as far as the autumn of 1917; but whether it is the penultimate or merely the middle instalment of the series we are not told. Since the author's first-hand experience of the conduct of the war was longer and more continuous than that of any of the other principal figures in the allied countries, it is obviously desirable that his record of events should be long and full. It happens that Mr. Lloyd George, not content with being merely long, is often longwinded; but if that were his only defect, it would not seriously weigh in the scales against the importance of his evidence. Unfortunately he has other weaknesses, which grow harder and harder to bear as volume succeeds to volume. There is, for example, his unfathomable self-satisfaction, his conviction that he was invariably right and that all who did not share his views were incompetent or self-seeking or narrow minded. Hardly less wearisome than this smugness is his style—the spellbinder's familiar splashings of coloured inks. "Every millimetre of the liberated earth was rent deeply by the cruel claws of war and reddened by the blood of the liberating troops. France . . . was bleeding from every vein, still on her feet facing the foe, but staggering." Or "the air of the Russian capital became so charged with sulphurous exhalations that the opening of the Duma was postponed for a month, to keep out (*sic*) the lava from surging in hot fury around the Conference doors." This kind of thing has been going on, intermittently, for over 1,700 pages, and release is not yet in sight.

READERS, however, with strength to endure will find the third volume not the least interesting of the three. It covers the growth of the submarine peril, the Russian Revolution, the entry of the U.S.A.; it includes what many people have long been waiting to hear—Mr. Lloyd George's version of the discussions at the conference held at Calais on February 26th, 1917, and attended by M. Briand and Mr. Lloyd George and Generals Nivelle, Haig, Robertson and Lyautey. At this conference a detailed plan was brought forward for placing the British Army, as well as the French, under the control of the new French C.-in-C., Nivelle. There is much to be said for unity of command, and there were also sound arguments against it. But this particular proposal has been made memorable by Sir William Robertson's declaration that the scheme, with which the other four members of the Conference showed themselves to be already familiar, came as a complete surprise to Sir Douglas Haig and to him. In fact, he roundly accused the English Prime Minister of handing over the British Forces to foreign domination without even consulting his own military chiefs. Probably no layman is qualified to express an opinion on the merits of the case, but few of us can avoid forming one. I have taken the trouble to compare Mr. Lloyd George's account of the Calais Conference with those very different accounts given by Sir William Robertson in *Soldiers and Statesmen*, and by other soldiers in other books. The experience is instructive and well worth the effort.

IN some of the notices of *An Autobiography*, Vol. I (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.), Viscount Snowden has been accused of egotism; but after Mr. Lloyd George he seems the most unassuming of men. His recollections, being almost exclusively political, are not as exciting or even (to me) as interesting as those of the Liberal leader. But men of all parties and of none recognise in Lord Snowden a man utterly honest and fearless, so that even the people who abhor his politics or are bored by all politics will listen to him with respect. Lord Snowden's publishers have issued also the first volume of *The Journals and Letters of Reginald, Viscount Esher* (25s.). Lord Esher, who died in 1930 at the age of 78, was one of those men who, while exercising great influence at Court, in politics and affairs, are hardly known to the man in the street. He was

Amongst the New Novels

"Portrait of His Excellency":
by Stephen McKenna
(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d).

"Hell's Harvest":
by Hubert S. Banner
(Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.)

"Cold-Eyes":
by James Francis Dwyer
(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

THE world of statesmen and diplomatists has always attracted Mr. McKenna, and indeed it is peculiarly well suited to his cool, firm touch. He writes, too, as one who knows that world; and, what is rarer still by far, he does actually know it. Quite early in his latest novel he mentions, casually, that his distinguished hero went to Eton only because he couldn't get into Winchester. How many of Mr. McKenna's fellow-novelists, one wonders, could have added that illuminating touch? Are there any who would have done it so unostentatiously? Such knowledge and such restraint are of inestimable value to the author of a novel like *Portrait of His Excellency*. Mr. McKenna does not invariably write about the small governing class, but they have been the theme of the best of his novels, the most characteristic, and the ones which, I think, are most likely to be remembered. Amongst these his latest book takes high place. I am inclined to believe that it is the best thing he has done. But why, I wonder, do so few dust-covers agree with the contents of the volumes they adorn?

Mr. Banner's story is of Black Magic in Sumatra. He lived in the Dutch East Indies for twelve years, and he writes with an absence of hysteria which should procure for his book a respectful attention from anyone who is not too knowing to believe anything. Without flourishes, he manages to give a steady and convincing picture of life in the Malay Archipelago. Mr. Dwyer offers in *Cold-Eyes* a tale of frantic and breathless adventure, which jumps right into its stride on page 1 and closes with admirable promptness the very moment all danger is removed. Even amongst works of fiction of its class I have seldom met one which wasted so little time.

HUBERT S. BANNER

by ARNOLD PALMER

Moving Around

"The Provincial Lady in America":
by E. M. Delafield
(Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

"Suburban Columbus":
by John Gibbons
(Newnes, 7s. 6d.)

THE Provincial Lady has made so many new friends for Miss Delafield and has so very evidently come to stay that the author may, perhaps, be not unduly distressed at learning that some of her old friends are waiting near the back door, hoping that she will one day slip out with another novel in her hand. That said, I am only too pleased to sit down and listen once more to the Provincial Lady's inconsequent chatter. Like everybody else who goes there, she has been stimulated by America. She is at her best. Need one say more?

Mr. Gibbons is not so polished a writer as Miss Delafield, but he is as easy to read, and he bequeathes a feeling of satisfaction not obtained from the Lady. She travelled in comfort and the limelight; he got along as best he could, unannounced. Both agree on the excellence of the food served in American hotels and trains, but except for this they have not many experiences in common. Mr. Gibbons began on foot, meaning to walk from South to North. Finding that there were no villages, no by-roads, nothing to gladden the heart of the pedestrian, he presently surrendered himself to more rapid means of procedure along the ubiquitous highways. What his tour lost in thoroughness it gained in extent. Mr. Gibbons is just about the best travelling companion I know—lively and serious, energetic but never hidebound. He has now covered a large part of the surface of the civilised world, and his eagerness and his sense of romance are as keen as on the day he first set out—to Lourdes, was it not? Being without a programme and being a man, he was able to lift the American lid more often than Miss Delafield. But since she saw aspects of the national life not available to him, I advise anyone in search of a quick view of the United States to read both these books. They are light, amusing, shrewd and bang up to date.

E. M. DELAFIELD

SEWELL STOKES, author of "Monologue"

a conscientious, not a self-seeking, man, and in the course of a full life he refused almost as many honours and offices as he accepted. His letters—this first instalment covers the period 1870-1903—touch on every conceivable side of the political and social life of his time, and reveal him as an observant, intelligent, and very kindly man.

At this point, before leaving the political sphere, it seems convenient to mention Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, the three volumes of which have been issued in one, priced ten shillings and sixpence, by Messrs. Gollancz. It makes an immense book of 1,300 pages. Some people will never even think of reading it. Most people, including myself, will class it among the many books which ought to be read but won't be. But to a few it will no doubt come as a sort of Bible, well printed, handy and very cheap. It is already a work of reference rather than a description of the existing conditions in Russia.

VISCOUNT SNOWDEN, whose first volume of "An Autobiography," was recently published

YES, everything suffers change; and here comes Mr. Ward Price, the war correspondent, debunking the popular legend of the French Foreign Legion. To the typical film lover—to the man or woman who likes the world and its inhabitants to be coloured black or white, and is confused by shades of grey—*In Morocco with the Legion* (Jarrolds, 18s.) will cause an almost physical distress. Less credulous folk will enjoy a book which, free of impossible heroism and inconceivable brutality, gives an objective picture of men engaged in a hard but not entirely lustreless calling. Over-sentimentalised by some writers, over-brutalised by others, the Legion has been doubly libelled. If it is not a Heaven, it is not an unalloyed Hell. Mr. Price accompanied the Legion on what may prove to have been its last active service in Morocco; and as far as any outsider can tell the truth about anything, he tells the truth about it. At the very lowest computation his book is infinitely superior to the majority of the volumes in the library of the Legion.

Earlier on this page I discussed some autobiographies. I might have included amongst them Mr. Sewell Stokes's *Monologue* (Hutchinson, 18s.), but, as A. B. Walkley once

(*Continued on page* 98)

G. WARD PRICE, author of "In Morocco with the Legion"

Do You Sleep Well?

"Oh, sleep, oh, gentle sleep, how have I frighted thee that thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down and steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

Nature's own method of restoration and renewal is absolutely essential to physical and mental well-being

THE piteous outcry of the conscience-stricken king has echoed down the ages. Probably we have all, at some time or another, felt that desperate need for oblivion and refreshment.

The strain and noise of modern life make really *reposeful, natural* sleep of paramount importance if we are to keep our nerves controlled and our bodies healthy and energetic.

The adjectives are deliberate. There is a growing and deplorable tendency to resort to narcotics to induce sleep if people feel nervous or overtired and are afraid that they will not sleep. This only makes matters worse as, even if the drug used is a mild one and not actually "habit-forming," there accrues a gradual moral weakness and dependency, and nearly all drugs affect the nervous system adversely.

In serious cases of insomnia it is necessary to induce sleep artificially, but this should only be by the advice and under the supervision of a doctor.

Actually sleep is, or should be, largely a matter of habit and one to be cultivated at all costs and with determination. Once insomnia is established, it is a difficult condition to cure, chiefly because of the patient's *fear* of not sleeping.

Therefore the state of mind, as well as physical conditions, is important at bedtime and, as we know, physical and mental conditions are interdependent.

It is wise to try to go to bed as nearly as possible at the same time every night—the first step towards forming a regular habit of sleep.

A heavy meal should not be eaten within three hours of going to bed, but neither is it a good thing to go to bed hungry. The unsatisfied feeling will wake you. It is a good plan to take a cup of some warm and nourishing beverage, chosen according to taste, from among those specially prepared with a view to digestibility and their soothing effect on the whole system.

There is a delicious chocolate-flavoured night-cap, made with fresh eggs and malt, particularly easy and quick to prepare; one simply puts a spoonful of the crisp granulated mixture into a cup of hot milk and stir for about a minute. Or malted milk is excellent.

If the digestion is particularly delicate it might be advisable to substitute one of the "pre-digested" invalid foods.

Extremely useful to the highly strung or those who do not like milky beverages is little soup cubes (bought at the chemist's in a tin) which contain a minute quantity of bromide, and are therefore quieting to the nerves.

Boiling water poured over the cube produces a cup of deliciously flavoured *bouillon.*

SLEEPING conditions must be conducive to relaxation and repose. Really comfortable and healthy beds should be within everyone's reach, now that they are scientifically constructed with special spring mattresses by experts in bed building at a comparatively low cost. The new knitted blankets, extremely light and yet warm, are another adjunct to health and sound slumber.

To be comfortably warm in bed and yet to have your room well ventilated is the ideal condition. If your circulation is not good, do not hesitate to have a hot bottle at your feet.

By drawing the blood away from your head it will make your brain less active, as well as adding to your comfort.

Eliminate all source of disturbance. If you wear a setting net at night, let it be a comfortable, well-fitting one. There are some specially designed, as slumber caps, light, perfectly adjusted to the shape of the head and, incidentally, decorative.

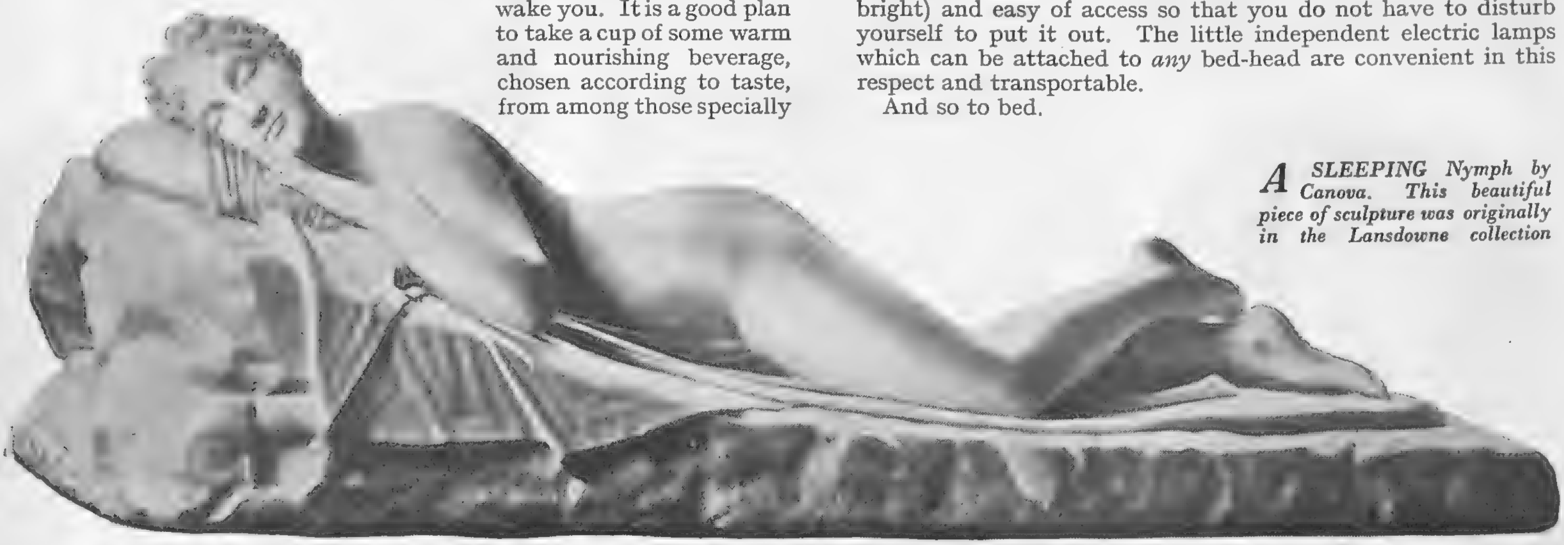
If you are of an easily excitable nature it is better not to take any stimulating beverage such as coffee or tea or wines like champagne within a few hours of going to bed.

If you want any form of alcohol, stout makes a good night-cap, as it is slightly soporific in effect.

Having composed your body, compose your mind. Do not allow yourself to think of work or worries. It may be helpful to read a not too exciting book.

If you read in bed, let the light be adequate (but not too bright) and easy of access so that you do not have to disturb yourself to put it out. The little independent electric lamps which can be attached to *any* bed-head are convenient in this respect and transportable.

And so to bed.



A SLEEPING Nymph by Canova. This beautiful piece of sculpture was originally in the Lansdowne collection

and Beauty

Your *Skin's* W*orst* Enemy

is Winter Dirt. *But the luxury and science of modern cleansing methods make it not only easy but fascinating to keep your complexion in that condition of perfect cleanliness which is near to loveliness*

By Chrysis

I ALWAYS look on November as a dirty month. Fogs and furs are bad enemies.

So for the subject of this month's article I went in search of the latest and most salutary methods of keeping clean and I was not disappointed.

One of our most famous skin specialists not only had, as usual, much that was interesting to tell me and show me about protecting the skin from climatic inclemency and grime-laden atmospheres generally, but one of her newest inventions happens to be related to the very subject.

I found it so fascinating and practical that I propose to describe it before proceding to the more general aspects of the subject.

A man with a plebiscite complex once said to me: "All the most beautiful women in England are at the wash-tubs." I have a slightly malicious pleasure in bowdlerising his meaning and saying that all the most beautiful women in England will be at the wash-basins, when they discover this delightful new toilet accessory.

It is only a little square of open mesh material, rather like the base of a coarse fillet lace, but each tiny thread is permeated with soap, the fragrant and lathery rose-geranium skin soap which is one of this specialist's famous products.

Steeped in water, the soap cloth produces a creamy and cleansing lather. It can be used several times—until the soap is exhausted.

For the bath, three, about the size of a handkerchief, are packed in a little oil-skin bag. For the handbasin or travelling, six tiny soap cloths are contained in a little flat envelope.

It is superfluous to stress their convenience when travelling, packing for a week-end and so on. They take up no room; the smaller ones could easily go in a handbag and they obviate the necessity of packing soap, soap boxes, damp washing rags, which, incidentally, are apt to harbour germs harmful to the complexion. So these little squares have hygienic advantages, as well as æsthetic and practical appeal.

I think most of us use tissues instead of cloths for cleaning off creams and make-up nowadays and there is another excellent innovation in this connection, from the same specialist—no more rolls of tissues (apt to get untidy or thrown away with the ordinary tissue paper from the dressing bag) but a flat, convenient-sized book containing double folded single sheets perforated near the binding so that they can simply be torn out as required.

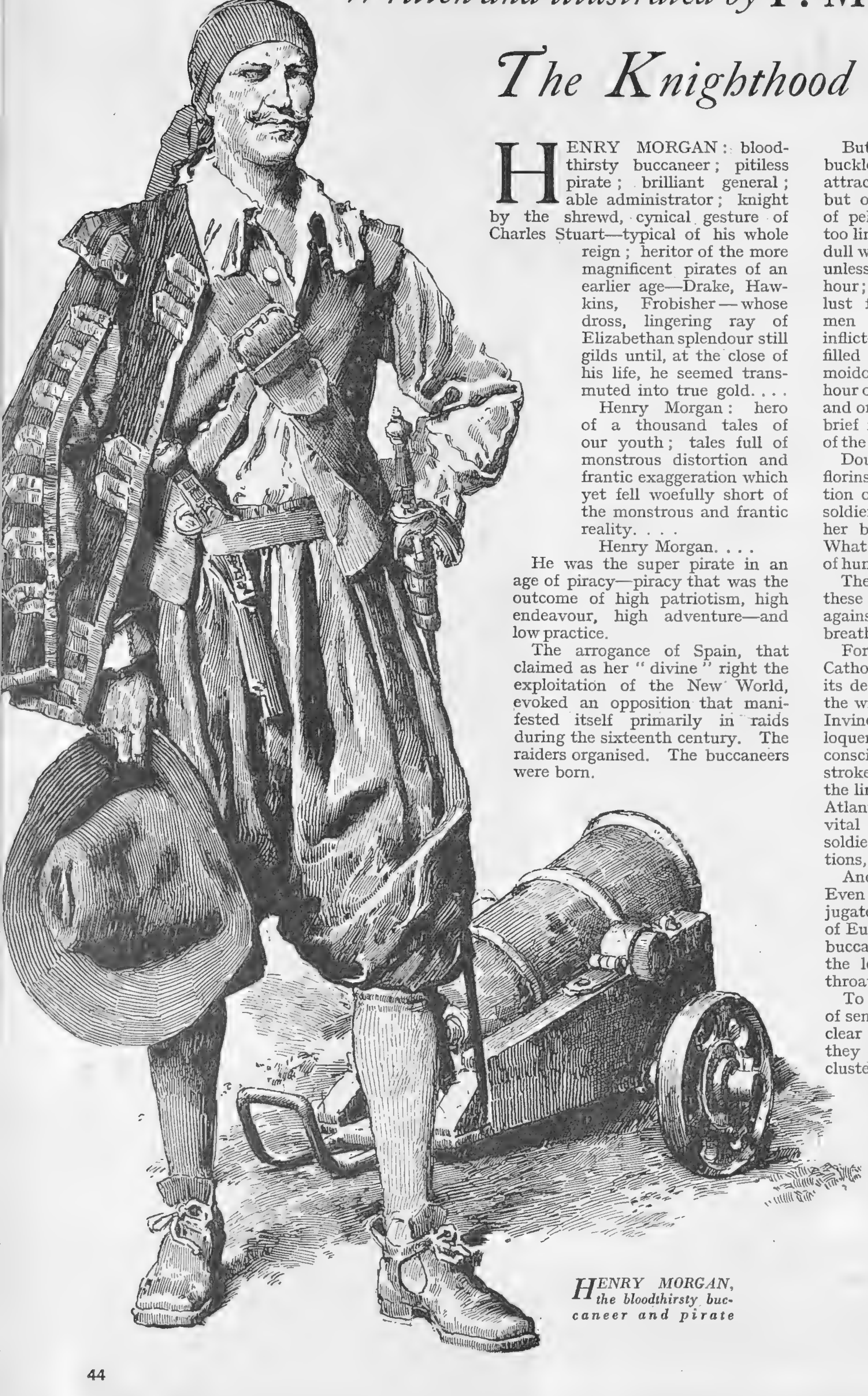
NOW to the general subject of cleansing and protection. It is scarcely necessary at this juncture to remind you of the absolute necessity of cleaning off all make-up and the day's inevitable dust and grime at night, before any treatment or the renewed application of cosmetics.

A good, fine cleansing cream which seeps right into the pores, and a mild tonic lotion are probably the (*Continued on page* 98)

Old Tales Re-told

Written and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

The Knighthood of a Pirate



HENRY MORGAN: bloodthirsty buccaneer; pitiless pirate; brilliant general; able administrator; knight by the shrewd, cynical gesture of Charles Stuart—typical of his whole reign; heritor of the more magnificent pirates of an earlier age—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher—whose dross, lingering ray of Elizabethan splendour still gilds until, at the close of his life, he seemed transmuted into true gold. . . .

Henry Morgan: hero of a thousand tales of our youth; tales full of monstrous distortion and frantic exaggeration which yet fell woefully short of the monstrous and frantic reality. . . .

Henry Morgan. . . .

He was the super pirate in an age of piracy—piracy that was the outcome of high patriotism, high endeavour, high adventure—and low practice.

The arrogance of Spain, that claimed as her "divine" right the exploitation of the New World, evoked an opposition that manifested itself primarily in raids during the sixteenth century. The raiders organised. The buccaneers were born.

But to those gay and gallant swashbucklers came recruits who were attracted by the spirit, not of emprise but of gain; not of adventure, but of pelf. Men who found civilisation too limiting; toil too tedious; life too dull without a fight; riches too elusive unless they could be gotten in an hour; men obsessed with a strange lust for cruelty for its own sake; men indifferent to the pain they inflicted so long as their coffers were filled with pieces of eight and gold moidores to be emptied within an hour on extravagances and dissipations and orgies of sadism that dimmed for a brief instant the imperial degeneracy of the Cæsars.

Doubloons, ducats, guldens, thalers, florins—what if they cost the devastation of a fruitful plain; the life of a soldier; the pang of a sick woman in her bed; the last cry of a child? What if they cost a wall—a palisade—of humanity?

They were the supreme gamblers, these pirates, who staked their lives against fantastic odds with every breath they drew.

For the odds *were* fantastic. The Catholic majesty of Spain received its death-stroke at the joint hands of the wind and Francis Drake when the Invincible Armada belied its magniloquent name—but it was an unconscionable time a'dying. The death-stroke struck at the Spanish heart, but the limbs of the empire flung across the Atlantic lived on with a vivid, virile, vital life of their own. There were soldiers, priests, governors, fortifications, sentinels.

And Spain was never at peace. Even when the conquests were subjugated, even when the chancelleries of Europe were still, the hounds of the buccaneers were always straining at the leash to spring at an outpost's throat.

To Spanish headquarters the silence of sentinels on land or sea never had a clear and definite meaning. For all they knew, they might be peacefully clustered round the camp-fire, calmly patrolling the sea, watching—in vain—for an hypothetical enemy. . . .or they might be in the hands of the pirates, bound and gagged, dying by starvation, torture, even terror, or sudden steel.

Not seldom these tortures and oppressions, instead of arousing a feeling of vengeance on the part of the victims, made them feel dimly that, after all, a pirate was better off than an honest man. When their physique allowed it, a great number of them offered their services as

HENRY MORGAN, the bloodthirsty buccaneer and pirate pirates, ready—like the school fag grown to monitor's status—to do unto others as had been done to them.

So, partly in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation, partly for greed of riches, their hearts gradually losing all vibration to the chords of humanity, became cold stone, impervious to pity or to shame.

HENRY MORGAN was born in Wales. He was the son of a rich farmer. He refused to follow his father's calling. He abandoned the placid life of his tidy, native land. The irresistible fascination of the unknown drove him to the coast to seek adventure.

He enlisted as a seaman on a boat bound for the Isle of Barbados, his mind full of undefined dreams. He watched—without regret—the scarped heights of the Cambrians dwindle into vanishment.

He had sought the unknown. He found it.

As soon as he went ashore, he was sold as a slave by the captain who had given him employment.

At that time this was a common practice in that part of the world—almost a proper practice. Every nation did the same thing—even with their own respective subjects. The captains were considered honest traders.

They were not—*pirates*.

Morgan, even in his youth a realist, patiently served his time. Eventually he managed to obtain his freedom. After such a lesson, another man would have remembered with nostalgic desire the paternal farm and the peaceful thatch of cottage, the blue plumes of the chimneys, "the gentle rustic gruffness and the lowing of the kine" of his native Wales. But Morgan went to the island of Jamaica. He took a great interest in two vessels belonging to a gang of pirates. He fraternised with them. He learned their mode of living. He admired the esprit de corps which was the principal feature of their organisation.

At last he had found his own atmosphere.

Above all, there was no fear of treachery from within. There was an honour among these thieves of the sea which put to inglorious shame the Punica fides he had experienced amongst traders.

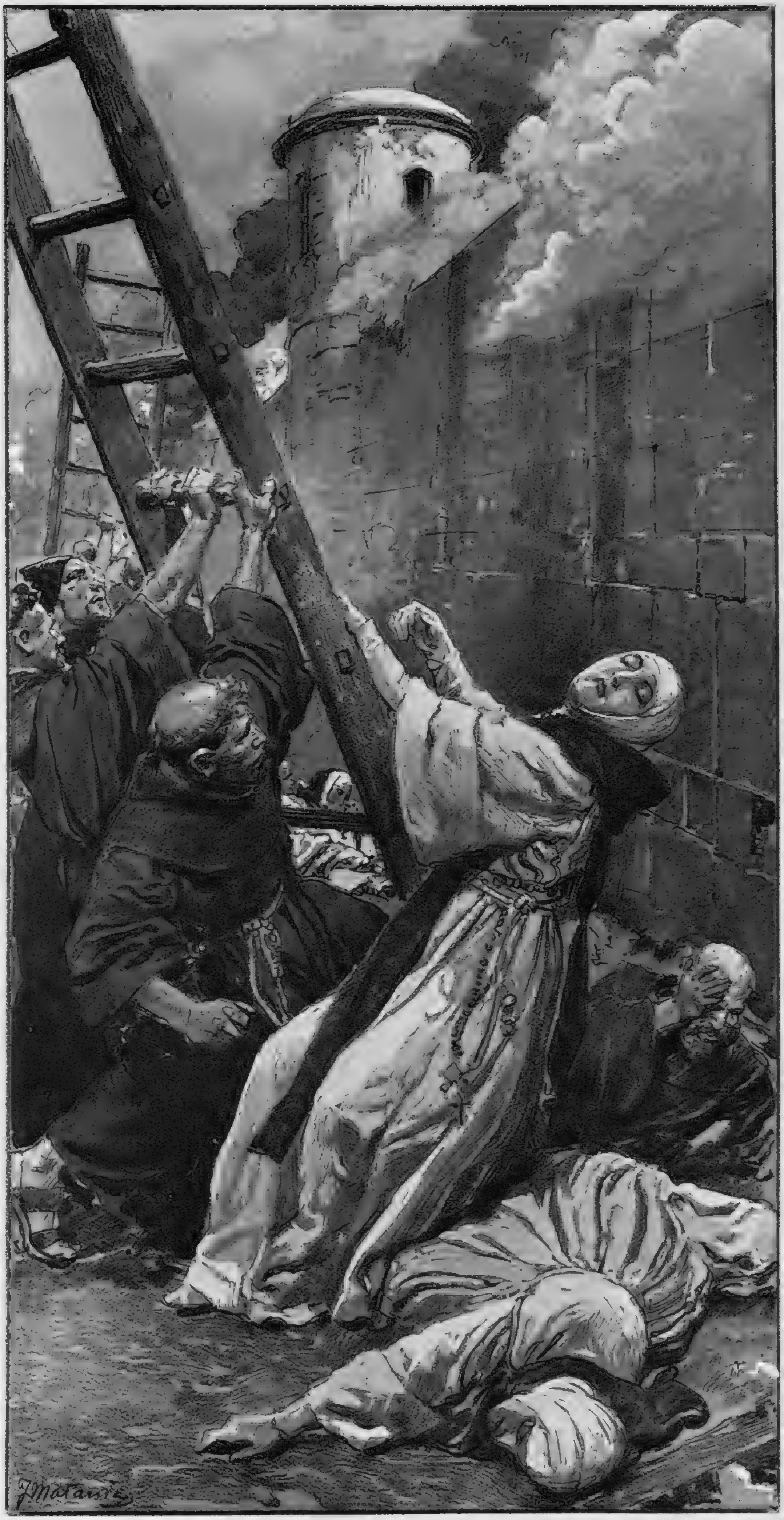
Three or four successful voyages with them flung into high relief his qualities as a leader. He formed a company and bought a ship. He was unanimously elected commander.

His career had begun.

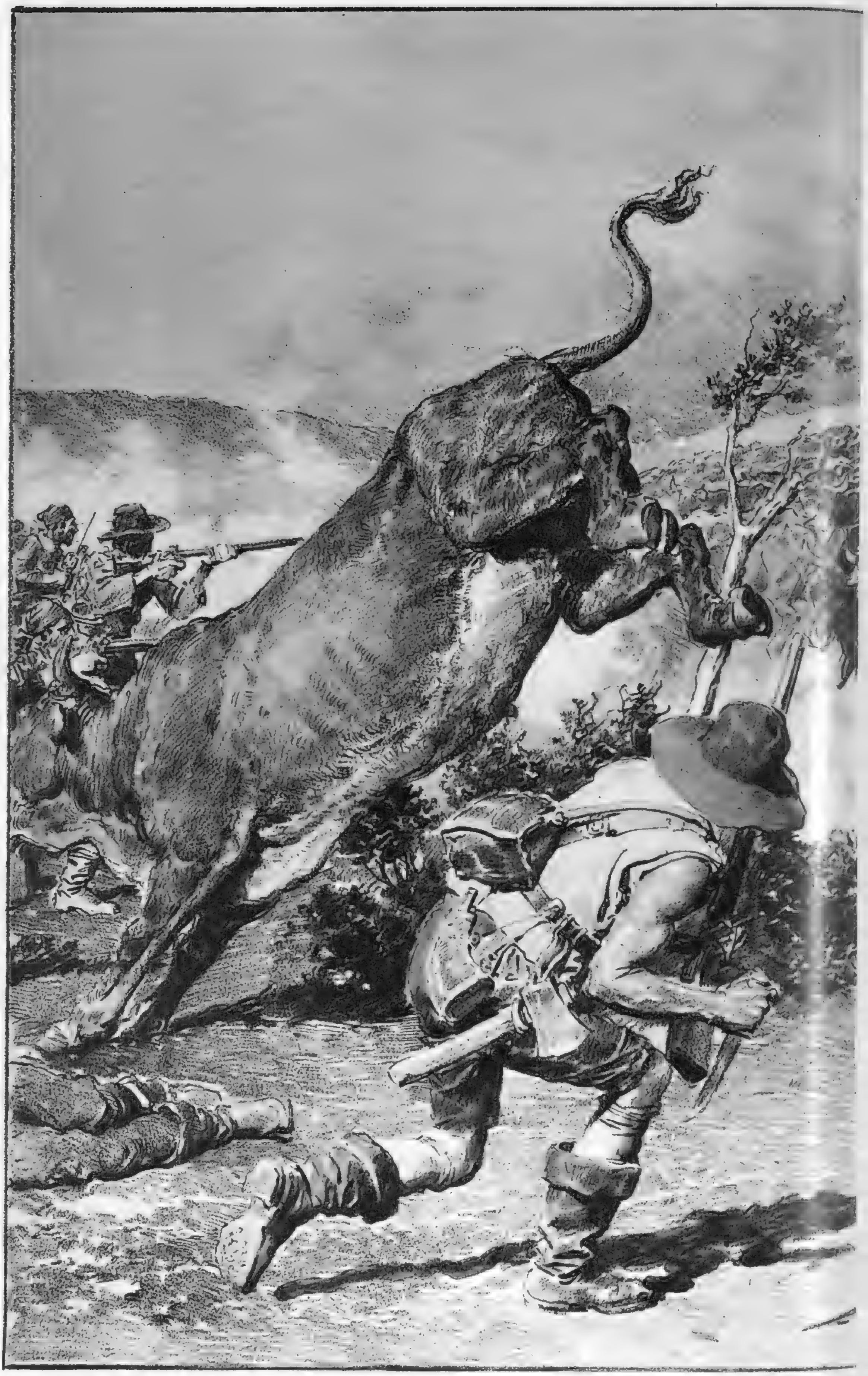
AS in any other station of life, youthful genius, however modest at the outset, has never failed to attract the attention of Big Business. Piracy was Big Business. And Morgan's exploits on the sea and shore of Campeche attracted the attention of a piratical magnate, by the name of Mansvelt. He was about to assemble a huge fleet, and took the opportunity of securing the services of Morgan, promoting him forthwith to the rank of Vice-Admiral, second in command to himself.

His fleet was composed of fifteen ships. It was manned by a total of 500 men.

Their first exploit was on the Island of St. Catherine. They landed. They took by storm the whole garrison. They forced the Governor to deliver into their hands all the castles and forts beneath his sway. These they destroyed, burned,



IT needed a heart of stone to endure the carnage that followed. Shots, bombs, boiling water, and molten lead were poured on the defenceless crowd



THE huge mass of the Spaniards in

and razed to the ground all but one. This they fortified, and kept it as a base from which they could dominate the whole territory they had conquered.

The Spanish troops despatched to reconquer the Island were subjected to "machine-gun fire." The ingenuity of the pirates had improvised a new weapon: with conventional profanity they stripped the churches, and a miracle of iniquity enabled them to transform the organs into lethal weapons. A broadside of three-score organ-pipes at a time struck the landing Spaniards. The ranks were demoralised, but superior discipline soon restored, and superior numbers, soon achieved by reinforcement, overcame the fury of the pirate's defence and regained the fort.

His loss did not discourage the Vice-Admiral, whom the death of his chief, Mansvelt, placed in supreme command.

With astonishing speed, he re-equipped his vessels and increased his army to 700 men. He went to Cuba, to Puerto del Principe, to Porto Bello. . . .

When he attacked the castle, a number of prisoners within the walls succeeded in escaping. Many others—less fortunate—remained in his hands.

Among the latter was a group of monks and nuns.

Several times Morgan demanded that the Governor of the castle should surrender unconditionally. But he was up against a man of determination equal to his own; a man who answered that while he lived he would never surrender.

Morgan, banking on the religious reverence of the enemy, not only placed the monks and nuns as a shield in front of his vanguard, but ordered them to go right under the walls of the castle. There they were to hoist the huge ladders—made to allow three or four men to stand on one rung together.

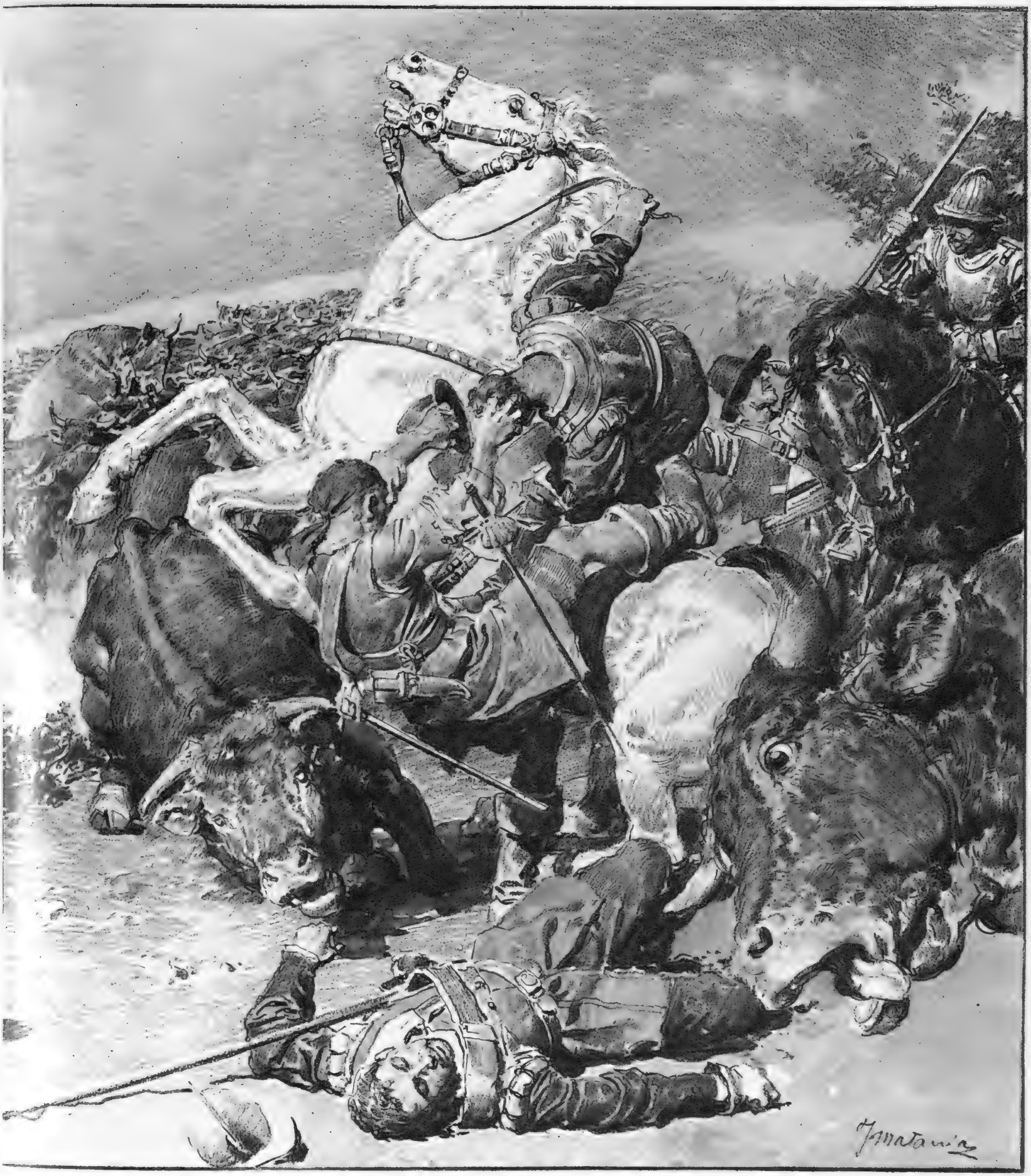
When they realised that they could not persuade the pirate chief to abandon his "brilliant" plan, they implored the Governor to give up his hopeless resistance and save his own life, together with theirs.

But the Governor was true as his own steel. He was prepared to risk the lives and, if necessary, to kill the cowardly monks and terrified nuns rather than yield to the peremptory demands of a sea-wolf capable of such hideous tactics. He answered that he would destroy *whoever* approached the walls. Morgan read the defiance as bluff. Pirates might wage war on women; but hidalgos of Spain? Not likely. He commanded the nuns as well as the monks to carry out his orders. It needed a heart of stone to endure the carnage that followed. Shots, bombs, boiling water, boiling oil, molten lead were poured on the defenceless crowd.

Only when they were all slaughtered like sheep did Morgan understand that the Governor meant what he said, and that a Spanish soldier would no more flinch from the cruelty imposed by his allegiance than a buccaneer from that demanded by his lust.

Porto Bello fell, but still the Governor resisted. He resisted even the prayers of his wife and children.

He had become a killing machine, and he only ceased from dealing death when he was shot by Morgan, reluctant to slay so valiant and indomitable a foe.



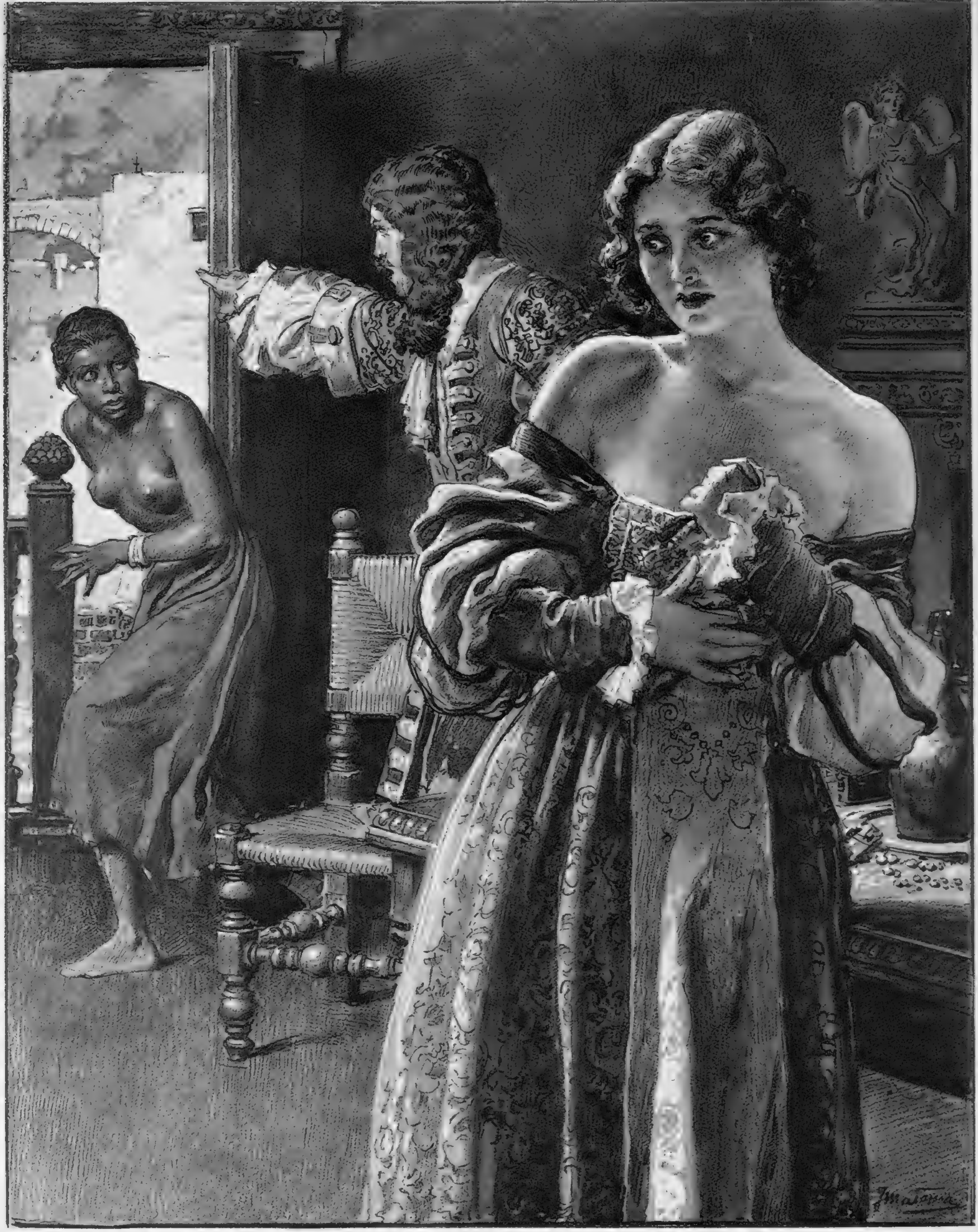
brutes turned towards the city, trampling the ranks of
an irresistible rush, destroying, flattening, annihilating

MORGAN went from success to success. He beat the Spaniards everywhere. He took prisoners. He killed. He burned. He looted. He bled the inhabitants of their last treasure. He laughed at all the threats that poured in from the Governors of the invested country. He proceeded undaunted towards bigger, bolder enterprises.

His ambition was to capture the city of Panama, at that time the richest centre of commerce, the nearest approach to European civilisation.

This city was so well fortified that, without a gigantic and perfectly equipped army, the mere thought of its conquest seemed an idle dream. But for Captain Morgan the only folly was to renounce an ambition, however exalted it was. So, with one thousand men, five boats, and thirty-two canoes, he started.

The difficulties of commissariat did not stay him. " Soon you will be guests of Spain," he cried. " You will eat the viands of the enemy you have defeated. You will replenish your broken arms from theirs. Forward ! "



HER piercing scream called the servant. When the black girl appeared, Morgan turned on her like a tiger, with so terrific a mien that she fled from the room

On August 18, 1670, he set his course for Panama. After six leagues, he stopped at Los Bracas.

His force had been so congested in the boats that, as they went ashore, they could hardly move for cramp. It was farcical to see them staggering as the blood flowed into their veins, or falling asleep even before freeing themselves of their heavy equipment.

After a few hours of rest they began to search the plantations round about, with an almost mathematical conviction they would find whatever they wanted.

But they found nothing.

The day closed in a deadly silence. Tobacco to smoke was their sole refreshment. The Spaniards had cleared the place of everything which could be of use to the pirates.

Two more days passed without anything eatable falling to their hands. Had they stayed there, they must have perished by starvation, so——

Forward. Carry the canoes. Find a place where the river was navigable.

Morgan, shrewd leader, dreaded an ambush. His soldiers, on the contrary, hoped for one. They were prepared to face any danger, so long as they got the chance of grabbing a few Spaniards, and, if the Spaniards had no food to be looted, then the Spaniards would *be* food.

Such was the buccaneers' spirit that cannibalism was taken in its stride.

But, after a long and exhausting march, they found only a heap of empty leather bags.

These they boiled till they were soft. They chewed them with a blasphemy and spat them out or swallowed them with a curse.

Every hamlet glimpsed in the distance roused the hope of those famished wolves, wolves of the sea turned wolves of the land, but the places when they reached them were barren.

The next day a few stray cats and dogs were caught, dismembered, eaten. But the majority of the thousand men had to go without.

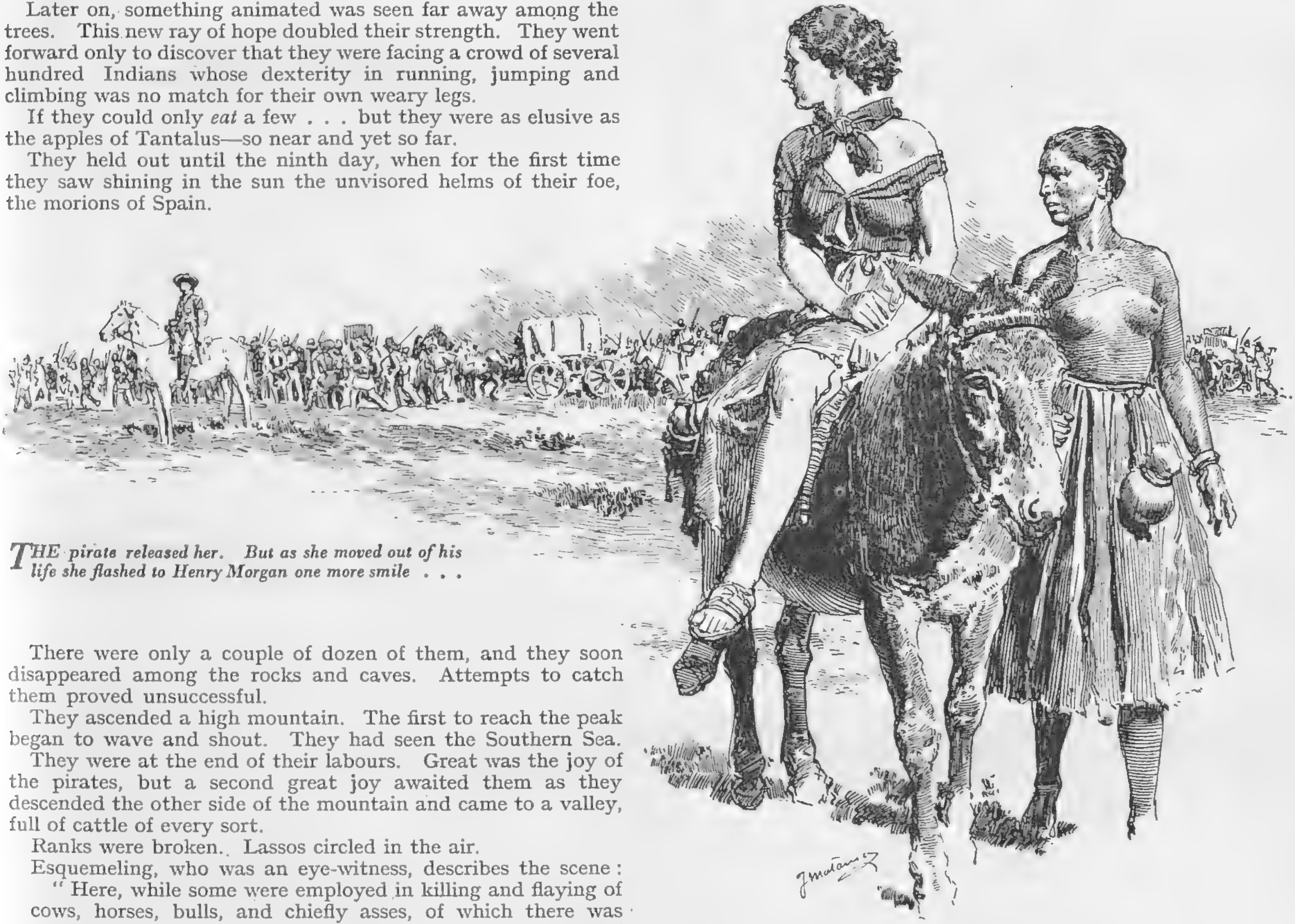
Murmurs of discontent brooded in the ranks, like distant muttering thunder in a stormy sky. But Morgan proved to have the same strength of character that Christopher Columbus possessed. He kept in check by some marvellous means of personality the rebellion that simmered about to burst, and demanded—and received—more exertions, further efforts from those unnourished and reluctant bodies.

As they came to a mountainous district, a volley of arrows coming from the sky—real bolts from the blue—fell on them. They never discovered whence they came.

Later on, something animated was seen far away among the trees. This new ray of hope doubled their strength. They went forward only to discover that they were facing a crowd of several hundred Indians whose dexterity in running, jumping and climbing was no match for their own weary legs.

If they could only *eat* a few . . . but they were as elusive as the apples of Tantalus—so near and yet so far.

They held out until the ninth day, when for the first time they saw shining in the sun the unvisored helms of their foe, the morions of Spain.



THE pirate released her. But as she moved out of his life she flashed to Henry Morgan one more smile . . .

There were only a couple of dozen of them, and they soon disappeared among the rocks and caves. Attempts to catch them proved unsuccessful.

They ascended a high mountain. The first to reach the peak began to wave and shout. They had seen the Southern Sea.

They were at the end of their labours. Great was the joy of the pirates, but a second great joy awaited them as they descended the other side of the mountain and came to a valley, full of cattle of every sort.

Ranks were broken. Lassos circled in the air.

Esquemeling, who was an eye-witness, describes the scene:

> " Here, while some were employed in killing and flaying of cows, horses, bulls, and chiefly asses, of which there was greatest number, others busied themselves in the kindling of fires and getting wood wherewith to roast them.
>
> " Thus cutting the flesh of these animals into convenient pieces, or gobbets, they threw them into the fire, and, half-carbonadoed or roasted, they devoured them with incredible haste and appetite.
>
> " For such was their hunger that they more resembled cannibals than Europeans at this banquet, the blood many times running down from their beards until the middle of their bodies."

The enthusiasm of the pirates at the sight of the city of Panama they had come to sack was as great as that of the Crusaders at the sight of Jerusalem they had come to deliver.

The towers, the churches, the panorama, the extent of the bright city was to the invaders their Canaan, their Promised Land.

Wealth . . . leisure . . . wine . . . women . . . no more work. . . . The shout of joy was almost deafening. They cast their hats into the air, they beat their drums, they sounded their trumpets as if their victory was already an accomplished fact.

Far in the distance they could see the Spaniards distributing their forces outside the city. Some of them approached within earshot, shouting threats and insults, but with the pirates the day finished with another banquet and a peaceful night of sleep.

AT daybreak Morgan broke camp. He put his army in order. He led them through the woods to dodge the principal road, where the Spaniards had obviously massed in force.

The passage through the wood was accomplished under great difficulties owing to rank luxuriance of the tropic vegetation, but as they gained the top of a hillock thay caught at last a clear view of the city and all the surrounding country.

For an instant a wave of discouragement cooled the enthusiasm of the pirates. The display of the Spanish strength looked menacing. Moreover, they saw that they were practically encircled.

At this point, the historian who took part writes:

> " Yea, few or none there were but wished themselves at home, or at least free from the obligation of that engagement, wherein they perceived their lives must be so narrowly concerned."

But the flaming words of Morgan put new courage into them.

There was no escape. They had to fight to the last drop of blood. There was no hope of mercy. They had shown none to Spain, and Spain had a long memory.

They saw two whole squadrons of cavalry; four regiments of infantry; guns posted everywhere, and a huge quantity of cattle hardly kept in check by a throng of mounted men who continually circled round them. There was no time to be lost.

TWO hundred of the best sharp-shooters were sent forward. As they took their positions in the field below, the cavalry thundered forward to the advance.

Had the ground been harder, the charge would have been terrific. But the softness of the earth, turned to a morass, the quag that characterised the terrain turned to a bog. The horses stumbled, sank, wallowed impotent for all their riders' vicious, rowelling spurs.

Then down went the hat of the officer commanding the van of the Buccaneers. It was the signal. A well-aimed volley threw 200 heavy bullets of lead, not one of which missed its mark.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Marita Bets a Bet

By Stenson Cooke

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

SUDDENLY, apropos nothing in particular, Marita said:

"You know! you English are so funny! You can not know how funny you are. Listen! I will tell you a little story about you English."

This was at a restaurant on the Alster, Hamburg, over coffee—curiously dear—after dinner—good and quite cheap.

Marita is Norwegian, tall, good-looking, graceful, animated, brown-haired, blue-eyed, widowed by a tragedy—daughter of Vikings, and brave mother—experienced traveller, and born gambler.

When she says "listen" we all listen. There is nothing else to be done.

"You know!" she said, "I love to gamble. I am not a slave to it but I love it, from ten pfennig in the slot to a louis on the tables. Always I look for some fresh way. I cannot pass it. So in London some years ago in October I was staying with my little daughter, my Randi, at a—at a—what do you call a pension — not a real hotel?"

"A boarding house?" said George.

George is—but never mind about George, he doesn't count.

"That's it," said Marita. "You see, we had come from Oslo through Berlin with my favourite sister-in-law, Emmy, who has the most beautiful eyes in our family, and her big fine husband, Ivaran, who died, poor darling, in Zürich early this year. And when they travel we all live in big hotels, but I had left them in Paris to go to London with my little girl, and, you know I am not rich, so I stay in a boarding house. The address was Something Gardens, West. But there were no gardens—of course not. You English are so funny.

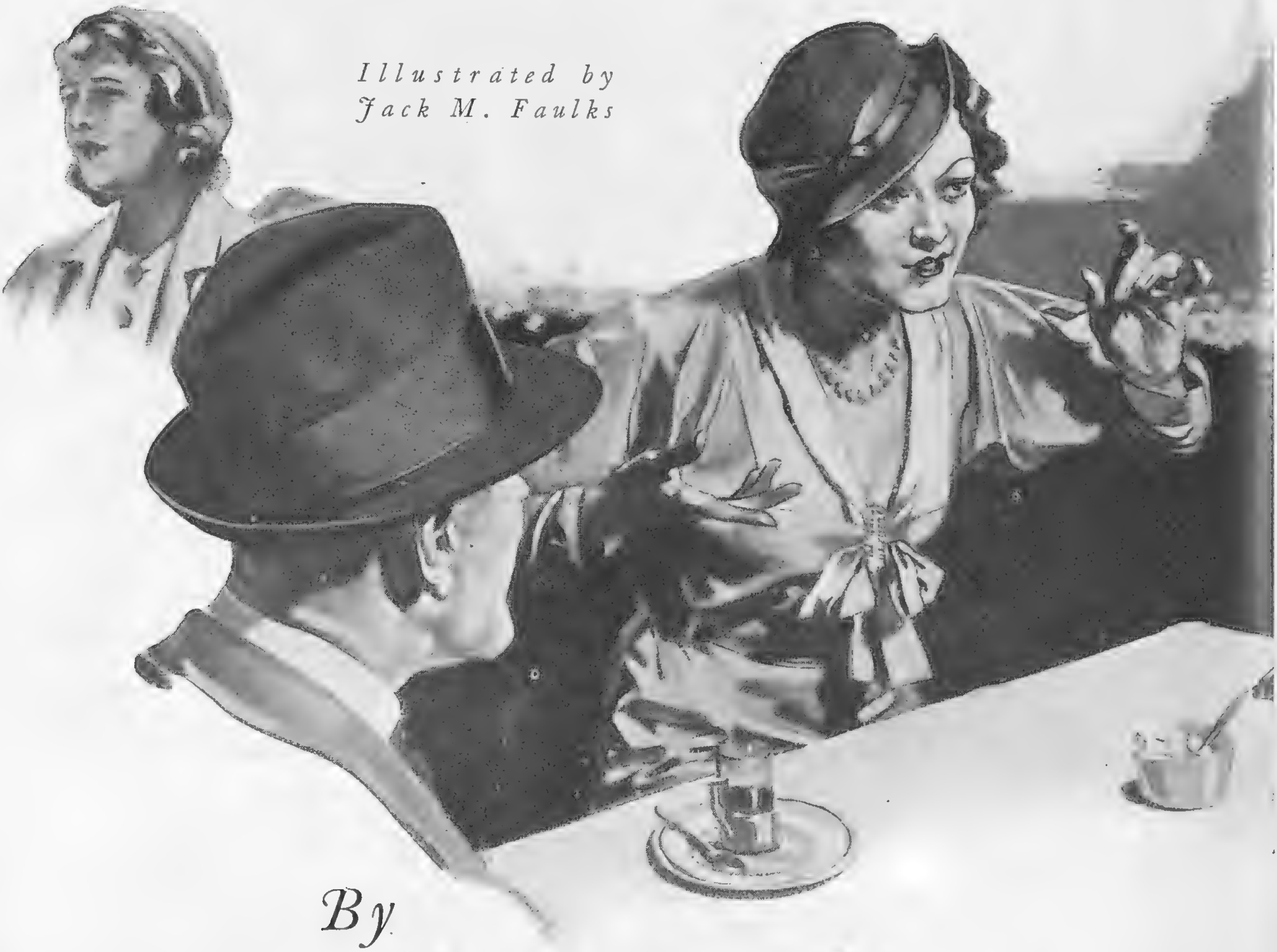
"We were with my friends, Mrs. Wenberg and her son Charlie. Charlie was——"

"Never mind about Charlie," said George.

"All right, then. Well! it was the Ascot Races. Oh! I should love to go to Ascot. Your women in wonderful dresses, your men in their wedding clothes, your beautiful Queen and your King driving in coach and horses. I have seen the pictures in your papers. Oh!"

When Marita runs short of an expression she snaps her fingers and makes an almost noiseless whistle which sounds like "phweet."

"It couldn't have been Ascot," said George, "Ascot is in June. It must have been the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire."



"That's it!" said Marita. "Oh! you English, so particular—as if it mattered to my little story. Now! you know, I have a 'flair' for picking the winning number, but never before had I tried for horse racing. So! on the morning of—of—one of those races that George said—I looked at the newspaper and there—there I saw the list of the—the ?—"

"Probable starters ?"

"That's it!" said Marita, "and you know, when I go to a gambling table—each time—I see two numbers, only two, and they are my numbers and I feel they must win—and—sometimes—they do. I have intootion!"

"Intuition!" corrected George.

"That's it," said Marita, "and on this list I saw two horses—you know—standing out—burning—no that's not the word—flaming—and I said to myself 'they will win. They must win.' I remember them—oh, how I remember them—Palais Royal the Second and Baytown."

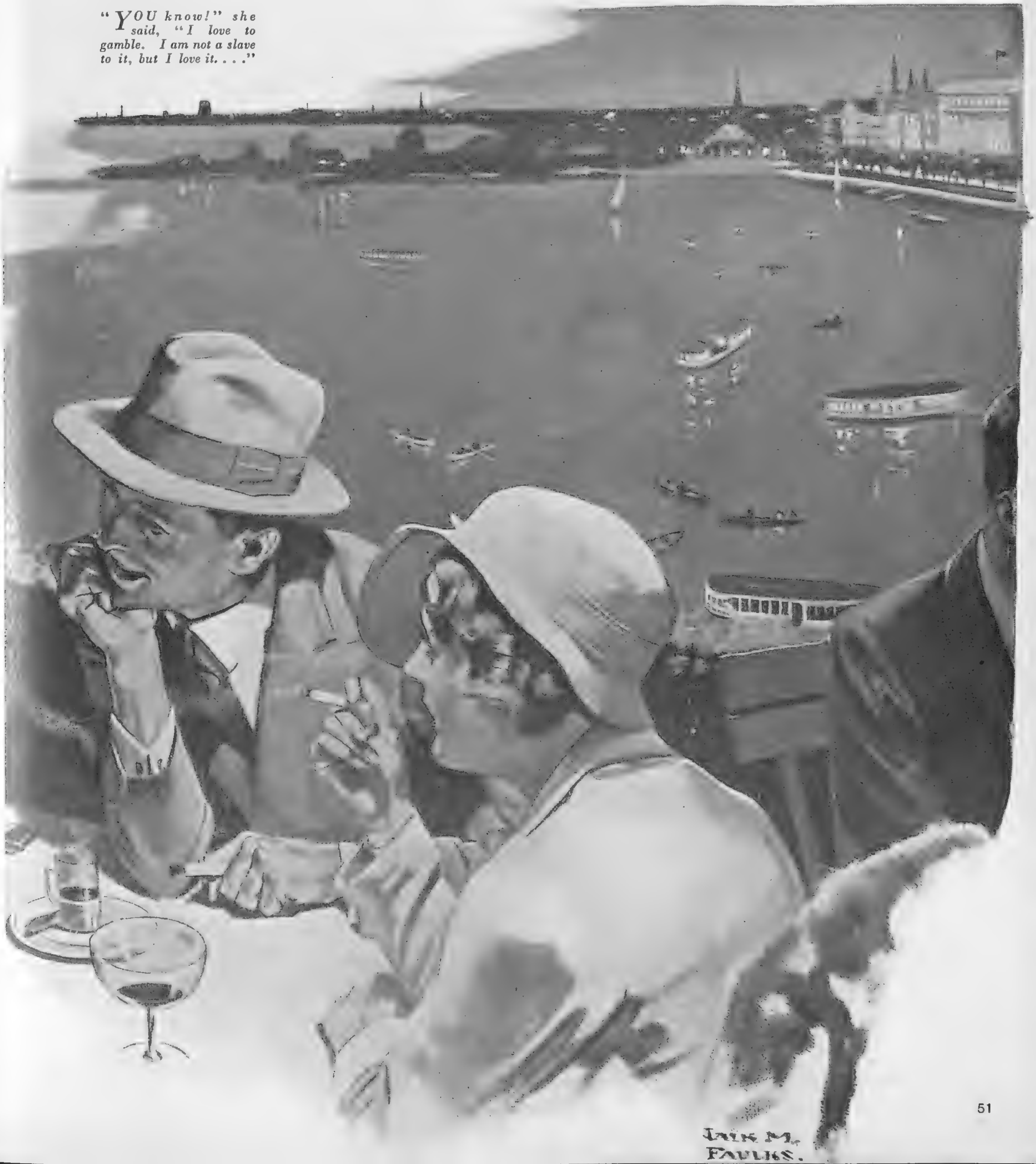
"But they couldn't both win!" said George.

"Oh, you English! Even I know that!" said Marita. "But when I play at Monte I can bet on two numbers so why not on two horses? Oh, will you be quiet, George—you talk so much I can not get a word in by the edge.

"Then," she went on—having crushed George—"I asked myself what to do—how to bet my bet. Charlie was at his work in your City, and the boarding house, very modest, had no telephone, so! I put on my hat and coat and went out by myself. Oh yes! I know! I must find a——a—— what do you call him ?"

"Bookmaker ?" murmured George, still crushed.

"That's it!" She flashed a charming smile, and George revived. "Well!

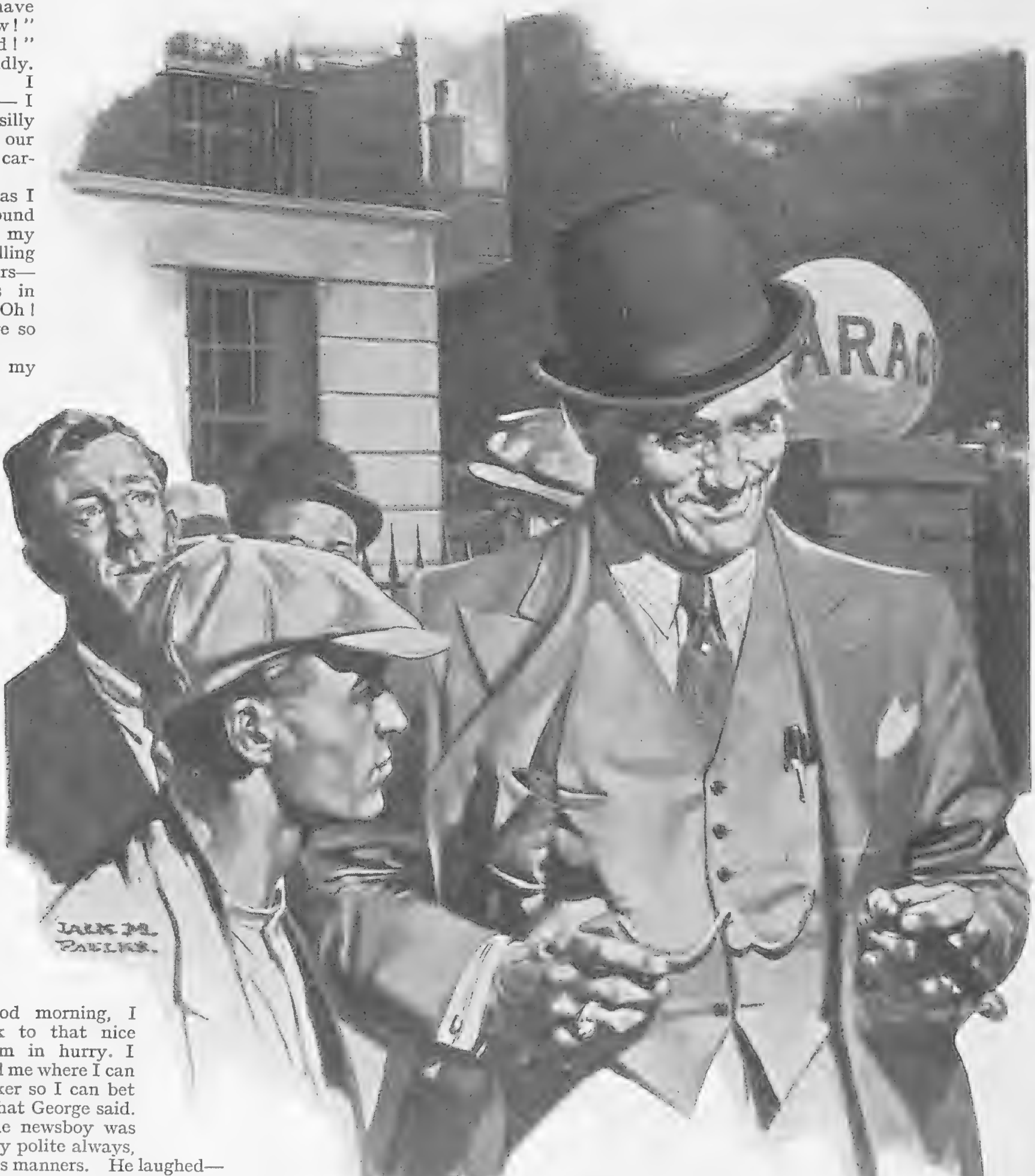

"YOU know!" she said, "I love to gamble. I am not a slave to it, but I love it. . . ."
JACK M. FAULKS.

where to find him? I walked to the corner of your gardens which are not gardens—where I buy every evening my paper from the boy and I see a polisman, and I say to myself, 'He will know where I can find a bookmaker—he looks nice; I will ask him.' So I go quickly to him, but not quickly enough, because when I get near there are two old ladies who engage him in conversation—so long it seemed to wait, I should lose my chance to bet my bet. And then, always I have luck! You know!"

"Touch wood!" said George, timidly.

"That's it! I touch wood—I touch your silly head," said our gambler, and carried on.

"And then, as I said, I turned round and there was my newsboy selling evening papers—*evening* papers in the morning! Oh! you English are so funny.



"I said to my newsboy, 'Good morning, I want to speak to that nice polisman, I am in hurry. I want him to tell me where I can find a bookmaker so I can bet my bet on—'what George said. You know! the newsboy was a nice boy, very polite always, but he forgot his manners. He laughed—in my face he laughed. But before I could be angry he came close to me and made a—made a—no George! be quiet for once—he made a wink at me and said——

"'Polisman no good, Laidy. I tell you where find bookmaker.'

"You see, he was used to my English. So I said, 'Thank you, please tell me.'

"And he said—'You go there'—he pointed—'and then left and then turn right and you find a street called Moscow Street. Wait till twelve o'clock before you go, and then you find bookmaker—big man with watch chain, and you say "Newsboy send me." See?'

"Well! you know, I think, I thought, this is a funny way to bet my bet. Why all this mystery? But, never mind, in this funny country I must wait and I will see.

"So at twelve o'clock I go with my directions from my newsboy and at last I find Moscow Street—but not my bookmaker! I see only a few funny men standing together, and always they look this way and that, and I ask myself 'What is this mystery? They seem to be afraid of something. Never mind,' I say to myself, 'I must bet my bet,' so I go to one of them and ask, 'Please, where is the bookmaker—I want to bet?'

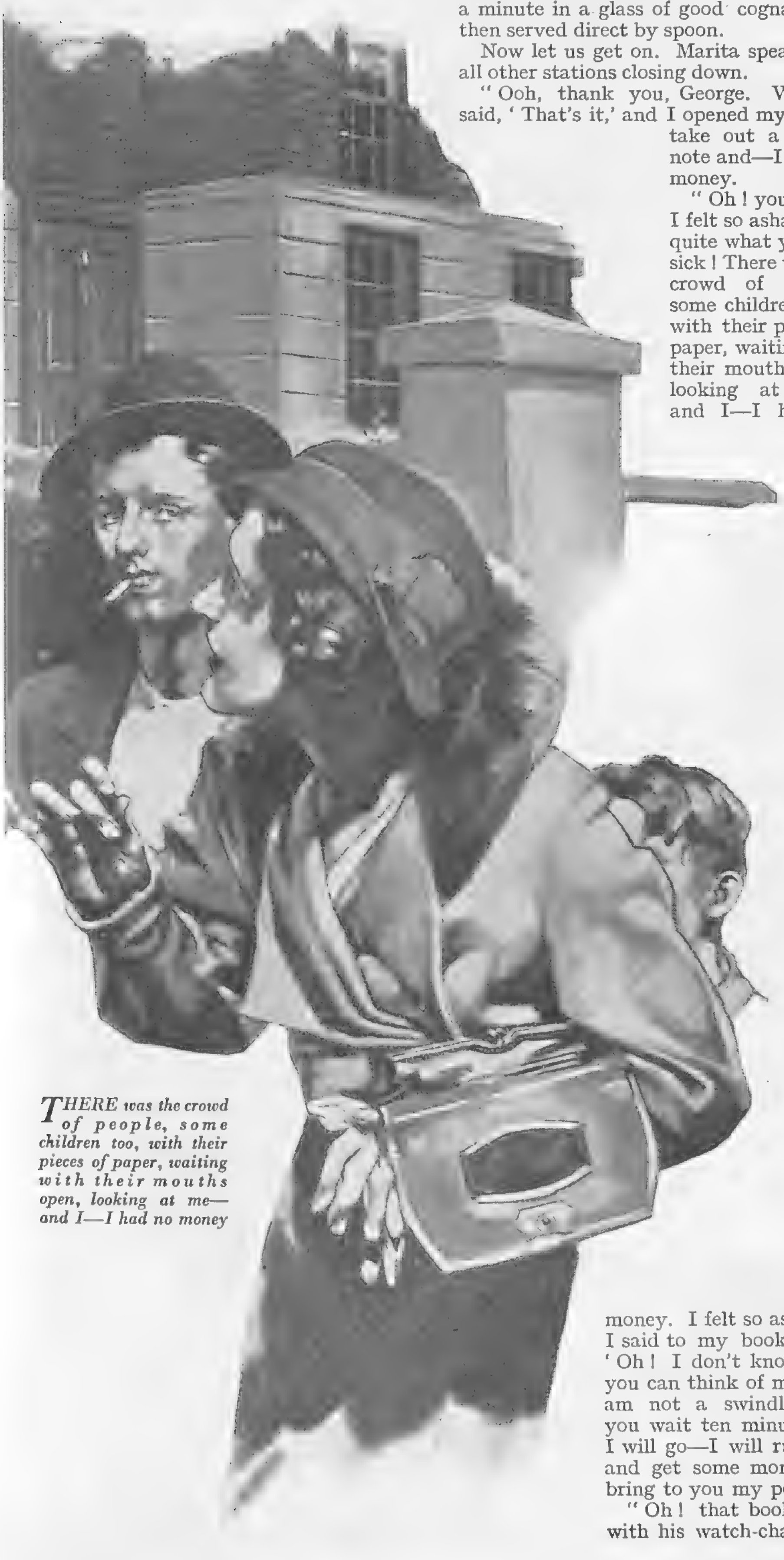
"You know! they were so untidy and rough, but they were sweet to me. One of them said 'Shssh ma'am—just a minute,' then he made a wink at another who ran round the corner and presently—'Phweett!'—there came my bookmaker. You know! he was what you call well-dressed—and quietly, too, except that he had a big watch chain and diamond rings and a cigar in his mouth. He was so nice—he took out his cigar to say to me—'Good morning, ma'am, you want to have a bet?'

"'Yes, please,' I said. 'I want to bet Palais Royal the Second and Baytown both to win.' At once he saw I am no fool and that I know my business. So he said—'I advise you to back—to bet—both each way.'

"'What do you mean by each way?' I said. 'Not there and back! I want them to win.' He smiled at that, but oh! he was so nice to me, and by this time some more funny people had come up, too, and were listening. Some had pieces of paper in their hands and they wanted, I think, to give them to my bookmaker, but—he was so nice—he made them wait—for me."

"So would I," said George.

"That's it—so you would, dear," smiled Marita—and George was himself again.



THERE was the crowd of people, some children too, with their pieces of paper, waiting with their mouths open, looking at me—and I—I had no money

"As I told you—he was so nice to me; he asked, 'How much do you bet?' and I said, 'One pound, please,' and he said, 'Very well, ma'am, I advise you to bet five shillings to win and five shillings for a place on each horse.'

"'What is a place?' I said, and he explained, and that was all right."

Marita paused for breath, and George, for once saying nothing—offered her a "Canard."

Oh! please don't say you don't know what a "Canard" is—you don't? Well, it's just a lump of good sugar steeped for a minute in a glass of good cognac, and then served direct by spoon.

Now let us get on. Marita speaking—all other stations closing down.

"Ooh, thank you, George. Well! I said, 'That's it,' and I opened my bag to take out a pound note and—I had no money.

"Oh! you know, I felt so ashamed—quite what you call sick! There was the crowd of people, some children, too, with their pieces of paper, waiting with their mouths open, looking at me—and I—I had no money. I felt so ashamed. I said to my bookmaker: 'Oh! I don't know what you can think of me but I am not a swindler—will you wait ten minutes and I will go—I will run back and get some money and bring to you my pound?'

"Oh! that bookmaker, with his watch-chain and diamond rings and cigar. What do you think he said?"

"I don't know," said George—glad of any chance to speak.

"He said: 'That's all right ma'am, I will trust you. Come back here at half-past three—after the big race—with your pound—your bets are on.'

"I did not know what he meant by my bets being 'on.' I was only too glad to get away from that crowd with my face all burning red. I said: 'Thank you, thank you—I will come surely. You can trust me, too!' and I run—ran—oh how I ran."

George served another "Canard" and "the debate continued."

"At what you call lunch I squeezed my little Randi's hand and told her we had betted a bet on the 'Big Race' and she was quite excited and Mrs. Wenberg wanted to know all about it, and so did the others round the table, and I told them as much as I could remember about your funny ways in England, all because of a simple little gamble and some of them laughed, and I said 'Why do you laugh?' and one said—'You don't understand that betting in the street is illegal and the bookmaker would be taken to the polis court and made to pay much money if they catch him taking a bet. And perhaps they take you too!'

"'But why,' I said, 'must you not bet in this country of yours that so loudly you call free?'

"'Oh yes!' he said, 'you can bet, but only on the racecourse, or through the telephone, and,' he said, 'those men you saw looking this way and that way were looking for a polisman so they could warn your bookmaker so that he could run away in time.'

"'Phweett!' I said, 'I give up. I am finished. Never shall I understand you English,' and I hugged my Randi and said 'Darling! Mother is not lucky today. She must have seen the new moon through glass, and her intoo—her intuition is no use. We can not win today.'

"Then I shook my head—I am proud you know—and finished my lunch. At twenty minutes past three I asked myself what to do? I answered myself. Oh, I am quick, you know, very quick to decide. I will keep my promise, I will go with my pound to the bookmaker, and take my little Randi—she was only nine then—now she is fifteen."

"You don't look it," murmured George.

"What do you mean? I don't—Oh! I see—a compliment, that's it. Ha! ha! Our dear George makes progress.

"With my Randi, although so small, I did not feel so afraid. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes," said George.

"On my way to Moscow Street," said Marita, "we saw across the road my newsboy, who was shouting 'Winnerrr!' I said to myself, 'Shall I buy a paper? No! I will not buy a paper. Perhaps my horses have not won and then—No! I will go with my pound to the nice bookmaker who trusted me.'

"But in spite of that I bought a paper. I had to know, and I had not any pennies so I gave my newsboy a sixpence and he said 'Palais Royal's won! Laidy. I hope you were on it.'

"Well! I did not know what he meant by 'on it' but I felt my heart—it was beating fast and I thanked him and took my Randi's hand and hurried away. And as we

(*Continued on page 96*)

What I have Bought this Month

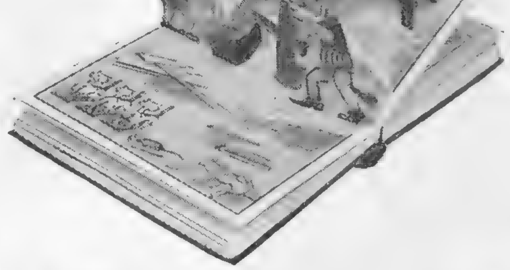
THIS chromium-plated clock of attractive modern design and with luminous hands and figures costs only 10/6, or with alarm, 12/6

THIS very neat and compact set of table mats in a stand costs only 8/11. The stand holds nine polished wood mats, six round and three oval. They are washable and heat resisting and are made in shades of antique, green, blue and orange

"OLD GLAMIS" fabric in a variety of attractive shades has been utilised in the production of these useful bags. The shopping bag, linen lined and fitted with a zip fastener, costs only 5/-. The bag in the centre, fitted with a framed purse and mirror, is 5/-, and the bag below, mounted on a chromium-plated frame with an inner division, twin pockets and fitted with a mirror, is 8/11

A LACQUER occasional table at 3/11, and lacquer trays at 1/6 and 1/9, represent unique value, and would make delightful Christmas presents. The tables are in black with green and silver decorations or red with gold, and the trays are black and gold

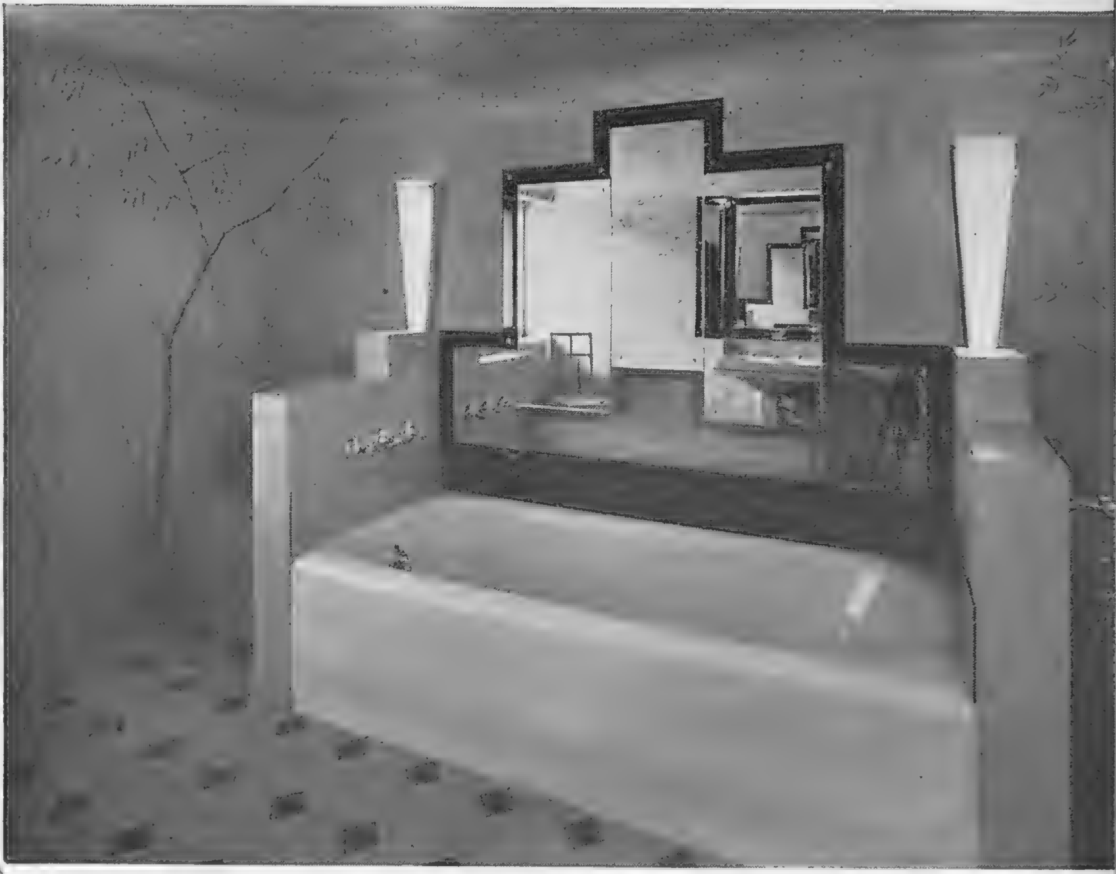
THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply



"BOOKANO STORIES" is a book that will be immensely popular in the nursery and schoolroom. In addition to a wealth of stories, illustrations and rhymes there are six wonderful living models which rise up automatically as the book is opened. Price 5/6

NO need to be idle during the long winter evenings; needlework is always a pleasant and profitable occupation. This wastepaper basket (which collapses and folds flat) is made in oatmeal crash and stamped ready for working in brightly coloured wools or silks, price 2/11½. The stocking tidy of linen crash with inner pockets in which stockings may be neatly tucked away is 2/6

HERE are some useful suggestions for Christmas gifts at a very moderate price. The comb in case is 1/11, the treasury note case 2/6, and the purse with inside division 2/6. All are made of "Old Glamis" fabrics in a delightful range of colours



A HIGHLY decorative and practical scheme suggesting adaptations for the bathroom at home. The plate-glass background has a narrow frame of colour and, whilst adding pleasantly to the depth of the room, is useful in protecting the wall from splashes

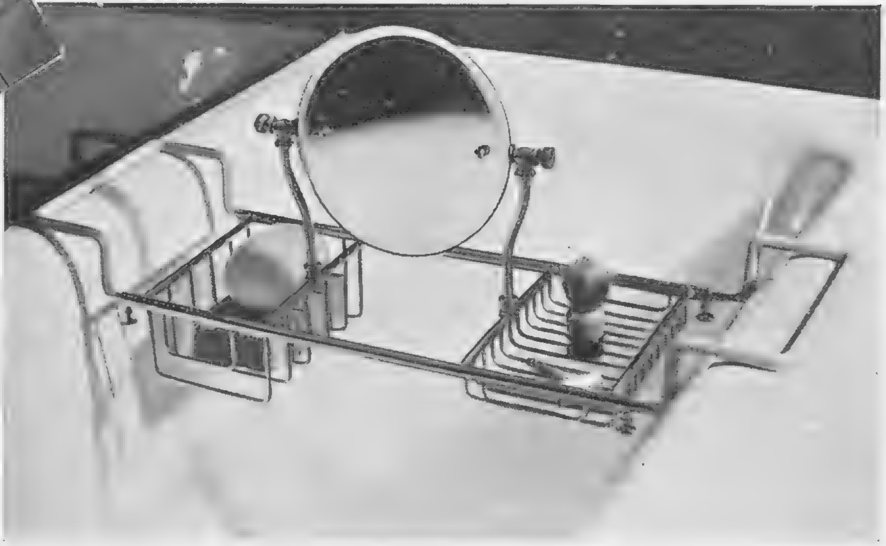
News in Bathrooms

Stop press information on a subject of comfort and utility

BATHROOMS are not what they were. We are more and more insistent nowadays on a high standard of comfort and efficiency. Gradually, too, the conviction is growing that utility is no obstacle to beauty—so bathrooms are beautiful, even the smallest.

Synthetic marble, tiles, and now the latest plywood veneers give us bathroom walls of infinite charm which do not fade or stain or surrender to steam and grease. All are now within the reach of the most modest purse.

COLOURED bathroom fittings of a new, practical substance which is washable, unaffected by damp, non-tarnishing and light in weight. The toothbrush holder costs 2/6, the soap dish 3/-. Obtainable in two colours from Selfridge's



IT will cost 35/- to give your menfolk this particular luxury. The idea is that they can shave in the bath. The fitting is of chromium and enamel. From Selfridge's

4711
Eau de Cologne
Bath Salts

AND, to complete the luxurious toilet—bath salts, cologne and perfumed soap. "4711" bath salts are obtainable from 1/6 a bottle, the "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in this charming glass container costs 15/6, and the bath soap (lavender or cologne) 10½d. per tablet

Coloured porcelain fittings are taking the surgical severity out of bathroom schemes, and, helped out with waterproof fabrics, coloured and beflowered, the bathroom scheme has as much importance as any in the house.

Coloured glass walls seem a little too exotic for average use, but the plate-glass surround is practical and highly decorative for the simple bathroom. A delightful use of plain plate-glass, framed with a strip of colour, is shown in the photograph. A highly original scheme this, yet practical enough to suggest adaptations for one's own home.

The BUSYBODY'S Notebook

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

I HAVE found a delectable little nail white pencil which has several rather special features.

First of all, it is wedge shaped, which makes it much easier to use; it also will retard the growth of cuticle and is a real boon if your hands have a tendency to grow horrid little ragged hangnails.

You moisten *both* the nail and the pencil before using it, then gently press back the cuticle with the pencil separating it from the nail. This is excellent for preventing adhesion, and discourages future untidy growth.

Then, when you have polished your nails, moisten the pencil again and pass it under the nail tips. This will give a lovely smooth, white finish to them. Do you think your manicure is now complete? Not a bit of it; to give it the final touch of perfection gently whiten your half-moons with the pencil. This makes the polish seem brighter in colour and heightens the sparkling effect.

OIL has always played an important part in the Oriental woman's beauty care, but it has been left to an English beauty specialist to realise its excellence and to perfect this treatment by her combination of costly, nutrient and penetrating oils.

A dry and under-nourished skin is due to starved nerves; this marvellous oil feeds both nerves and skin and is an immediate healer for rough or over-exposed complexions.

When you come in tired out after an exhausting day, with that drawn feeling around eyes and nose and mouth which fatigue always brings in its train, try the following treatment. First cleanse the face, then apply the oil, paying special attention to those parts which feel most drawn. Then apply cold pads to the eyes and lie down to rest. You will immediately feel a delicious sensation, which is both soothing and relaxing.

You will have a fresh rested skin with wrinkles ironed out as if by magic.

And when you purchase this oil I advise you to enquire about the other beauty aids made by this same specialist, for they constitute the most complete system of skin care and are all made under medical supervision.

THE woman of to-day has so many moods and different occupations that it is quite natural for her to wish to vary both her perfume and her colouring to suit them.

I have just discovered the most delicious new scent, which smells like a whole garden full of flowers after a shower and which has just the right sharpness of fragrance suitable to holiday occupations.

It is sweet but refreshing and has caused something of a sensation in its native Paris. What makes it even more attractive to the fastidious woman is the fact that a delicately fine powder and excellent lip-stick can also be had, perfumed with this intriguing scent.

A smart scarlet and gold complimentary box of this powder with a cunningly contrived tray which holds a small lipstick in a scarlet case and a tiny flacon of the perfume can be bought for the price of the powder alone.

IT is so easy when one is tired to slip into bad and sloppy habits of posture, to become careless and to feel that a little unsupported relaxation will do our figures no harm.

But, believe me, it *does* do harm, not only to our appearance but to our health. Bad posture or wrongly supported figures bring all sorts of ills in their wake.

If we don't pay attention to this important subject, it is fatally easy to let ourselves in for serious health troubles or to become the possessor of a distressingly old-looking and unattractive figure.

I know many women have a strong prejudice against wearing corsets because they think they will restrict their freedom of movement or give them a stiff, upholstered appearance.

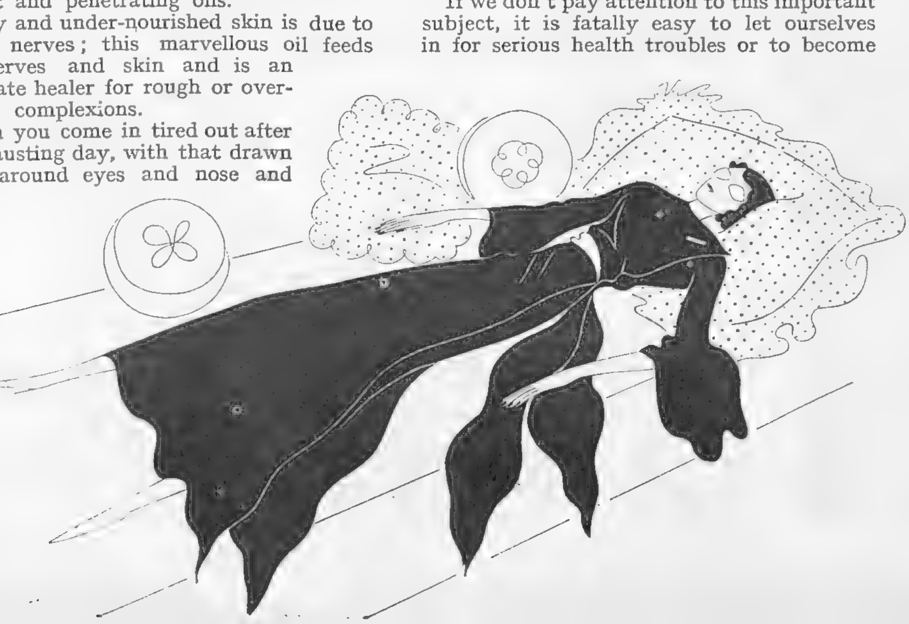
But the corset I always wear is so comfortable that you would not know that you had it on except for the divinely restful feeling of support which it gives. You would be surprised to see how young and lissom your body looks in one.

The manufacturers of these corsets carry no stock; each corset is specially designed and made for *you* after a chart has been made out by the expert corsettière whom they will send to measure and advise you.

There is one of these experts in every district in the country; so, no matter where you live, you can avail yourself of her services.

Just think what that means: a corset made just to fit your figure and yours only, which will take *inches* off your hips, and flatten your stomach and derrière.

They will make you any kind of corset, from sports belts to surgical garments. Every corset will keep its shape until it is worn out, if you adjust it faithfully according to instructions.



APART from the annoyance and discomfort which a cold brings in its train, it can also have all sorts of really serious consequences and nothing is more foolish than to neglect one or to allow it, as the saying goes, "to run its course."

So take my advice and keep by you a bottle of a wonderful anti-cold fluid which I can most heartily recommend. At the first symptoms of a cold, sprinkle a drop or two of this fluid on your handkerchief and at frequent intervals inhale the vapour it gives off.

You will be amazed at the soothing effect of this vapour as it penetrates into the nasal cavities. It will give instant relief.

If you take care to discard your soiled handkerchiefs immediately, always replacing them with fresh ones on which the fluid has been sprinkled, you will be delighted at the speed with which your cold will leave you. There is really no excuse for any one suffering from so anti-social an ailment.

If you go about a great deal in crowded places you will find a handkerchief sprinkled with this antiseptic an excellent prophylactic and its help will take you through the most trying winter unscathed.

It is a good plan to insist on all the family's using these precautionary measures, and you will be more than rewarded by the clean bill of health which will result.

FASHIONS for AFTER DARK

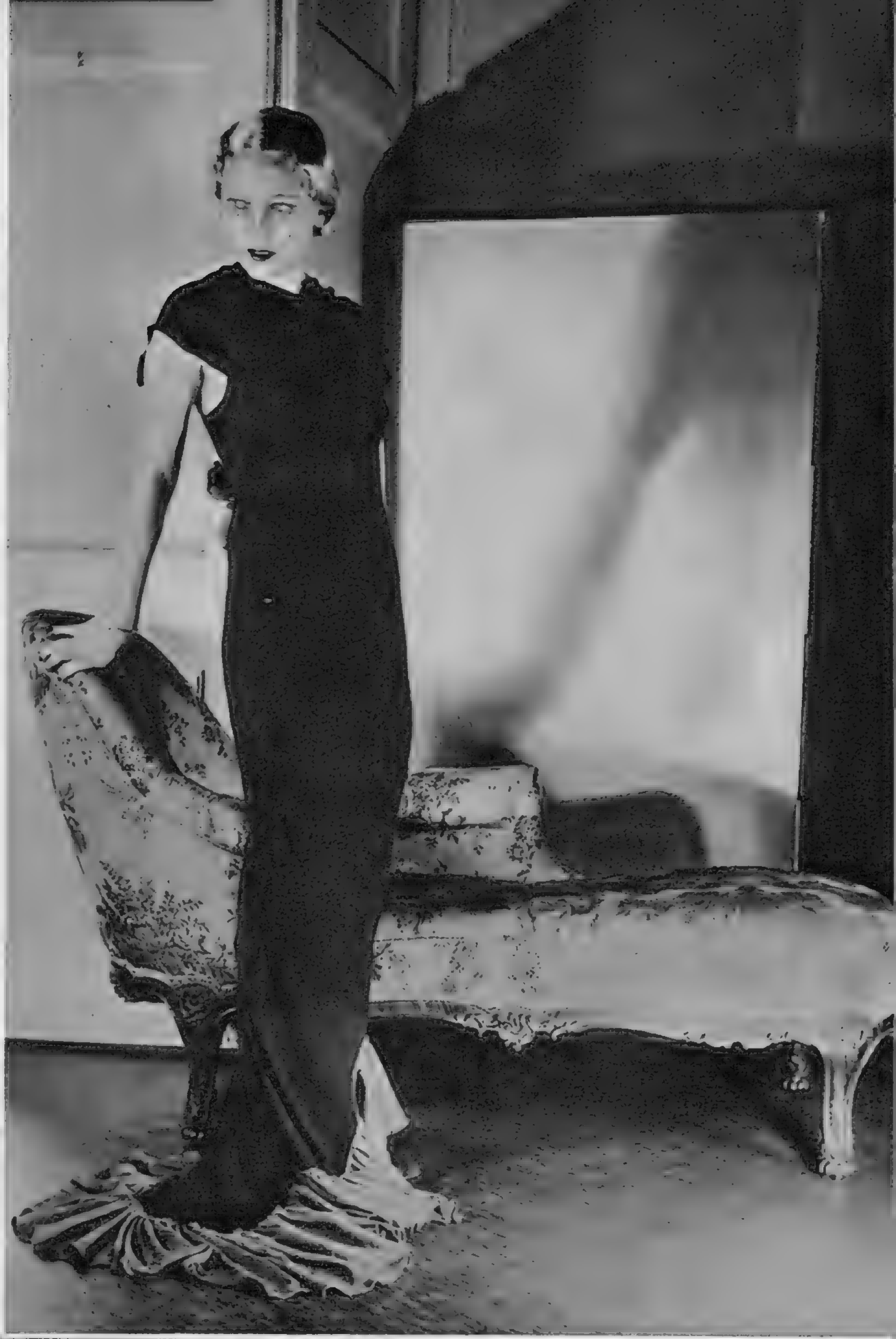
By Jean Burnup

Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve"

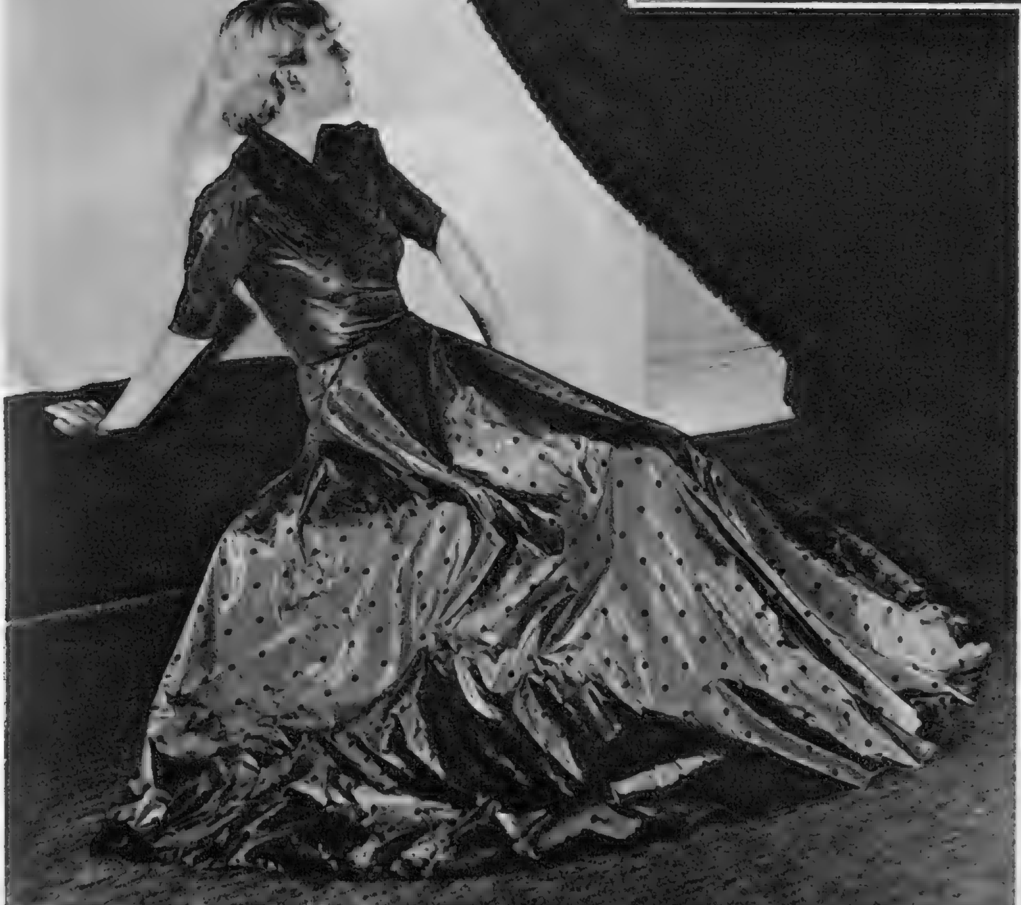
WE should say "thank you" to the dressmakers and designers this season. They have been kind. They had a good idea. They thought, "Well, what about giving them (that 's us) clothes to suit them? What about making them look as attractive as possible, especially when they dress up in the evenings?"

So they set to. And one of the clever means they used was to give us as much rope as possible, to offer us so much to choose from that we must be pretty shapeless or graceless, or unimaginative, if we can't find something which will make someone bend low over our hand and say, "How lovely you look, to-night, Miss Smith!"

Make your choice. Robe de style, streamline, tunic, princess, Empire, high neck, low neck, trains, slits to your skirt, glitter and glamour of sequins, paillettes, spangles, gold and silver. Look Borgia in something mediæval, or like a Puritan girl. Look like something out of a harem, or something that has lingered since 1912. Look sweet in lace, romantic in stiff satin, a siren in velvet, elegant in lamé, or little-girlish in taffeta. Greek simplicity, Directoire naughtiness, Oriental mystery, Victorian coyness will all be found in the clothes on any dance-floor this winter. And everything, of course, with art and cunning, made to look unmistakably 1934.



THERE is no more to the dress above than some black crinkled crêpe, a cerise frill at the slit hemline, a cerise flower at the low back. But it is the kind of dress that stands or falls by its line. It stands, as you see, triumphantly. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove



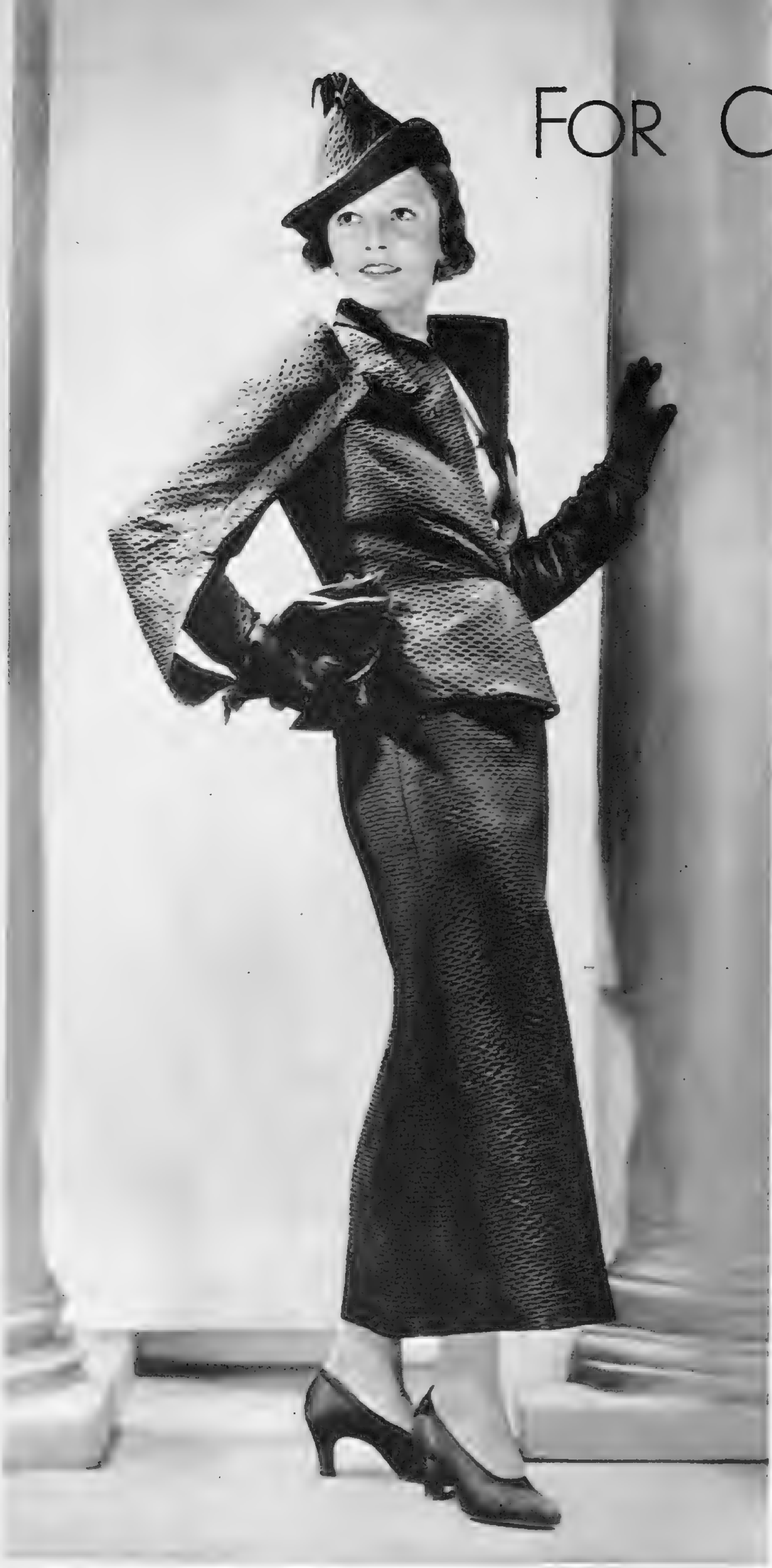
MAGGY ROUFF'S Little Woman dress, a careful mixture of the prim and the voluptuous, is magenta, velvet spotted taffeta, so stiff that it almost stands alone. So lovely that . . . but look at the picture of it at the left; it speaks for itself.

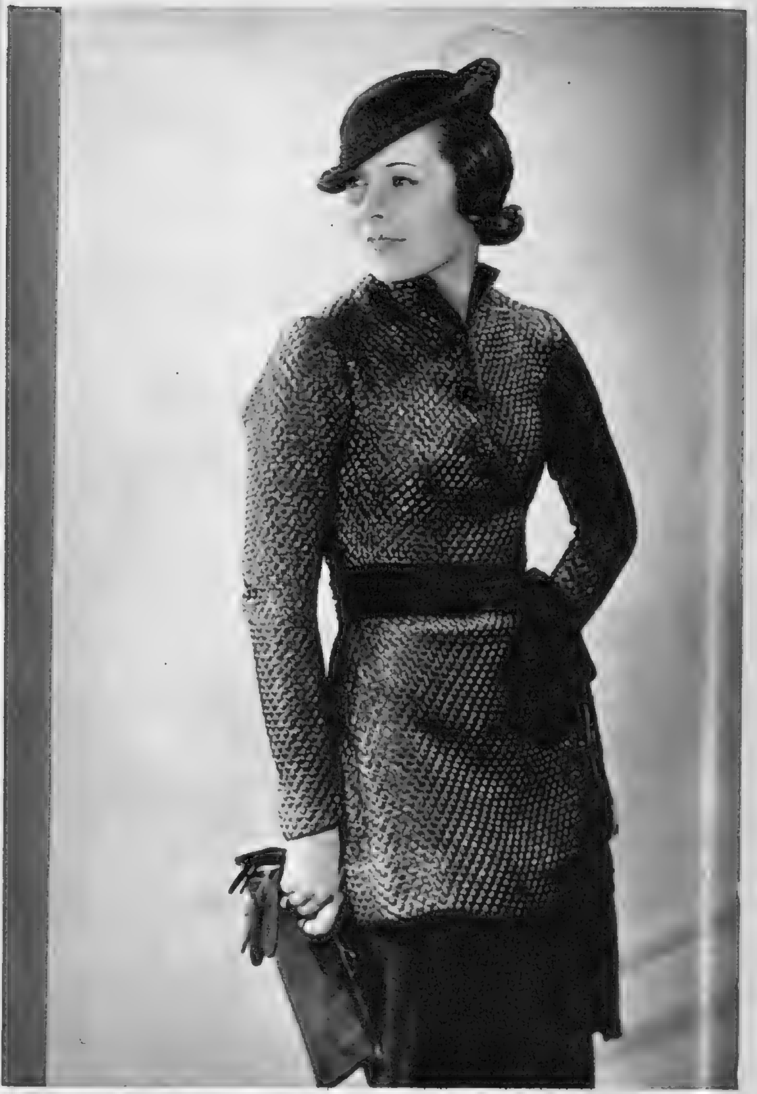
This is the original model, but Marshall and Snelgrove will copy it for you to a stitch, not in the original material, which is now unobtainable, but in other, stiff, rustling taffetas

Photographs by Helen MacGregor

FOR COCKTAIL PARTIES

and Informally Dining Out

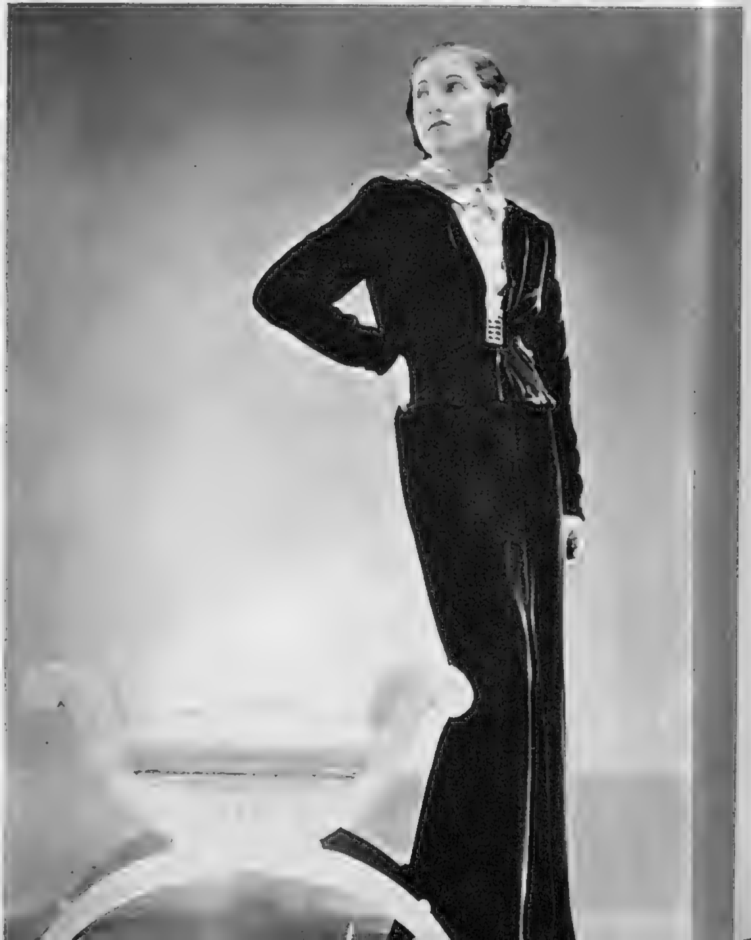




IF you are the type who can wear this amusing suit, you'll look grand. The type is provocative, rather saucy, gay, preferably with a tilt to the nose and a quick laugh. The suit is black cloqué silk worn with a silver lamé blouse. The coat has slings attached to the sleeves, in which you can rest your arms, and achieve the new shawled outline. ROSINE

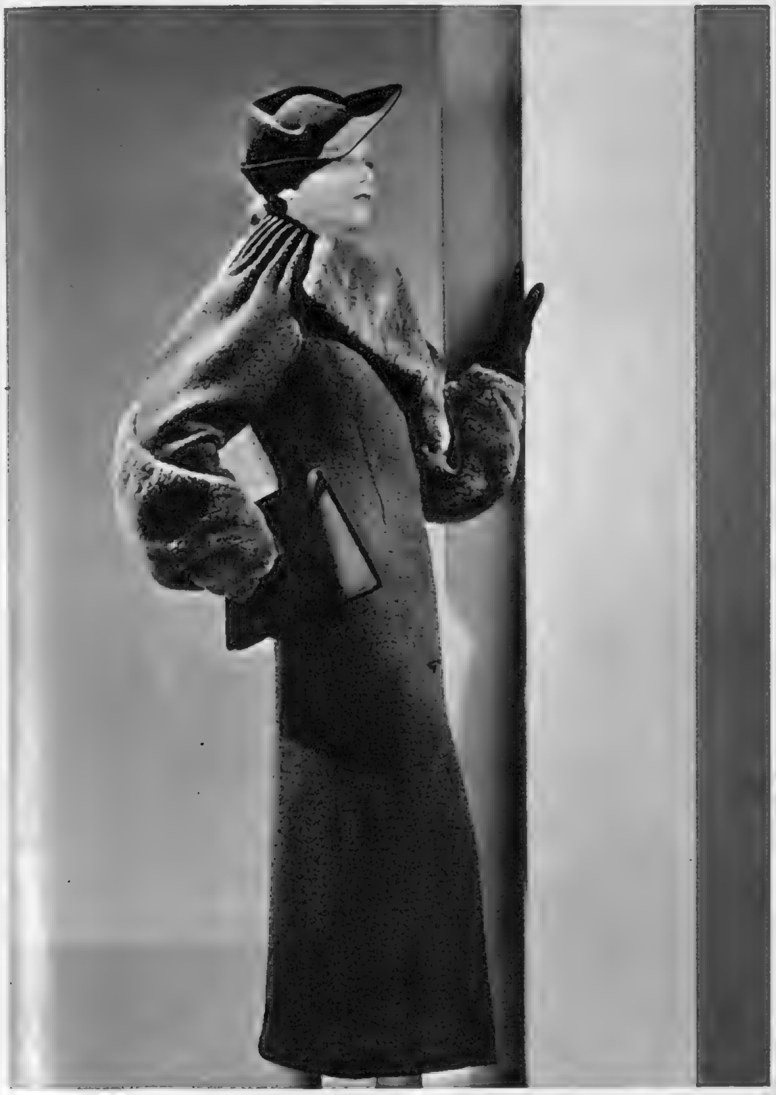
A QUILTED gold lamé tunic (above, right) with a black crêpe sash, and a black crêpe skirt. One of the simple things that are exactly right. CREED

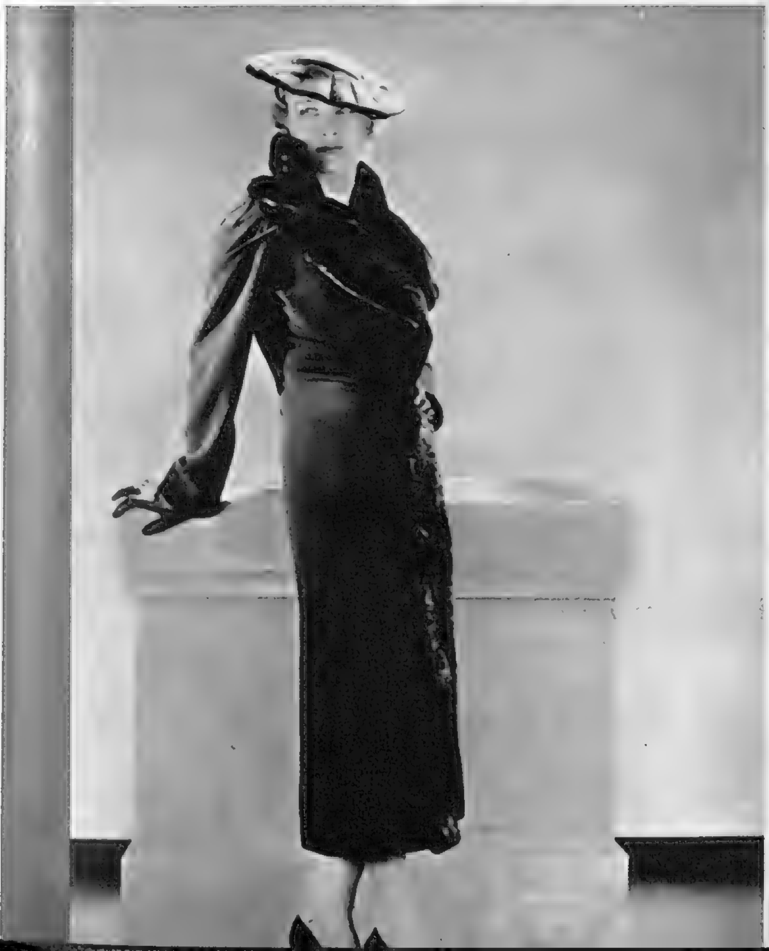
(Right)
TOBACCO brown velvet, with a ground-length slim skirt and a short, slightly basqued coat. The blouse is dull pink crêpe romain. VERA BOREA

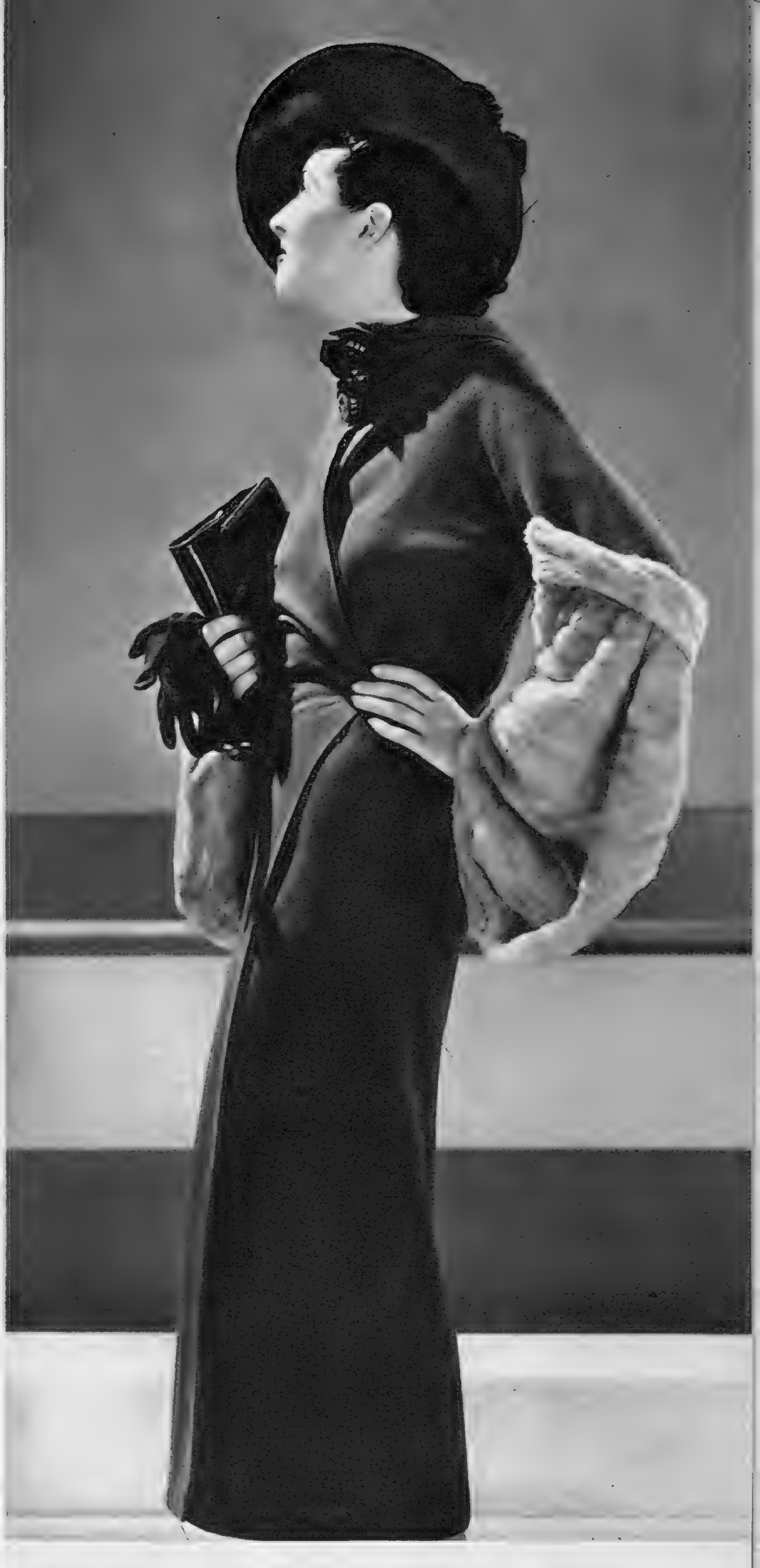


WINTER COATS

Treat Fur in Different Ways







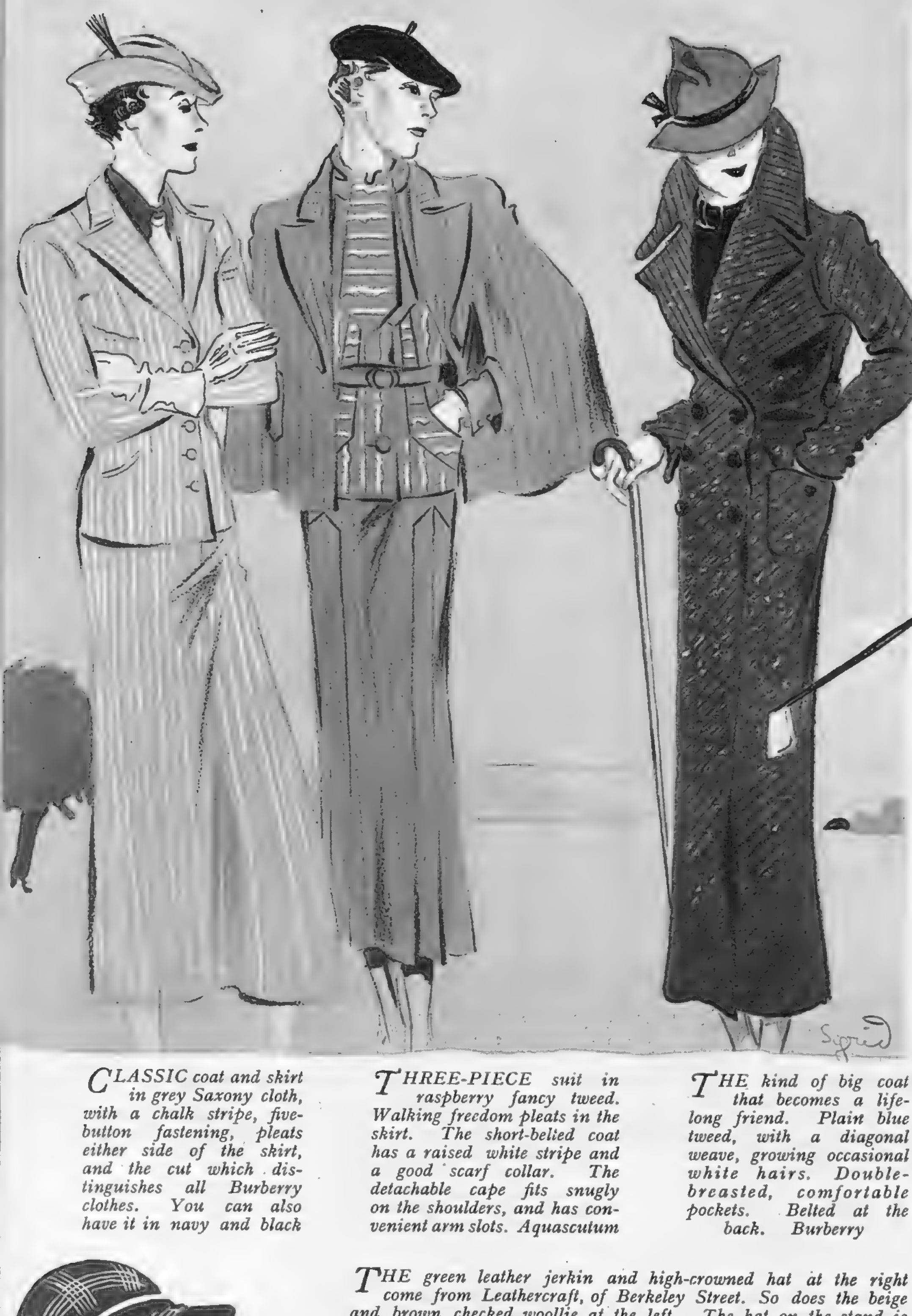
BROWN woollen, wrapped tightly to the figure, and carelessly fastening high at the neck. The shoulders slope, and meet enormous beige mink cuffs. LANVIN

THE sleeves of the black woollen coat at the left above are pleated into the neck line, forming a draped and sloped shoulder. The cravat and deep cuffs are nutria. SCHIAPARELLI

(Left)
BLACK rough woollen trimmed with sealskin. The fur forms a soft, becoming collar, and then runs grandly down one side to the hem. VERA BOREA

COUNTRY CLOTHES

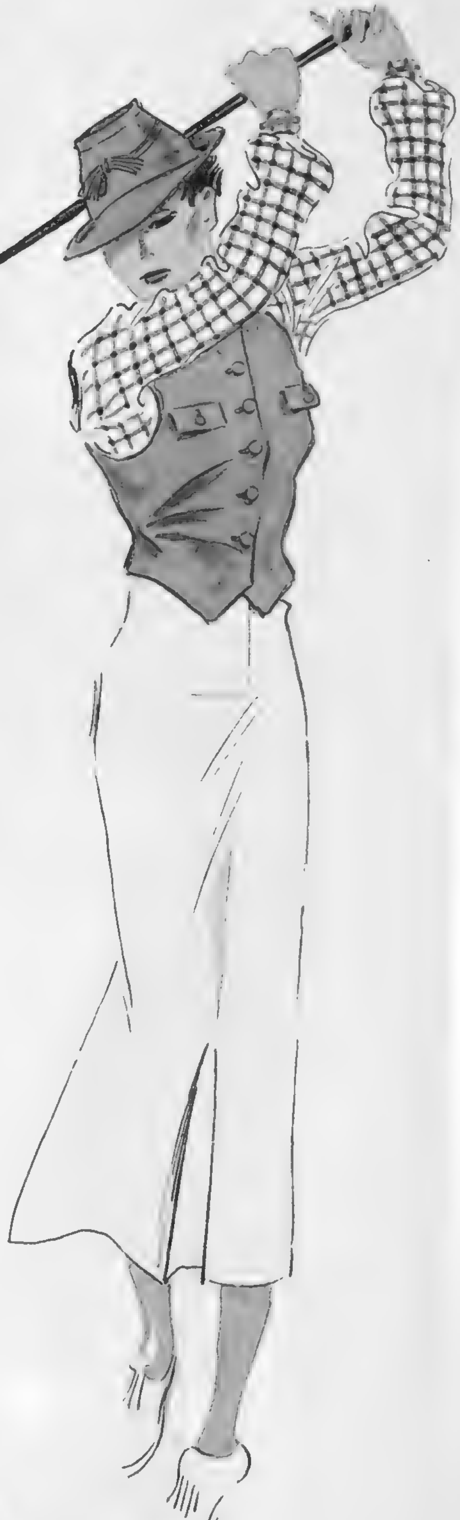
ONE of the nicest things about the country is the clothes you wear for it. After you are bored with your best bibs and tuckers, the relief of putting on plain, well-cut suits, of relaxing in warm woollies, of walking in roomy, comfortable shoes, is indescribable. It is like coming home to deep peace, after parties and round-ups which may have been grand fun and stimulating, but have never pretended to be anything but artificial. No need to go dowdy. Country clothes have never been smarter, slicker, more practical, more becoming. This year, capes, leather waistcoats, fascinating tweeds, gay scarves, good-looking shoes, add their good service to your country appearance.

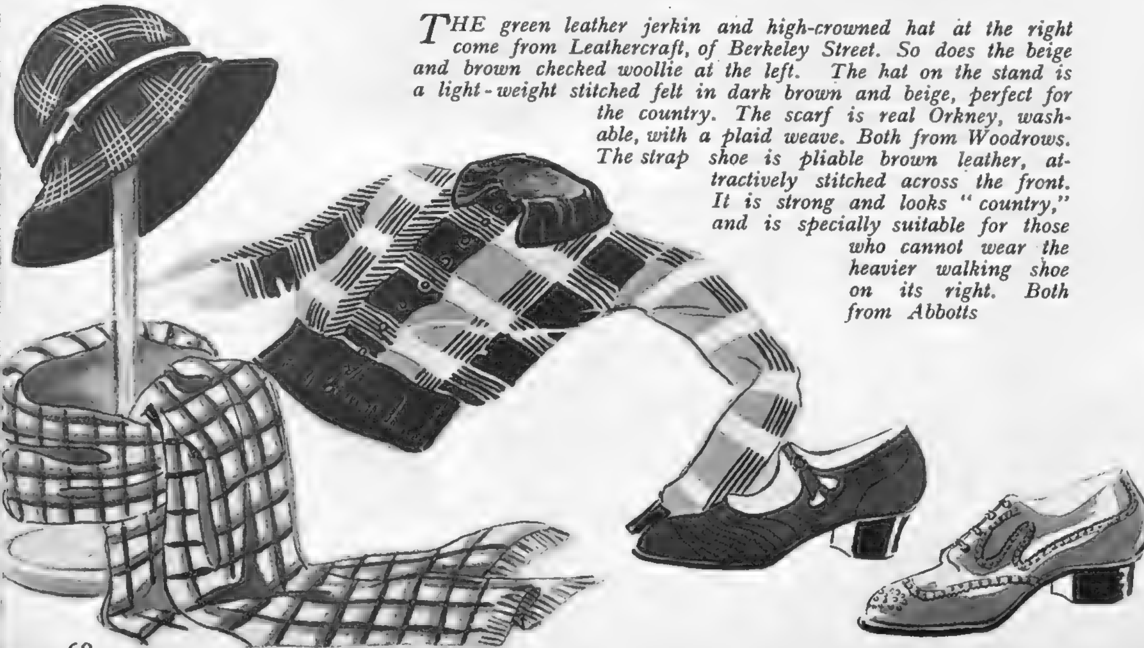


CLASSIC coat and skirt in grey Saxony cloth, with a chalk stripe, five-button fastening, pleats either side of the skirt, and the cut which distinguishes all Burberry clothes. You can also have it in navy and black

THREE-PIECE suit in raspberry fancy tweed. Walking freedom pleats in the skirt. The short-belted coat has a raised white stripe and a good scarf collar. The detachable cape fits snugly on the shoulders, and has convenient arm slots. Aquascutum

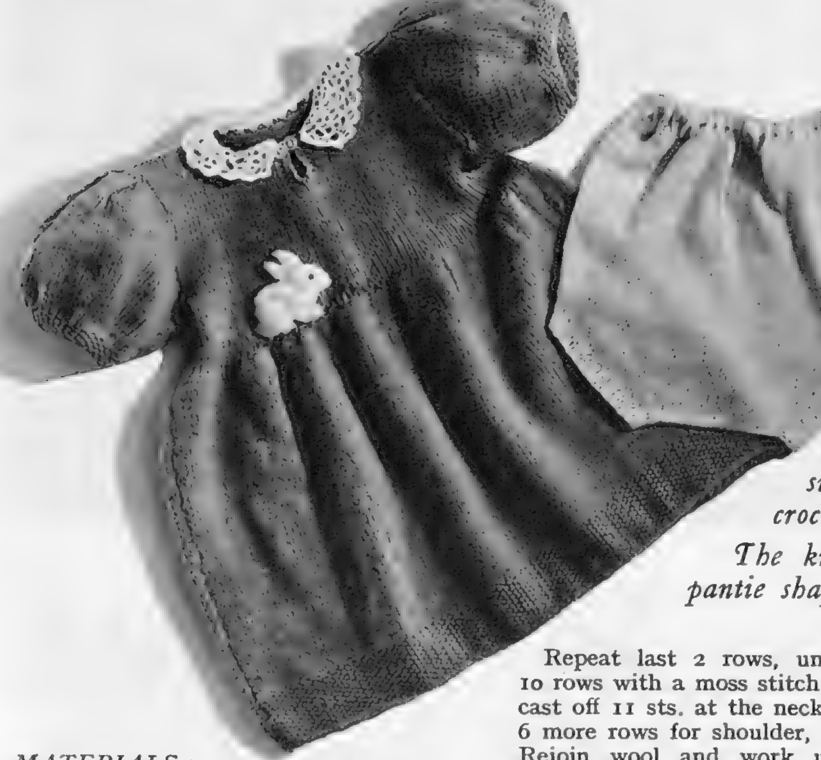
THE kind of big coat that becomes a life-long friend. Plain blue tweed, with a diagonal weave, growing occasional white hairs. Double-breasted, comfortable pockets. Belted at the back. Burberry





THE green leather jerkin and high-crowned hat at the right come from Leathercraft, of Berkeley Street. So does the beige and brown checked woollie at the left. The hat on the stand is a light-weight stitched felt in dark brown and beige, perfect for the country. The scarf is real Orkney, washable, with a plaid weave. Both from Woodrows. The strap shoe is pliable brown leather, attractively stitched across the front. It is strong and looks "country," and is specially suitable for those who cannot wear the heavier walking shoe on its right. Both from Abbotts

Knit this Attractive Frock and Knicker Set for your Little Girl



THIS design is simple to copy. There is no intricate pattern to follow; the charm of the frock lies in the beauty of the materials used.

The trimming is a rabbit motif stitched on the yoke, with a few straight stitches in green wool, supposed to be grass. There is a little turned-down crochet collar in white.

The knickers are worked in softest two-ply wool in a pantie shape, with ribbing at the waist and round the legs.

MATERIALS:

4 oz. Jaeger "Featherfleck" wool in soft, deep pink for the dress.

2 oz. Jaeger 2-ply wool in pale pink for the panties (3 oz. would make two pairs of panties).

No. 10 bone needles. No. 10 hook.

A little white 2-ply wool (for collar).

Rabbit motif, and a few strands of pale green wool.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length of frock (shoulder to hem), 18 in.

Width all round under arms, 22 in.

Puff sleeve 5¼ in. long.

Width of frock at hem, 39 in.

Length of knickers, 10 in.

Width all round at widest point, 20 in

NOTE:

The frock and knickers can be made larger by adding 7 stitches to the inch for width—9 rows to an inch for length.

THE FROCK—BACK.

In deep pink "Featherfleck," on No. 10 needles, cast on 130 stitches. Work one row into the backs of the stitches, then 22 rows moss stitch. Change to stocking stitch and work 9 in.

Next row: K.2 tog. across the row (65 sts.). Work 20 rows.

Next three plain rows: K.2 tog. at each end of row. Work 30 rows, ending on a purl row.

Next row: K.15, cast off 29. K.15. Work 4 rows over the first 15 sts. Cast off. Rejoin wool on the other shoulder-piece, work 4 rows, then cast off.

THE FRONT.

This is the same, up to the armhole shaping.

Next row: Cast off 2. K. across row.

Next row: Cast off 2. Purl across row.

Next two plain rows: K.2 tog. at the beginning of row. Work 14 rows, ending on purl row.

Next row: K. to centre of row. Turn.

Next row: P.1, K.1, P.1. Purl to end.

Next row: K. to within 3 of end, then P.1, K.1, P.1.

Repeat last 2 rows, until you have 10 rows with a moss stitch border; then cast off 11 sts. at the neck edge. Work 6 more rows for shoulder, then cast off. Rejoin wool and work up the other shoulder-piece in the same way, but with the moss stitch at the opposite edge to make a centre opening.

SLEEVE.

Cast on 40 sts. on No. 10 needles, and work 1 row into the backs of the stitches, then work 8 rows moss stitch.

Next row: Knit across row, working twice into each stitch (80).

Next row: Purl. Now work stocking stitch for 20 rows.

Next row: K.2 tog. at beginning and end of row.

Next row: P.2 tog. at beginning and end of row. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 40 sts. left.

Next row: K. 2 tog. across row.

Next row: P. 2 tog. across row. Cast off. Work second sleeve to match.

MAKING UP.

Press knitting lightly, using a damp cloth. Sew up side, left shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves.

COLLAR.

Insert crochet-hook at centre opening on the left side, make 1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 tr. back into first ch. miss over 2 cast off stitches, 1 d.c. in next. ** 3 ch. 1 tr. into first of these ch. miss over 2 d.c. of knitted edge, 1 d.c. in next. Repeat from ** across back of neck to other shoulder seam, 26 ch., turn.

Next row: 1 tr. back into third ch. from hook, miss 2 ch. 1 d.c. in next. ** 3 ch. 1 tr. back, miss 2 ch. 1 d.c. in next. Repeat from ** across chain, then work picots (3 ch. 1 tr. back, 1 d.c.) into each loop back to the beginning. Turn. 2 ch.

Next four rows: 1 picot into each loop, turn 2 ch. Break off at the end of last row, and thread in the ends.

Sew a tiny hook to the loose end of the collar, with a hook to take it at the centre opening. Sew on tiny pearl buttons at the centre opening, with a loop at left side to fasten. Now sew up the right shoulder halfway, and add hook and eye to fasten the edge. This enables the neck and collar to fit neatly.

Sew the white rabbit on the left side of the yoke near the waist. Work a row of green running stitches under his feet, and a few straight stitches in front of him for about 2 inches.

THE KNICKERS.

In pale pink wool, cast on 80 stitches. Work 1 row into the back of the stitch, then 10 rows, ribbing 1 plain 1 purl. Change to stocking stitch and work 6½ inches.

Next row: Cast off 2, work to end of row

Next row: Same. Repeat these 2 rows, until there are 28 stitches left.

Next row: Make 2, work to end of row.

Next row: Same. Repeat these 2 rows, until there are 80 stitches again. Work stocking stitch and ribbing to match front. Cast off.

Pick up 78 stitches across the sloping leg on the right side of work and purl 1 row across.

Now knit 5 rows ribbing and cast off loosely.

Pick up other leg stitches and work to match.

Press lightly and sew up side seams. Insert silk elastic through ribbing at waist.

IN this article Mr. Owen Nares describes his study as the room in which he never by any chance studies. The picture on the right is therefore a tribute to his histrionic ability, for it shows him in studious attitude making notes on the script of a play

What *my* HOME

A FRIEND said that home life was little more than a memory to him. He had almost forgotten what it was like to spend even a week-end entirely alone in his own home with his wife and family.

I was quite startled when a young woman confessed that home life was not even a memory to her. She had finished her boarding-school education at eighteen, and since then she had jolly well enjoyed herself—a process which had apparently prevented her from participating in more than an occasional meal under her parents' roof.

She admitted that she had no " home sense," and was frankly bored by talk about " the domestic hearth and all that."

She even asserted that the whole idea of home was a masculine invention, designed to keep women in subjection.

This struck me as being rather quaint, because in my young days there was a rumour that women invented the home, in order to keep men in subjection. Most of the comic songs were about errant husbands who always came home late from the club.

All this made me reflect on the reasons why I love my own home so very much.

I have had many homes—no less than five during my married life—and I can honestly say I have enjoyed and loved them all.

That fact alone indicates how much I owe to my wife's sense of home and her unfailing instinct for making a home more comfortable and more enticing than all the palaces of clubland.

Our first was a very modest little home of five or six rooms at the pre-war rent of a pound a week.

It was there that the first of our two boys was born, and the memory of that little home is as dear to me to-day as any memory I possess.

Later, as success came to me on the stage, we moved to a larger house, and after some years, to a still larger one.

As the boys grew up, making new friends of their own and developing their own special interests and hobbies, we felt the need of still more elbow-room and migrated again—and yet again.

In spite of our many moves, however, I have never lost my preference for the north-west area of London. All of our five homes were in and around St. John's Wood.

My present home, containing as it does the accumulated possessions of twenty years of " treasure hunting," is the dearest of all to me.

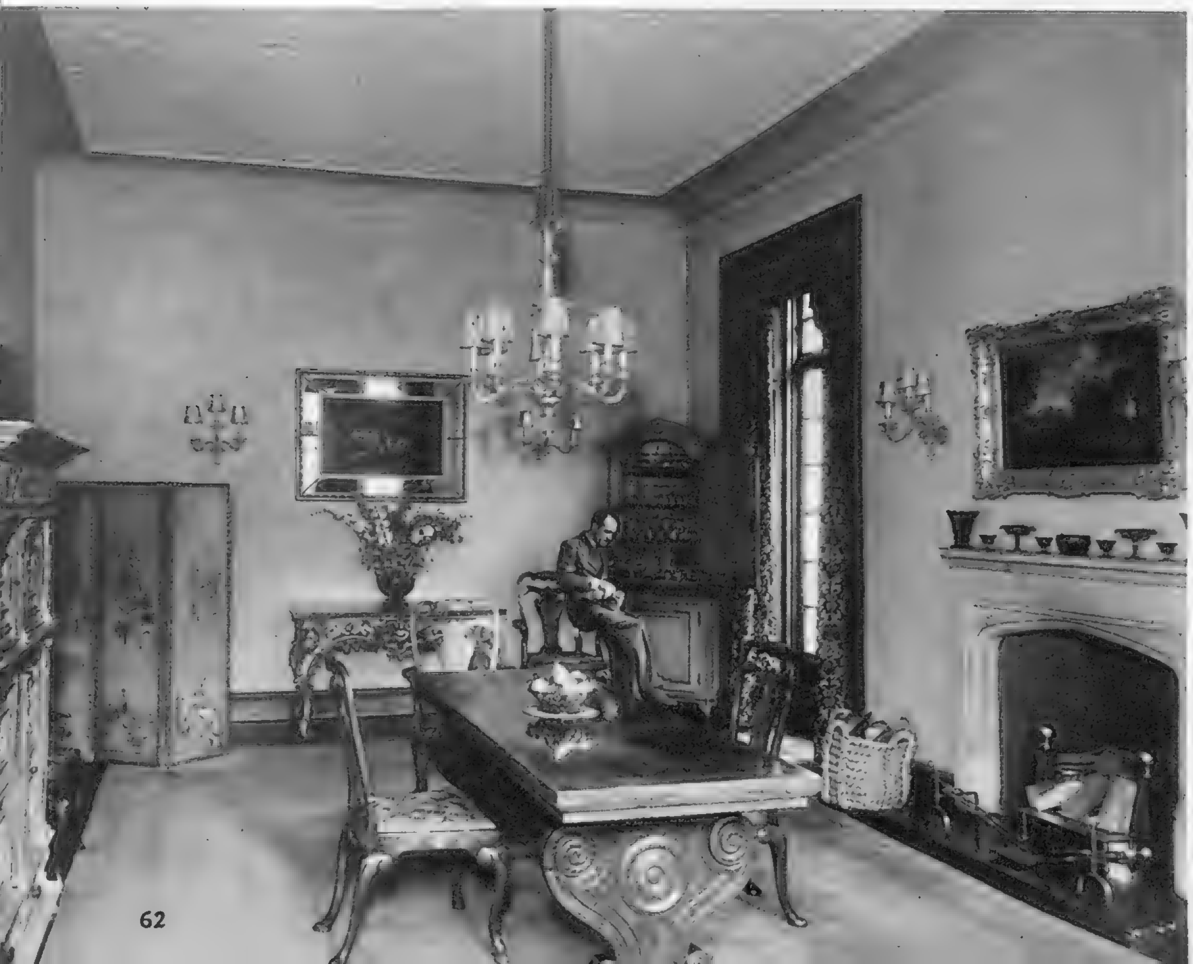
Every room contains something—a piece of furniture, a picture, an ornament—that is full of memories of the years that have gone by.

The joy of a new possession springs chiefly from its novelty, but old possessions seem to convey a sense of intimacy, of continuity with the past, that is almost akin to human friendship.

WHILE I do not profess to have an expert knowledge of antique furniture, I have on many occasions derived a considerable amount of pleasure from the discovery of some fine example of bygone craftsmanship.

I have no predilection for " ye olde " as such, but, just as modern furniture contains many exquisite forms and designs that were unknown to our forefathers, the craftsmen of earlier days sometimes achieved an excellence that seems to be beyond our reach to-day.

Consequently, our present home contains a varied collection of pieces from the past and the present—but we try



THE furniture in the dining-room reflects Mr. Nares' love of antiques. The needlework covers on the Queen Anne chairs were worked by his wife

PRIDE of place in the drawing-room is given to the portrait by Hoppner of the Rev. Robert Nares, great-grandfather of Owen Nares, who was Archdeacon of Stafford in the eighteenth century. Mrs. Nares, who is seated at the piano, had many stage successes as Marie Polini

means to Me

By Owen Nares

to keep them from fighting, of course. One of my most treasured possessions is a portrait, by Hoppner, of my great-grandfather, the Rev. Robert Nares, who was Archdeacon of Stafford in the eighteenth century. It was found by a distant relation (who very kindly gave it to me) in a little picture-dealer's in a back street in Bristol.

I am also very proud of the Queen Anne chairs in our dining-room, but perhaps that is mainly because their attractive needlework covers were done by the nimble hands of my wife.

THERE are two rooms in my home in which I have spent many enjoyable hours and which never fail to intrigue friends who see them for the first time. One is the "train room," in which my boys have given vent to their passion for model-making.

The whole area of the room is occupied by a perfect maze of railway lines, model stations, and literally dozens of engines, carriages and wagons of every conceivable description.

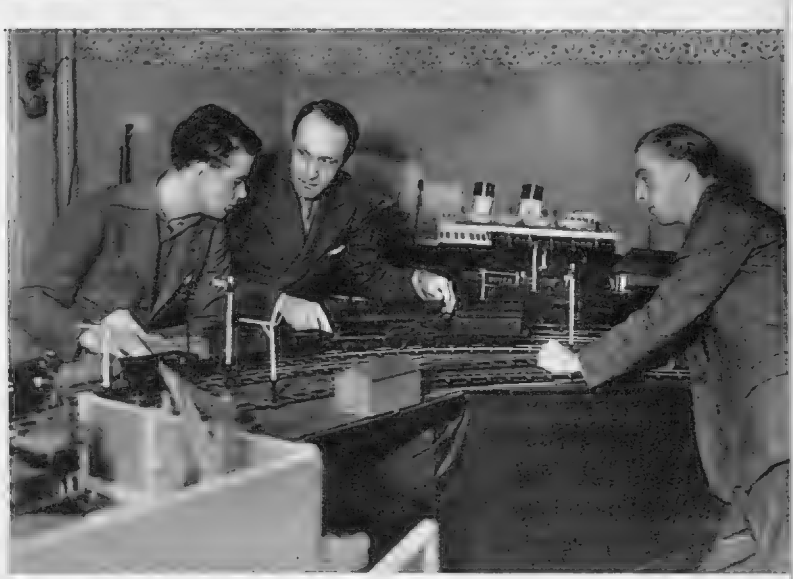
There is even a model Tube railway, electrically controlled, running under a bench around the room.

The other is the "theatre," in which the same passion has been expressed in making and painting model stage "sets," with an elaborate electric lighting system for their display.

The "train room" is in the basement and the "theatre" is at the top of the house. These two rooms, therefore, are the base and the pinnacle of my home.

In between are all the other rooms, in which we live, love, quarrel, play, eat, sleep and have our being.

And of course there is my own special room—my study, in which I never by any chance study, for the simple reason that I am never allowed to be on my own in it for two consecutive minutes. But then, that is part of the meaning of *home*—and perhaps that is the chief reason why I love it so much.



OWEN Nares and his sons, David and Geoffrey, in the train room

MR. and Mrs. Nares pose for the camera in their lovely drawing-room, whose parquet floor forms an ideal background for the exquisite rugs which they have collected

Dramatize your Home

Urges you to subdue that shrinking feeling and to introduce some drama into the decoration of your home

DRAMA is not always a comfortable thing to have around the house, but it 's not that kind of drama we mean. These are dramatics nicely watered down, very polite and intended for infusion into decorative schemes.

If you have wished that your home were a little more dashing, that you could give it that something which will distinguish it from other homes with the same limitations, these suggestions are for you.

Looking at the pictures, you may probably say: " But my furniture isn't like that, so what 's the use . . . ? " but if you do, you 're wrong. It 's not the furniture ; it 's not even the house ; it 's the courage to experiment that counts.

Take the room with the bold striped curtains pictured below. What is there but simple furniture, plain walls and loud stripes ?—yet you have drama in the scheme. A touch of inspiration in the simplest room gives it character at once. And, truly, it costs no more to be bold.

Naturally, one doesn't fly to loud checks for use in a very small room, though smallness is no reason why the room should lack importance. Look at the dining-room photographed below.

Where could you find a simpler room or more effective ?

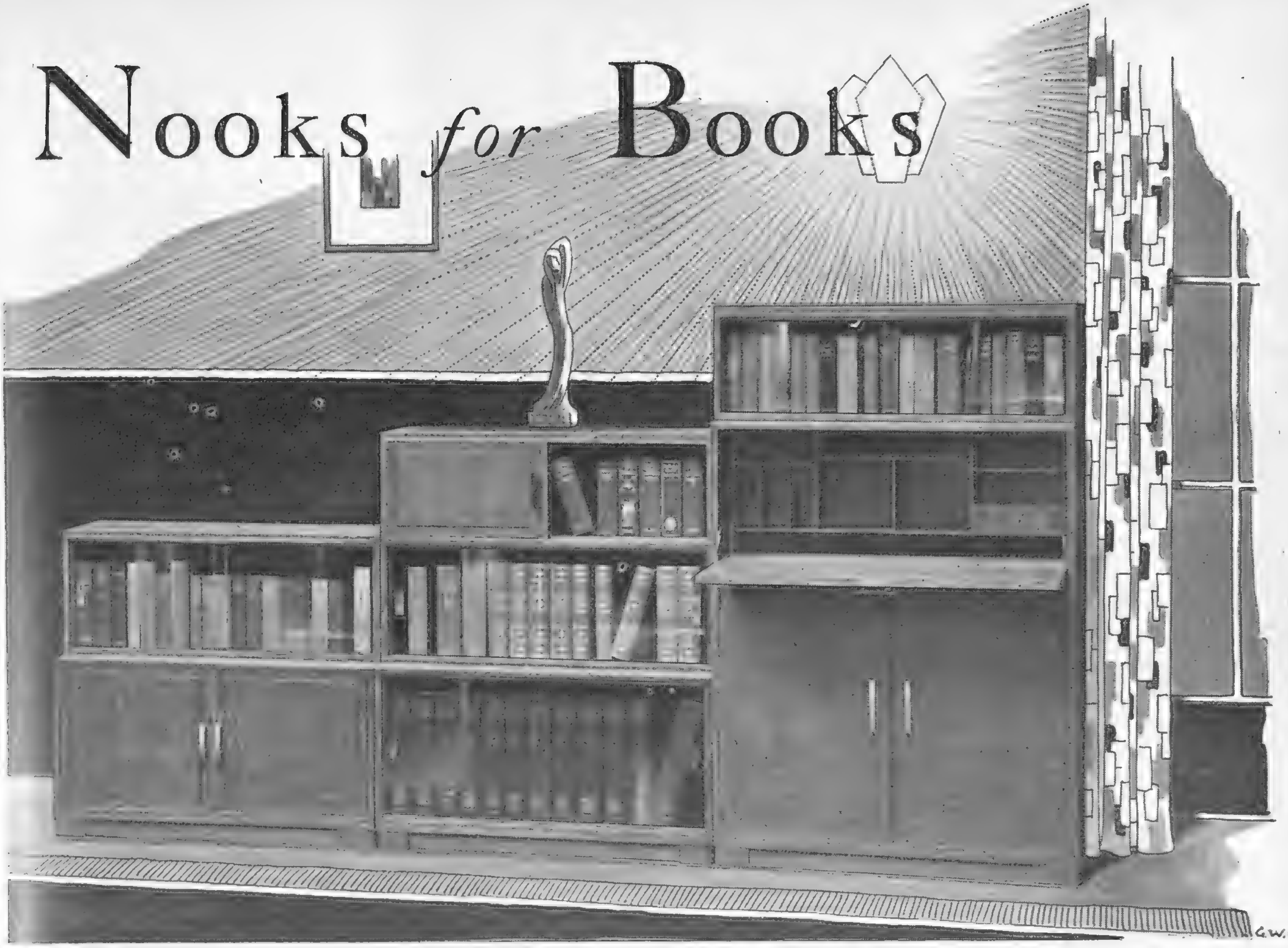
To break away from convention is not necessarily to become eccentric. But why have chairs like other people's chairs ? Why have the silver on the sideboard because sideboards have so long been the place for silver ? And, if clocks have stood on mantels since the beginning of time, what of it ? No awful consequences can ensue if you rearrange the order, but it will be the beginning of experiment in your home. And even if the drama turns out to be humour, well, what 's wrong with that ?

IF funds won't stretch to a sideboard as dramatic as this one, why not reproduce the arrangement on the top. It helps. Incidentally, the lamp-stand might have held an aspidistra in early life, but that 's nobody's business now

WINDOWS offer innumerable possibilities of effect. Even if your windows are not so important, or so large as this, choose a fabric with some character to curtain them. See how well this simple furniture looks against the bold stripes of the window fabric

THIS might be any dining-room in any small house—and it might be much less distinguished. By using the window cleverly to frame the garden, and by throwing off convention in the choice of table and chairs, the owner has achieved unusual effect. Designed by Roger Malcolm

Nooks *for* Books



Suggestions for accommodating your books in a manner worthy of such good friends

IT is a barren room that is without books and a lovable one that is richly bestrewn with them. Books deserve respect because of the agreeable things they suggest, the companionship, the discovery, the solace that lies between their covers.

Whether one's taste is for cultural things, or even if reading is just a form of light entertainment, books are precious possessions and deserve to be carefully housed and tenderly preserved.

Shelves holding books the bindings of which are a blending of many colours are a decorative asset to any room, besides having that deeper appeal of the volumes themselves. A corner, generously lined with shelves and filled with books, is often transformed from cold severity to friendly appeal.

Book-ends, too, are engaging items in a room. Pottery, glass, metal and carved wood are all used for these book-holders, which are so useful for "pick-up" reading, and for bedside use some delightful effects have been obtained by covering the supports with chintze or satin.

THE unit bookcase is one of the most adaptable pieces of modern furniture now obtainable and, whilst having every practical advantage as a home for books, is frequently an important asset to the decoration of the room.

The Minty bookcase is a very advanced example of this particular type of unit bookcase and often combines useful additional features, such as cupboards and a flap-fronted writing desk, as shown in the illustration.

The convenience of being able to buy these bookcases in units and to add to them as opportunity presents needs no further recommendation, the system being now such a familiar one. It is, of course, possible to have various varieties of wood for matching up with the furniture already in use. Minty oak bookcases, unless otherwise ordered, are finished in a rich brown weathered effect. Walnut bookcases are a light modern effect, though other shades of oak and walnut can be had by special order without extra charge.

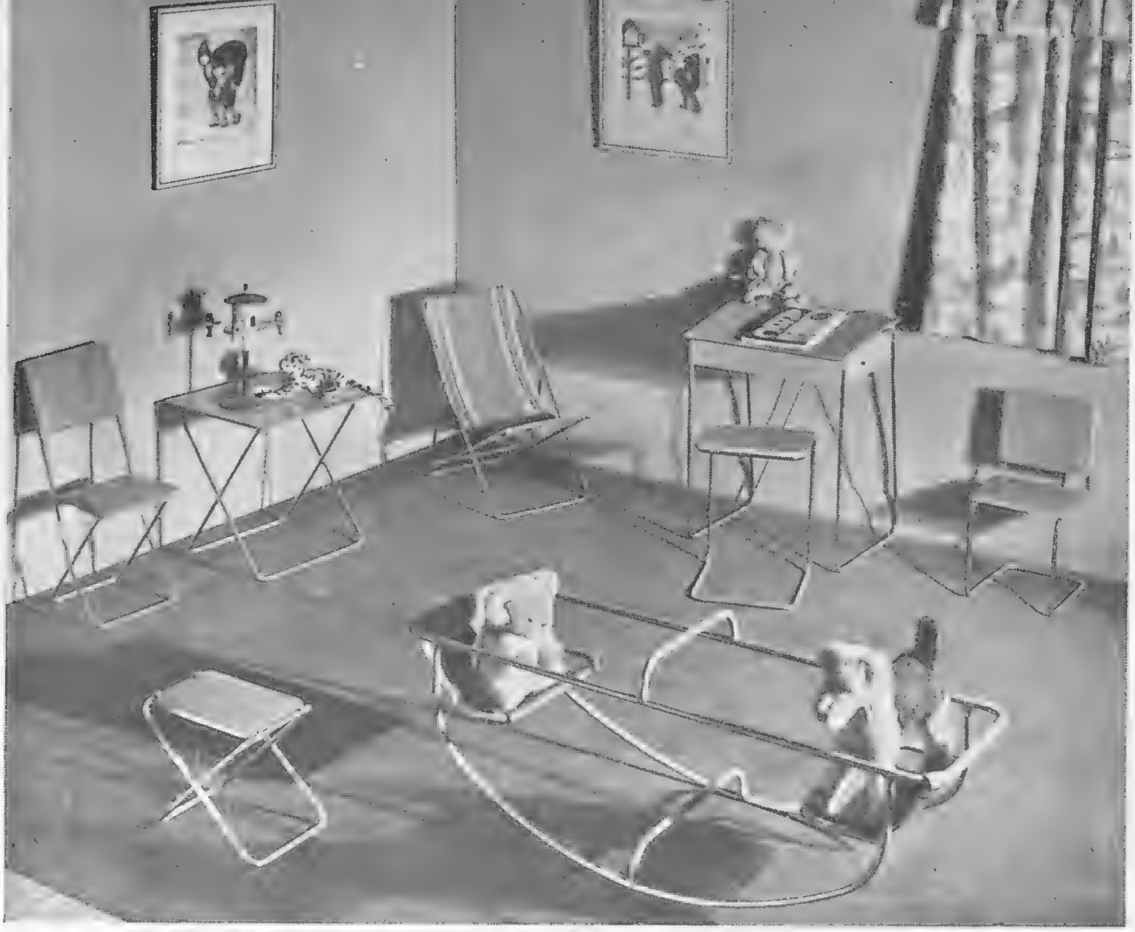
Many different types of bookcase are made by these manufacturers, and one of the most useful is the small "Bachelor" book table. This can be used as an occasional table and has a roomy section underneath for books. It is substantially constructed and easily movable and could be depended on for sound service beside an easy chair. It costs £3 10s.

Plate-glass fronts are fitted to the Minty bookcase illustrated, an advantage which experience has proved to be invaluable. Dust is prevented by these means from soiling the books, while a good deal of labour is saved in constantly cleaning them. Good bindings are really ill-treated unless protected in this way.

IT is interesting to note that every bookcase made by Minty of Oxford shows a pleasing interpretation of modern design. Each piece is, in itself, worthy to take its place in a room with furniture of the very best design and workmanship—a feature which is likely to be appreciated, since the bookcase is so often regarded as a strictly practical object rather than a decorative one.

From the single unit alone the design and construction of the furniture show importance and a fine sense of design. As other units are added this impression is intensified in proportion to its growth.

Masculine booklovers are particularly partial to Minty bookcases, since they provide an important setting for their precious possessions, while they themselves are saved the annoyance of finding a dusty and unkempt volume when they take a favourite from the shelves.



CHROMIUM plated furniture has been used to equip this very modern nursery. The seats of the chairs and the woodwork of the desk are gaily painted in red or green, and the see-saw is green with orange canvas seats (Heal & Son, Ltd.)

The *Modern* NURSERY

Plan it for Practical use, as well as for Decorative effect

By

Baseden Butt

IF the little people are to be pleased as well as their parents, the planning of a satisfactory nursery is almost unavoidably difficult. You have to combine an attractive scheme of decoration with equipment sufficiently sturdy to withstand heavy daily wear and tear.

The furniture must include small-scale pieces such as low chairs and tables for the children's own use, and there should be cupboards and shelves well within the children's reach, so that their first lessons in self-reliance may consist in getting out and putting away their toys for themselves.

Most children are surprisingly appreciative of quality in furniture, but they do not care for anything precious, fussy or affected.

The modern idea, as a rule, appeals strongly to them, partly because of its simplicity and sincerity, and partly because the children, like the furniture, are products of to-day.

Children know little of Chippendale, and generally care less, but they seem to have a spiritual affinity to furniture of their own age.

It is often desirable to equip the nursery without undue expense. Children grow up so quickly, and in a very few years the nursery must become a schoolroom, and the schoolroom a den, study, or morning room.

This means that much of the original nursery furniture must be converted or discarded in favour of equipment better suited to the change.

Natural oak and chromium-plated furniture are among the most serviceable of modern nursery equipment. There should also be a simple colour scheme in light, cheerful colours such as sunshine yellow and lettuce green or sky blue.

Much patterned decoration and elaborate pictorial embellishment are to be avoided; pictures should be used with moderation, and to avoid monotony a small collection should

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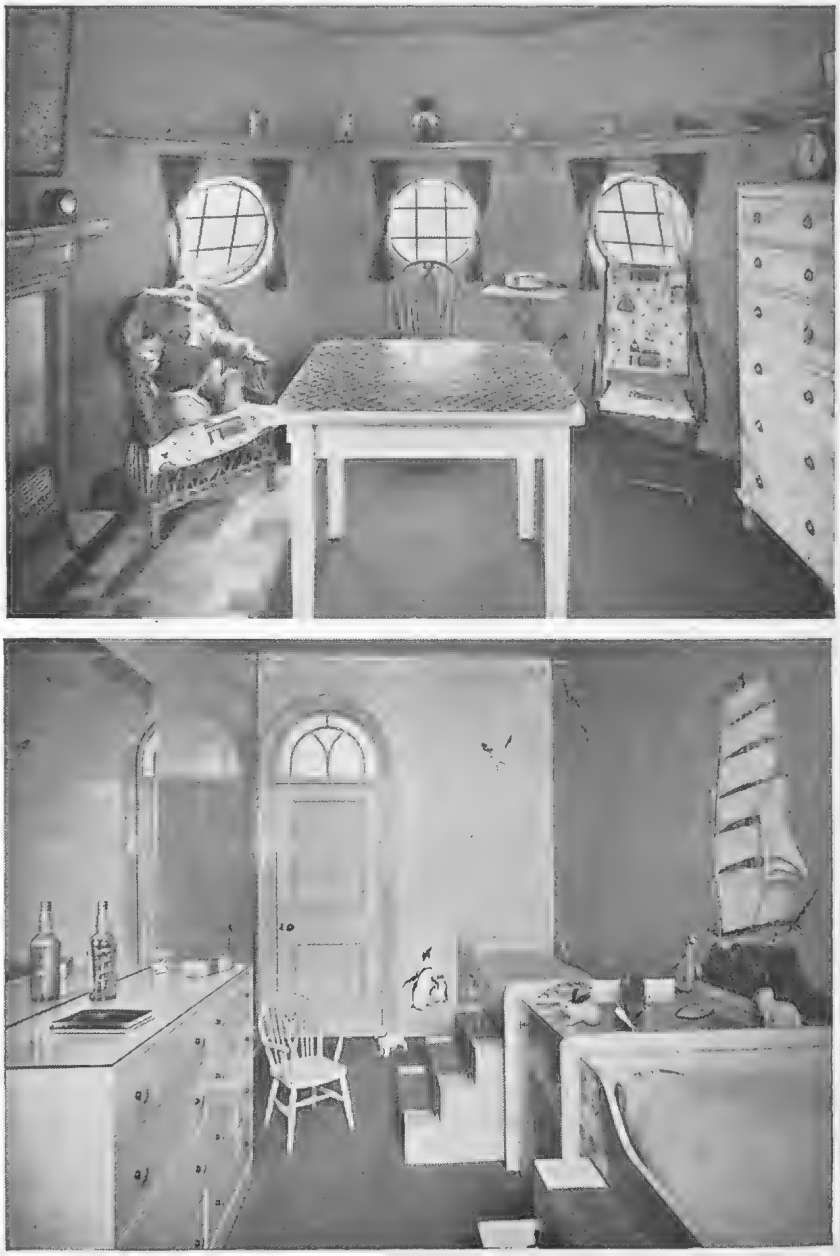
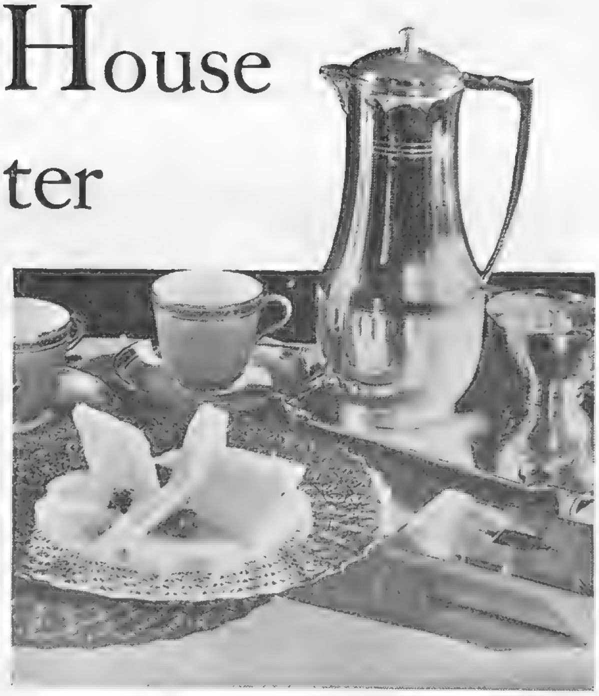


THE idea of inhabiting a ship's cabin will appeal to the imagination of all small persons, and the portholes in this modern London nursery lend a nautical atmosphere which will surely encourage the spirit of adventure. What a setting for games of piracy and voyages of discovery! The seafaring atmosphere is carried out again in the night nursery, where seagulls swoop from the walls and the children sleep in attractive bunks into which they can climb unaided from a very early age by means of the steps conveniently placed at the side of each bunk (Decorations by Roma)

Through *the* House *for the* Winter

These small additions to your winter comfort are not going to cost very much, yet they have about them the pleasant suggestion of luxury . . .

COCKTAILS? Something new and pleasant in shakers (23s. 6d.), with cups to match (3s. each) instead of glasses



SOMETHING hot to greet your arrival home, however late. A thermos jug from Mappin and Webb

NOTHING like a punch party on a cold night. Here is a very attractive set; thirty shillings complete, with six attractive glasses

11
8
16
7
10
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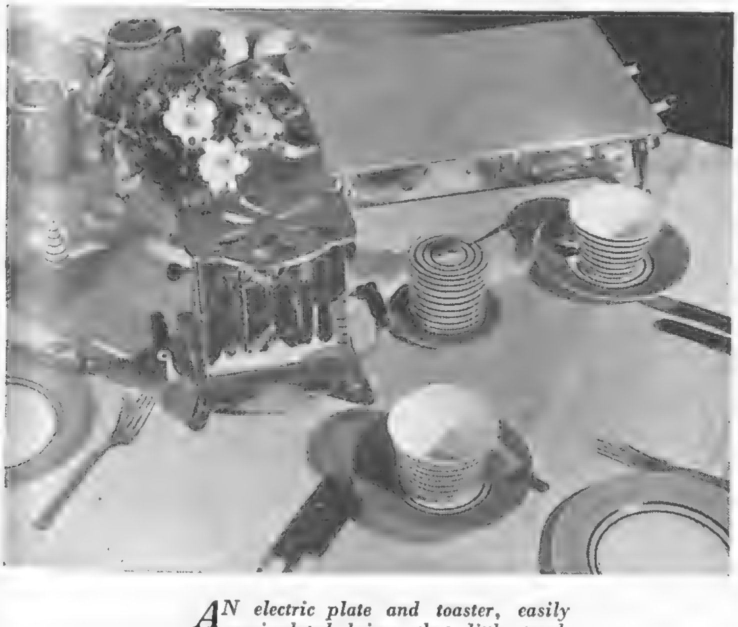
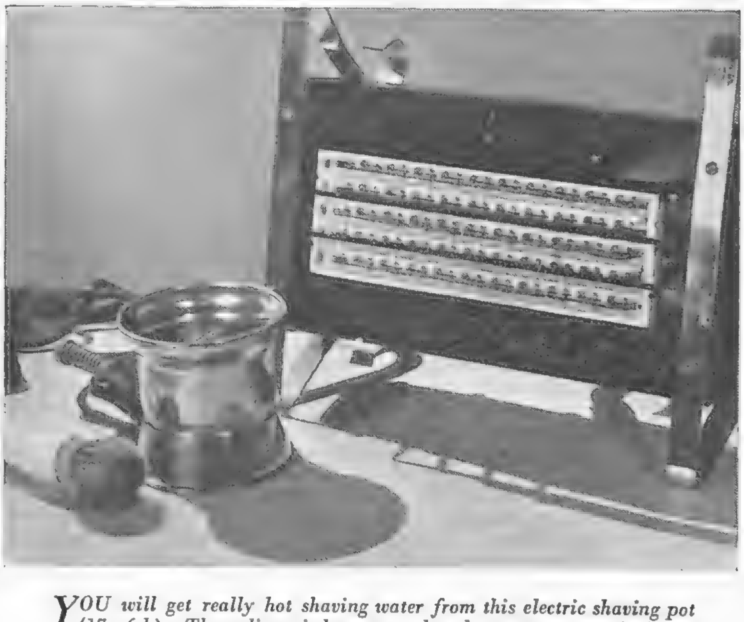
15

DARTS (now a popular home game), a roulette board, poker chips, playing cards—you'll be glad of some of these, now that evenings are long.

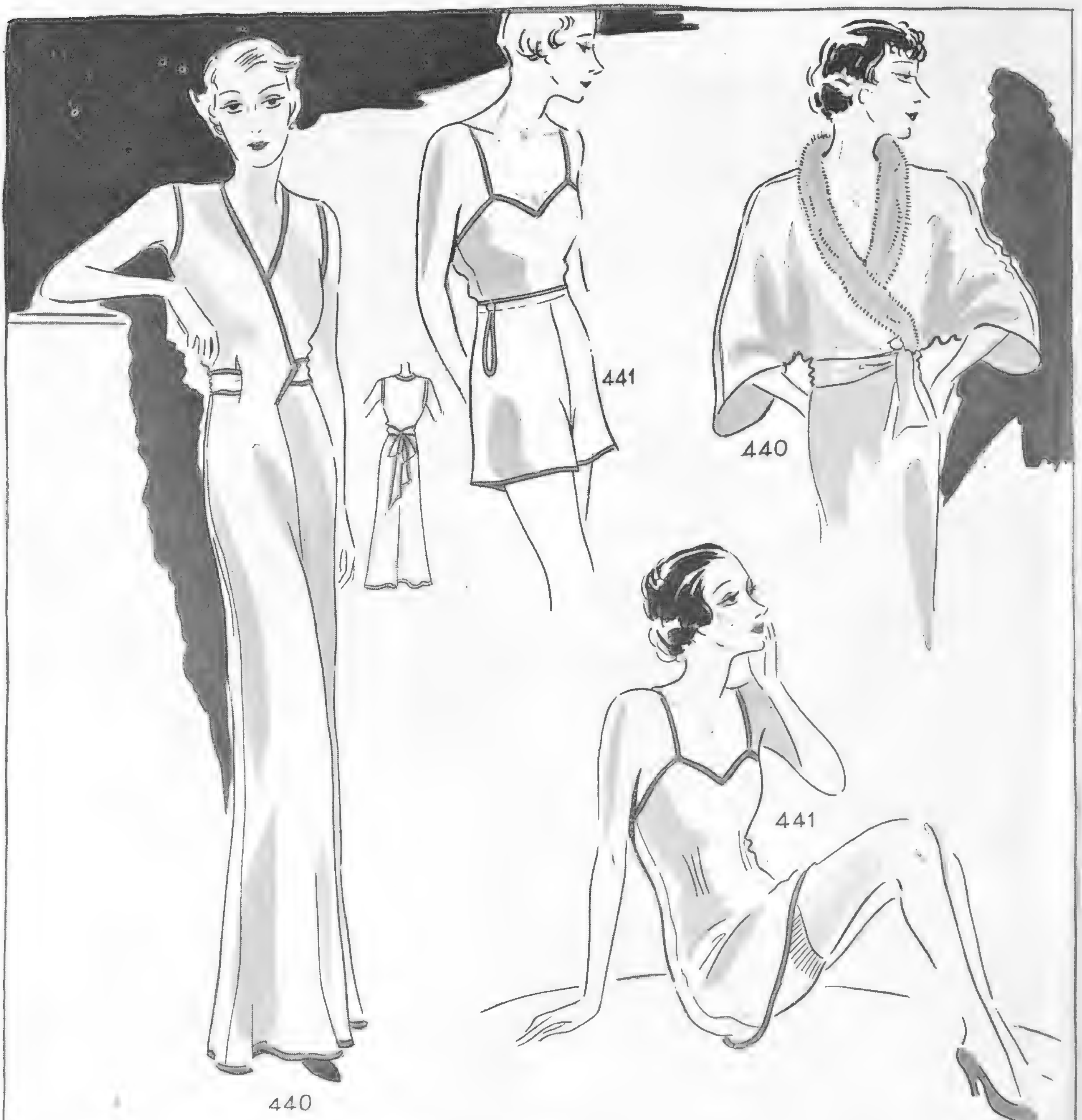


AN electric plate and toaster, easily manipulated, brings that little touch of extra comfort to the breakfast table



YOU will get really hot shaving water from this electric shaving pot (17s. 6d.). The radiator is large enough to heat an average-sized bedroom. It will also oblige by turning face upwards to heat a kettle (19s. 6d.)

SIMPLE LINGERIE and BLOUSES



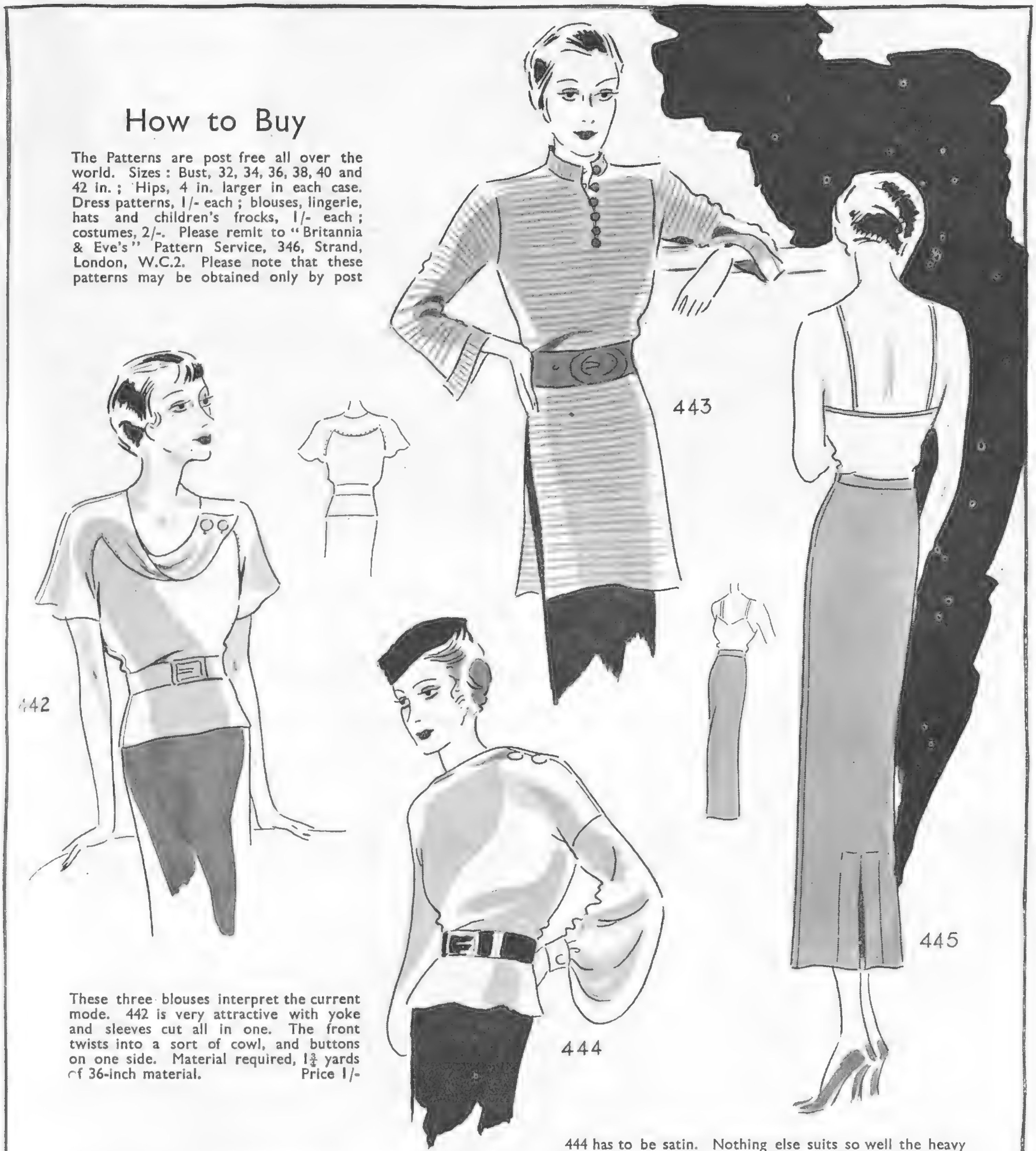
440.—This pyjama nightdress is as easy to make as it is comfortable to wear. The legs are exceedingly wide. There is a cross-over front, with a sash slotting through and tying at the back. It would look good in any plain or patterned lingerie fabric. The edges could be trimly and easily finished with bias binding in the same or a contrasting colour. The bed jacket is a simple little affair with two seams running outside the sleeves. In wool back satin, with swansdown round the neck, it would make sitting up in bed with a cold almost a pleasure. Or you could have ostrich feather trimming on heavy satin and feel very grand indeed. Materials required : Pyjama nightdress, 4¾ yards of 36-inch material ; Bed wrap, 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 1½ yards of 2-inch swansdown. Price 1/-

441.—The tailored air of the vest and panties makes them slim under fitting clothes. The pants have no side seams and fit better than your gloves. The vest is slightly tucked to shape in front. Wear it with the panties as a set, or, if you begin to feel chilly, it can be worn over tight woollen knickers of the same colour. 2¾ yards of 36-inch material will make both vest and knickers. Price 1/-

YOU can MAKE at HOME

How to Buy

The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



These three blouses interpret the current mode. 442 is very attractive with yoke and sleeves cut all in one. The front twists into a sort of cowl, and buttons on one side. Material required, 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-

The tunic (443) is a smart version of one of the best of the new silhouettes. It has a high neck, slit sides, and above the wrist cuffs. Make it in a ribbed, crinkled, or cloque silk. It takes 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-

444 has to be satin. Nothing else suits so well the heavy bloused sleeves. The bateau neck is new and flattering. Required, 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price 1/-

The skirt (445), which can be worn with all three blouses, looks perfectly straight, but has a slight pleated kick at the back for freedom, and to avoid seating. You will need 2 yards of 54-inch woollen material.

Stews *with* a Difference

By A. H. Adair

The right seasoning, care with the thickening and browning, make all the difference between a delicious dish and an insipid stew

It is all very well to say that " a rose by any other name . . ."; but we must admit that " stew " is an unattractive word, very often meaning a particularly unappetising concoction.

I do not attempt to deny that there are exceptions, of which the Irish Stew is a perfect example. But, on the whole, a *ragoût* is a more pleasing dish than a stew, and for a very good reason, namely, that the preparation of the one begins where that of the other has ended.

For the next few months you will include many dishes of the stew family in your menus: they may be very simple, homely ones made with the cheapest cuts of meat or, for special occasions, more elaborately prepared.

Anyway, whatever you make they can all be perfectly good of their kind, bearing no resemblance to the watery, insipid mixtures which are generally associated with the word stew.

The questions of flavour and seasoning are of the greatest importance. Herbs, such as parsley, thyme and bayleaf, make all the difference in the world, while for certain dishes of veal, a sprig of rosemary added to the other herbs, gives just that subtle touch which turns what might have been dull and uninteresting into an almost exciting dish.

Another outstanding difference between a good and a bad stew is the method of thickening. Do you really cook the flour or just use it, more or less raw, to solidify the hitherto watery gravy? If this method is adopted, no amount of care in seasoning, no superiority of ingredients, will make the dish good.

The flour must be added as soon as possible after the beginning, and allowed to cook before any water is added.

It has then had time to swell and absorb the essential juices of the meat, after which the whole liquid becomes thoroughly incorporated with the full flavour of the ingredients you are using.

And so you proceed, having yourself really absorbed these vital rules, to put them into practice with the following collection of " Winter Stews."

Veal with Carrots

Take two pounds of veal, choosing the kind used for pies, trim it well and cut into small pieces which you roll in flour. Melt a small piece of butter or dripping in a large saucepan, put in the veal, also one onion finely chopped, and brown together for a few minutes.

Add salt, pepper, a small bunch of parsley tied with a sprig of rosemary, and a pound of carrots washed, scraped and cut into rounds about the thickness of a half-crown piece.

Put in a teacupful of cold water, cover the pan and cook for a quarter of an hour, shaking the pan occasionally. Now add three cupfuls of boiling water and simmer gently for one hour.

Navarin of Mutton

Trim the superfluous fat from one pound and a half of best end neck of mutton, cut it into pieces and brown these for a few minutes with a chopped onion in butter or dripping put into a thick saucepan.

Add salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of flour, and cook for a few minutes, stirring well.

Now put in potatoes, carrots, turnips, peeled, cleaned and cut into small pieces. Cook with the meat, dry for a few minutes, shaking the saucepan, add three cupfuls of cold water, bring to the boil, remove fat and scum, and simmer gently for one hour and a half.

Ragoût de Bœuf : 1

Peel three carrots, three onions and three tomatoes, cut them into pieces (having removed the pips from the tomatoes), and fry for a few minutes, until they are golden brown, in a mixture of olive oil and butter.

Meanwhile melt a piece of butter in a thick saucepan and brown in it a pound and a half of stewing beef, trimmed and cut into small pieces.

Sprinkle with a little flour, cook for a few minutes and then add the vegetables, salt, pepper and a small bunch of parsley.

Pour in a tumblerful of cold water, bring to the boil, cover the pan and simmer for one hour. Half-way through the cooking you should see if there is enough liquid left and, if necessary, add a little more water.

(Continued on page 96)

The Best Dishes of Other Countries

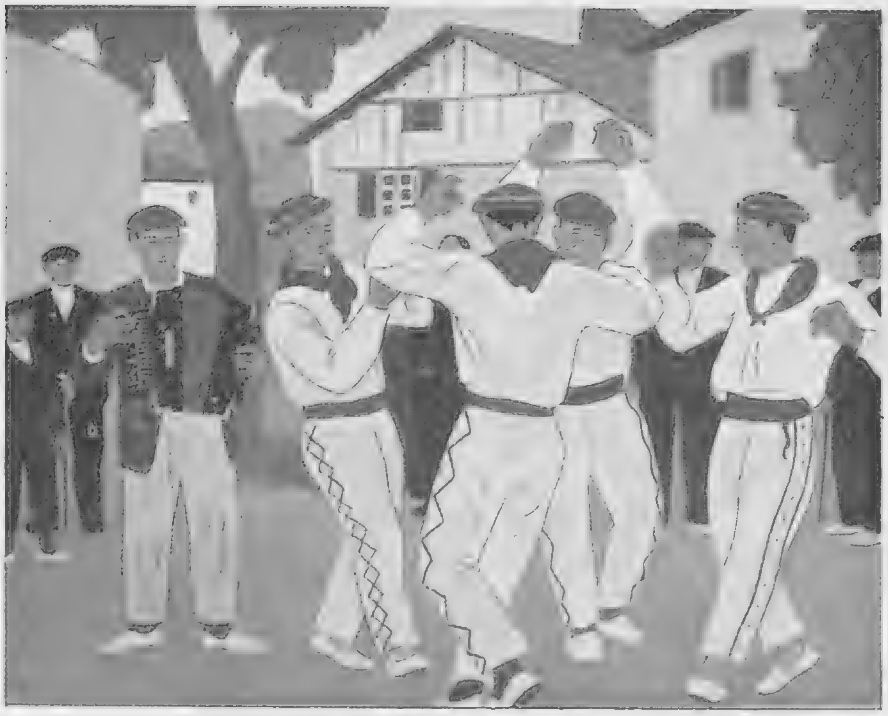
Food *from the* Basque Country

By A. H. Adair

Be experimental with some of these traditional Basque recipes. They will enliven your table

THE Basques, inhabitants of that very curious country which is half French, half Spanish, remain very much an independent race. History may have divided this people into two nationalities, but they themselves are still fundamentally apart from such distinctions, which are, after all, arbitrary. The mountain passes of the Pyrenees and the River Bidassoa mark the frontier, but their language, their customs and their kitchens are shared.

On each side of the dividing line we find the same traditional features: oxen wearing handsome coats of hand-woven linen—the same Basque linen which now appears on fashionable dinner-tables all the world over; proud peasants living in houses bearing the family's foundation date carved on the lintel, and on Sunday evening, after a hotly contested game of Pelota, everybody dances the "Fandango" and the "Jota" to the strains of queer Basque music.



MARDI GRAS in the Basque country. After the water-colour by Ramiro Arrué

It is pleasing to find that the national dishes are as full of unexpected charm, of colourful mystery, as, indeed, is all the folk-lore of this curious race.

The everyday soup is a good, rich version of the Continental vegetable *potage*, only in this case it is usually flavoured with a piece of smoked ham.

In those parts of the country which touch the Atlantic shores, there is a delicious fish soup, and everywhere pimentos—sweet peppers—play an important rôle in the kitchen.

Thanks to the rich pastures of the Pays-Basque, a plentiful supply of good butter is to hand which is not so easily enjoyed by its neighbours (the pine forests of the Landes to the north and the arid Castilian plains to the south providing little encouragement for cattle) explaining, no doubt, why a cake is one of the best-known Basque dishes.

Even if you do not altogether approve of a highly spiced *cuisine* for every day in the year, anything which will add a new note to your own diet should help to brighten the dull periods which inevitably occur in every household.

PIMENTOS—sweet peppers—play an important part in Basque kitchens

La Soupe

The vegetables would be fried in the fat of smoked ham, but bacon fat is practically as good.

Peel and cut into pieces whatever vegetables you happen to have by you, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, cabbage, beans.

Melt the fat in a large saucepan and fry the vegetables until they begin to colour, add a handful of haricot beans (previously soaked), salt, pepper and a sprig of thyme. Fill the saucepan with boiling water and simmer for as many hours as possible.

It is difficult to give exact directions for this soup, which is made instinctively by every good Basque housewife.

They use, in reason, almost any vegetable, and about two pounds of mixed vegetables make a good quantity for six people.

Always add one-third more of water than will be required of soup, as in cooking it naturally evaporates, which process, of course, gives the richness you find in the finished perparation.

Pipérade

Although this famous dish has found its way on to the menus of fashionable restaurants in many parts of the world, it is rarely served correctly.

Usually you are offered a sort of scrambled eggs, or an omelette flavoured with tomatoes and sweet peppers, whereas the real dish, when finished, is a thick *purée* with eggs in it but so well mixed that they are not at all apparent.

Take tomatoes and sweet peppers (when not in season these pimentos can be bought in tins, in which case they are already seeded) in equal proportions, half a pound of each for four people, cut them into pieces and remove the seeds.

Melt some bacon or pork fat and cook the peppers first until they are soft and then add the tomatoes and a clove of garlic chopped. Cook slowly, and mashing with a fork, until you have a smooth *purée*.

Now break in three whole eggs and beat them quickly into the mixture so that there are no pieces of egg visible. Cook for a few minutes more and serve with a slice of fried ham for each person placed on top of the Pipérade. In the Basque country they use the well-known Bayonne ham, but as this is difficult to find in England you can use ordinary ham or gammon.

(*Continued on page* 96)

My Cook tells Me . . .

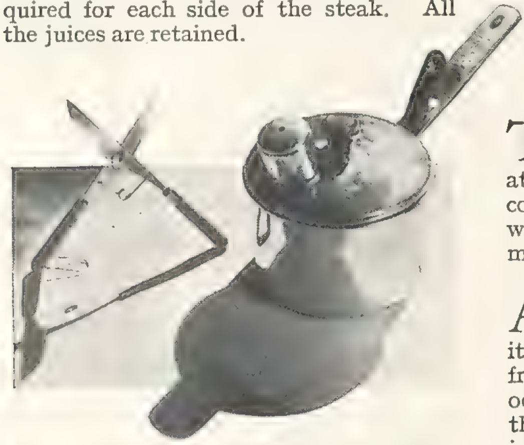
By Anne Drewe

NEW aluminium kettle pans make it possible to boil a kettle and cook a pudding simultaneously on a single gas jet. A useful idea if you want to cut down on your gas bills. Useful, too, when you are cooking on a small gas stove and there is no room for a separate kettle. The kettle fits snugly in the top of the pan and boils while the contents of the pan are cooking.

FRYING pans are branching out. There is a novel one for frying bacon and eggs, divided into compartments so arranged that the fat from the bacon runs into the divisions for the eggs. It is made of cast iron so that the food will not stick to the pan.

The steak griller is an unusual type of pan with a ridged base and a double rim which holds the heat but prevents scorching. Two minutes only are required for each side of the steak. All the juices are retained.

ONE depression of the handle of this fruit squeezer extracts all the juice from any kind of fruit

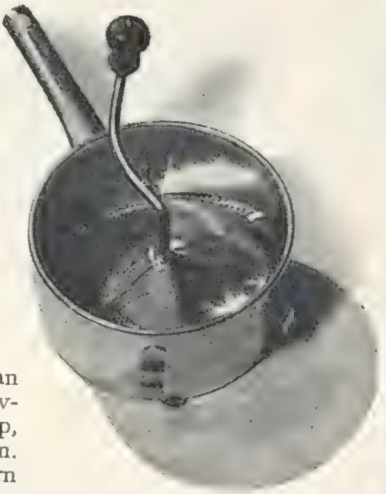


THIS egg saucepan whistles to let you know when the eggs are cooked. The shears, on the left, cut anything your scissors won't cut

A LITTLE egg saucepan holds four eggs and whistles when they are done. To accompany it there is a handy little pair of tongs which lifts eggs out of boiling water. It only costs sixpence and does away with that tiresome juggling with a spoon.

THERE are some new fruit presses which are so much quicker and easier to use than the old type. One depression of the handle is all that is necessary to extract the juice from oranges, lemons, grapes, grapefruit or pineapple.

A DOUBLE slice is an ingenious little contrivance with a movable top, operated by a push-button. You can lift and turn anything you are cooking without the risk of dropping it.



A VEGETABLE mill for making purées

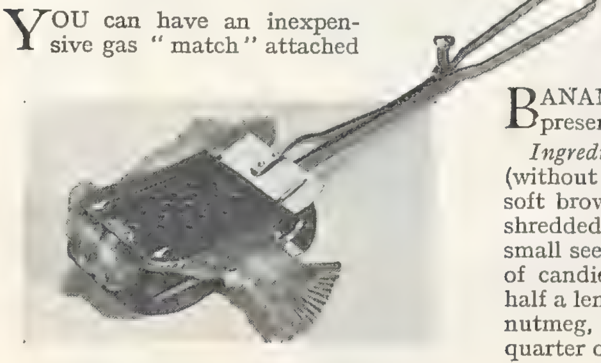
THE inexpensive potato-peeling machines which take 4 lb. of potatoes at a time are a real boon to the busy cook. So is the little vegetable mill which is perfect for purées, and quickly mashes all vegetables.

A NEW and fragrant disinfectant has made its appearance. You can get it in any perfume. It keeps the home as fresh as a garden. No trace of cooking odours, no sign of stuffiness—but in their stead a delightful fragrance of invisible flowers.

YOU can have an inexpensive gas "match" attached to your gas cooker so that there is no need to strike a match or light a taper every time the oven or a hot plate ring is wanted.

When the plated arm of the gadget is raised until it is horizontal, the gas is turned on to the "match." The arm is then withdrawn and the edge of the ends struck sharply downwards on the flint to produce a spark which ignites the gas.

When the arm is replaced and allowed to fall into the vertical position, the gas is automatically turned off.



THIS double slice has a movable top, operated by a push-button

THE new table nut crackers really do their job well and master that most awkward of nuts, the brazil. The kernel of any nut is speedily shed of its shell and emerges whole, for this new nutcracker is so designed that its jaws cannot crush beyond the point necessary to crack the shell.

A FRUIT "Double." Grilled pears are delicious served with meat. Bake them in a moderate oven until tender. Sprinkle with grated cheese and continue cooking under the griller until the cheese is melted and delicately browned.

BANANA mincemeat makes a novel preserve.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of bananas (without skins), a quarter of a pound of soft brown sugar, quarter of a pound of shredded beef suet, quarter of a pound of small seedless raisins, quarter of a pound of candied peel, one ounce of almonds, half a lemon (rind and juice), quarter of a nutmeg, quarter of a pound of sultanas, quarter of a pound of currants, few drops of almond essence, one tablespoonful of rum,

(*Continued on page 114*)

PERFUMER
TO
H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT
Nº 4711
Genuine
Eau de
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Lovers of "4711" should not forget this. That in spite of colder weather, there are still such things as stuffiness and overheated rooms and crowds and hurrying, when a blissful, fragrant touch of "4711" will soothe and revive . . . That travelling or shopping, paying calls, dancing or going to the theatre, are often tiring, and that "4711" will bring new life, zest and sparkle. And now, when thoughts begin to turn to Christmas, that there is no happier thought than "4711" as a gift. There is always one of its many virtues, if not another, that is certain to find favour and to give delight.

"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in the original Glass Bottle with screw cap 4/9. Larger size 8/9.

Fancy bottle with nickel screw cap in box 9/6. Wicker bottle 14/-.

Other sizes 7/6, 27/6 and 52/6.

Round watch-shaped bottle with sprinkler top for vanity bag 2/6. Larger size 4/9.

Coffret containing flat bottle "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and Tosca Compact 4/6.

Other attractive gift boxes from 2/9 to 36/-.

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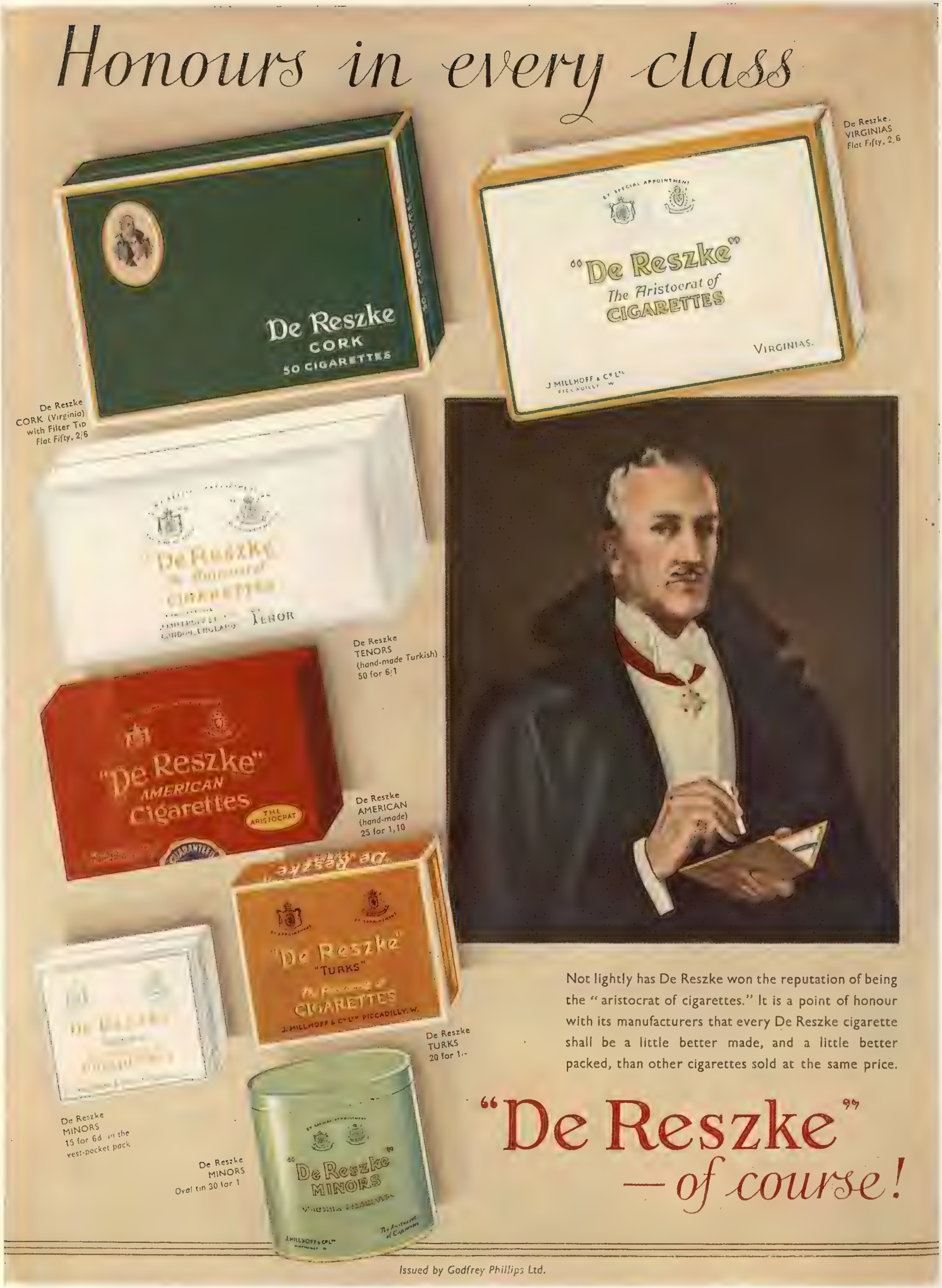
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Not lightly has De Reszke won the reputation of being the "aristocrat of cigarettes." It is a point of honour with its manufacturers that every De Reszke cigarette shall be a little better made, and a little better packed, than other cigarettes sold at the same price.

"De Reszke"
—of course!

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

Corkscrew Number 57

(Continued from page 21)

be nice of you," said Jelson. "I've only tasted sherry once in my life, sir. And you had that gold corkscrew that was used by a French queen, sir?"

"That's what I said," snapped Barnes.

"And someone has taken it away, sir?"

Richard Barnes glanced at the face of the little man. Was this small fool baiting him? Had he heard something and was now seeking proof of the story?

"The police took it," said Barnes quietly. He drained his glass, watching Jelson over the rim. It was unfortunate that he had been tricked into this impasse, but if he tried to dodge it would make the small man suspicious.

A mad desire to tell the whole story came to him. He considered the impulse. He had never spoken of the case to anyone. Perhaps the telling of it to this little fawning fool would stiffen his courage and bring him the nightly peace that he craved.

"Like to hear why the police are holding it?" he demanded roughly.

"Why, yes, sir," said Jelson. "A gold corkscrew that was used by a queen——"

"I'll tell you," interrupted Barnes. He was himself now. Funny how the voice of Corbett had possessed him as he spoke those silly descriptions. He poured himself another glass of sherry. This fear that walked at his heels must be got rid of. Possibly repeated telling of the story would smother the terror. Perhaps.

"Ever hear of 'The Corkscrew Murder'?" he asked. Quite cool, his voice.

"No, sir," answered Jelson. "You see, I've lived in Manchester all my life. And I don't read the papers much, sir."

"Well," said Barnes, "you've noticed that Number Fifty-Seven is missing. Gold corkscrew once owned by Marie Antoinette. It was that corkscrew that killed my—my friend, Mr. William Corbett. Killed him in that chair in which you are sitting at this moment."

"Gosh!" gasped Jelson. "In this chair? With a corkscrew, sir? Why—why, you've got me all creepy! You have, sir!"

Richard Barnes smiled. Already he was feeling better. The bare statement had brought courage. If only he had had the nerve to find audiences months ago he would have slept better. Jelson, of course, was an ideal listener. Fawning little fool!

"Mr. William Corbett owned this house," continued Barnes. "He was a man of seventy. Had a mania for corkscrews. Collected them. He would give any price for unusual corkscrews. Once he gave a thousand pounds for one that had been made specially for a Scottish lord. I'll show it to you later. If you call its name—the name of the corkscrew is Macpherson—it makes a little tinkling sound so that you can tell where it is. The word strikes some electrical gadget in the inside of it."

Jelson's eyes were popping out of his head. Certainly the ideal listener. His face would make a stone man talk.

"Bought another with a radium top," said Barnes. "If you couldn't find it at night you just turned the light off. He gave five hundred for that. I thought him silly. As a matter of fact I told him that he was crazy. I was in his confidence. He had made a will in my favour, and it looked as if he might spend all——"

"His money on corkscrews, sir," giggled Jelson.

Richard Barnes glanced at the face of the little man. There was no intent behind that remark. The little man was a fool.

"We had here," continued Barnes, "a boy who did odd jobs around the house. Cleaned the cutlery, ran messages, and swept the sidewalk. A boy named Tom."

"Tom?" repeated Jelson. Barnes thought the mouth of the man twitched slightly as he repeated the name. The sherry, probably.

"Yes, Tom," said Barnes. The fear was weakening under this attack. The fear didn't think he had the courage to tell the story in detail. Not since that day in the court had he breathed the name of the boy. He had been afraid to.

"This Tom," he said loudly, "was attracted by the gold corkscrew that belonged to Marie Antoinette. Funny the attraction it had for him. Sort of hypnotized him. He would stand there in the hall and stare at it for minutes on end.

"Often I would ask him what he saw in it, and he would reply: 'Why, Mr. Barnes, a queen owned it and it's made out of solid gold.' I should have told Mr. Corbett about Tom's attraction. I know I should. Alas, I didn't."

THAT damnable fear was getting it now. He was pounding it out of his system. Jelson believed, and Jelson's belief took the fear by the throat and strangled it. The little man was leaning forward in his chair, his small grey eyes fixed on the broad, clean-shaven face of Barnes. The sherry glass slipped from the fingers of the listener. He waited on the words of the ex-butler with the strained attention of a cat at a mouse-hole.

Barnes straightened himself. He pulled at his collar and rubbed his fat jowl. Now for the punch that would knock the fear endways.

"It was on the twenty-fifth of April," said Barnes, and he kept his voice steady as he gave the date. "Mr. Corbett had finished his lunch and was dozing in the chair on which you are sitting. That very chair. I walked out on the Square and sat on the seat that I generally occupy. The seat which I took the first day I spoke to you. Remember?"

Jelson nodded sharply. He was so hungry for the straight story that he showed irritation at being asked if he remembered the seat.

"I was there about fifteen minutes," said Barnes. "Yes, about fifteen minutes." Not a quaver in his voice. He had repeated the words as a test. And Jelson's belief was comforting. The little man was on the edge of his chair, his head thrust forward.

"I happened to look towards the house," continued Barnes. "This house, y'know. I saw the door open suddenly. Open suddenly, and out onto the Square—out onto the Square rushed this boy Tom!"

Jelson made a queer throaty noise. His hands were clenched.

"He ran across the Square!" cried Barnes. "At full speed! I sprang up and shouted to him. He ran faster! There was an officer at the top of the Square. Officer Bradley. He put out his hand when he heard me shouting, and he grabbed Tom. Grabbed him and held him till I came up.

"Tom was trying to say something to the policeman. He wanted to break away from the officer. The officer swore to that later. 'Wanted to run,' he said in court. 'Wanted to run for sure.'

"When I came up I heard what Tom was saying. He was screaming out the name of Mr. Corbett. 'Mr. Corbett!' he yelled. 'Mr. Corbett! Someone has killed him! Killed him while he was asleep!'"

Richard Barnes wiped his broad face. He was a little proud of himself. Told it without a quaver in his voice. Told it in a manner that left Jelson stunned with the dreadful reality of the thing. Of course he, Barnes, should have adopted this course months before. Recited the facts to big-eared fools like Jelson till the fear had been flattened for ever by their pop-eyed belief.

It was easy going now. Quite simple. He poured himself another glass of sherry and took up the tale.

"The policeman and I took Tom back to the house. Had to hold him tightly. Wanted to bolt. Said he didn't wish to see Mr. Corbett. Cried like the devil. Yes, sir. Cried like the devil.

"What Tom had said was true. Quite true. We found Mr. Corbett dead. In that chair you are sitting on. He had been murdered."

"Murdered?" breathed Jelson.

"For certain!" cried Barnes. "He had been struck in the back of the neck while sleeping. Struck with some instrument that left a curious star-like mark. Five points. It was strange that I—that I had seen that mark months before."

"What mark?" asked Jelson. In his excitement he forgot the usual "sir," but Barnes didn't notice the omission.

"The five-point mark!" answered Barnes. "The mark that looked like a star! I'll tell you. Mr. Corbett had given a party. He had a very famous wine, a fine *Château La Tour Blanche*, and he wished to open that wine with the gold corkscrew that had belonged to Marie Antoinette. A golden wine and a golden corkscrew.

"This corkscrew had to be driven in like a bradawl. Do you understand? Driven in hard. And when it was pulled out of the cork there was a five-pointed mark on the top of the cork. Mr. Corbett commented on it. The other gentlemen noticed it. They remembered it—remembered it at the trial. Funny it being on Mr. Corbett's neck. Funny to me till—till the police searched Tom."

Again came the queer throaty noise from Jelson. Fine listener, this Jelson. "What did they find?" he gasped.

"Tom had the gold corkscrew in his pocket!" cried Barnes. He steadied himself as he made the assertion. Now he was a little afraid of his voice. It had a faint quaver in it. He would repeat the words. "Tom had the gold corkscrew in his pocket! The little murderer! The little liar! He said I had given it to him! Given it to him that morning to polish! The liar! The wretched little liar! Trying to—trying to jam me into it! What do you—what do you think of that?

"The police examined the corkscrew. Blood was on it! Dried blood. They made tests with the blood of Mr. Corbett and—and the blood they found on the corkscrew. You know they classify bloods. That on the corkscrew and that of Mr. Corbett belonged to Group 4. It sort of nailed Tom.

"Little liar! No one—no one believed that I had given him the corkscrew! No one! He admitted that he used to stand and look at it, and long to get it in his hands. Admitted that! From the dock! Said it fascinated him, but he wouldn't admit he took it. Little devil said I gave it to him. Gave it to him hours before the murder."

Jelson spoke. "But he denied killing Mr. Corbett?"

"Of course!" cried Barnes. "He denied that, but he had the corkscrew in his pocket, and on it—on it was the blood! And he was the only one in the house!

"He was lucky. Tom, I mean. They took his age into consideration and gave him ten years. Little liar! Trying to jam me! *Me!* Why I was the friend of Mr. Corbett! He left me this house! He left me an annuity! Little swine! Those five points—that star mark nailed him! The wound was made with the corkscrew, and Tom had the corkscrew! See! Had it in his pocket, and there was blood on it!"

BARNES rose. He knew he had told the story well. Very well. Once or twice more perhaps and the fear would leave him. He would find a few persons like this idiot Jelson.

Pleased with himself, he walked into the parlour and drew the curtains. The afternoon was closing in... Jelson was left alone.

Barnes returned. He switched on the light. He stood near the doorway leading into the hall. He was thinking out a polite method of getting rid of Jelson. The little man had served his purpose; now he could go.

"I have some work to do now," began Barnes, "if you would excuse me I——"

Barnes paused. What the devil was the little fool staring at? He, Jelson, was looking out into the hall. Into the hall, along the walls of which were the glass cases containing the corkscrews collected by Mr. William Corbett.

(Continued on page 76)

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The light-cluster in the dining-room illuminated the cases. Richard Barnes wheeled and focused his gaze on the point that interested his visitor. The wide mouth of the butler opened slowly and remained open. His rather protruding eyes were fixed, unflickering in their gaze, cognisant of nothing else in the world but the article that held them. The empty space that existed below the ticket marked "Number 57" had been filled. A gold corkscrew shone there! A gleaming corkscrew that reflected the light thrown from the dining-room.

Jelson was watching Barnes now. The small grey eyes were fixed on the ex-butler. There was something that suggested a hunting dog about the appearance of Jelson. The idiotic look that had prompted Barnes to talk to the man had been swept away and a fierce intentness had taken its place.

Barnes slumped into a chair. His gaze travelled from the gold corkscrew to Jelson, from Jelson to the corkscrew. A great silence was upon the house.

Presently a sickly smile appeared on the face of the ex-butler. He thought he understood. For an instant he was comforted.

"Why, you've fooled me!" he croaked. "You—you knew all the time and—and you've brought back the corkscrew that—that the police have been holding."

"That isn't the corkscrew the police are holding!" said Jelson. Cold and hard the voice of the little man. "That, Barnes, is its mate. Remember there were two. *Two!* The one owned by Mr. Corbett and the one you stole! That you stole, Barnes! The one you gave the boy to clean didn't commit the murder! It was done by this one that you——"

The sherry bottle missed the head of Jelson by less than an inch. As it crashed against the wall the little man sprang at the butler. The chair on which Barnes was sitting went backward and the two men fell to the floor.

Over and over they rolled. Barnes was the heavier, but Jelson was wiry. In that first spring Jelson's muscular hands had clutched the throat of the big man, and he hung on.

They ploughed across the dining-room, overturning a china cabinet and three chairs. They surged into the parlour, Barnes breathing with difficulty, Jelson wondering if he could hold his grip against the awful pounding of the other's fists.

The little man called on his fingers to make a final effort. They did so. They burrowed into the throat of Barnes till the death gurgles came to the straining ears of Jelson, and the last resistance of the ex-butler was at an end.

JELSON rose, snapped the handcuffs on the wrists of Barnes, tore a cord from the portières and tied the fellow's fat ankles tightly. He was a little startled at the fight that the butler had made.

He found brandy on the sideboard, drank a glass neat, then poured some into the half-open mouth of the man on the floor. Barnes spluttered, opened his eyes, and cursed in a throaty voice.

"Better now?" said Jelson. "Quite a scrapper, you are."

He caught Barnes by the coat collar, jolted him into a sitting position and pushed him against the legs of a settee. He found a comfortable chair for himself and sat down. The struggle had left him a little tired.

"Long time on your track, Barnes," he said. "You see, I found out that there were two of those gold corkscrews. Took me three months to trace the second one. Sold at the Vanlayson sale five years ago. Hemmerson, the steel king, bought it. You had a pal that worked for Hemmerson, eh? You had seen the corkscrew there. Huh, huh! Hemmerson's place was robbed, and that corkscrew came into the possession of Mr. Richard Barnes, who wanted to murder someone with it! Fine plot you had, Dicky. Waiting for your moment

"Old Corbett must have cut his finger the day before you did the job. Is that so? You put some of his blood on the gold corkscrew and gave it to Tom. Told him to polish it up; then, Dicky, *you drove the other corkscrew into the neck of old Corbett as you were going out to take your hour in the Square!*"

Richard Barnes glared at the small man. Jelson grinned.

"Of course you had to get rid of the corkscrew with which you did the job," he went on. "Get rid of it before Tom found that Mr. Corbett was murdered. You thought there might be a possibility of them searching you. Between the door of this house and your perch on what they call the butler's seat you had to get rid of it. That puzzled me, Dicky. Took a lot of thinking. Of course you wished it to be in a place where it could not be disturbed without your knowledge. Therefore it would be somewhere about this house. I took the liberty of climbing over the gate and examining the bricks around the steps, Richard. Did it while you were sleeping. Clever of you to have made a little house for it behind that brick. Do you know—do you know that hours before I found it I thought it was calling to me! Calling from behind the bricks. Sort of saying: 'I'm here! I'm here!'"

The silence that followed was broken by Barnes. He spoke with difficulty. "There are five hundred pounds in a trunk in my room," he said. "Five hundred. And I could raise more——"

"You can raise hell!" cried Jelson. He was on his feet now, a small fury. "You big fat murderer, you! Why—why that boy Tom is my nephew! My nephew! Father killed in the war! I got transferred up here from Manchester because I knew Tom wouldn't kill anyone! I—I—well, that's enough! I'll ring up for a waggon to take you in. If I stayed much longer with you, you big thug, there'd be another murder in this house!"

END

Twilight of the Gangster

(*Continued from page* 23)

the obnoxious dry law thrust upon it by political nit-wits and blue-noses! What an opportunity to provide the citizens with what they wanted! Judges, lawyers, bankers, police chiefs, the citizens would have their liquor. The police thought it a crazy law. All that remained was to get an illicit organisation going for the supply of the outlawed liquor.

But, unluckily for Joe, other Chicago personages had the same idea. The local Mafia (every American city with a large Italian colony has its local Mafia) also had some ideas, although in Joe's case they only ran to demands for a substantial cut of the profits he was known to be making. So the brainy Joe needed protection, and who could better provide that than young compatriots who were "strong-arm" men in the most formidable of New York gangs?

But his luck was out. He was only a sharp and crafty Italian trying to make easy money. He did not understand the full extent of the dangers in the jungle he had dropped into. Capone and Torrio saw everything, and proceeded to do some fast work. Their employer was just a soft, fat, prosperous fellow who thought he was boss. A little later he was picked up in his office with a bullet through the brain. The career of Capone in Chicago had begun.

That glittering career is now an epic in crime history, and we need not summarise it here. But the conditions which made it possible are important. The Hoover Law Enforcement Commission put the illegal sale of alcoholic beverages at £600,000,000 a year, which made the bootleg industry America's biggest. On a per capita basis it meant that every man,

(*Continued on page* 78)

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woman and child in the United States paid £5 a year to the bootleg crowd. In place of 180,000 lawful bars there were half a million speakeasies, whose patrons were estimated to be more numerous than the frequenters of the abolished saloons—all, owners, suppliers and patrons alike, being lawbreakers. The lunatic law which created this astounding illicit industry also created a fabulous opportunity for the criminal, who overnight took over the entire liquor trade of the enormous country. A document from the files of the Wickersham Commission, investigating crime, puts a spotlight on the new order of things in the underworld. In the course of an investigation a detective had to look up an underworld acquaintance.

"I drove out to his home, which turned out to be one of the loveliest country homes I have ever seen in a suburb so close to the city. It was summer. Rare plants spotted his well-kept lawn and a garage housed three cars. When I rang the bell a butler, of the English type such as you see in high society plays on the stage, opened the door. I told him I wanted to see Mr. X. 'The master is not at home, sir.' I waited until the master came home. A high-powered car drove up, a liveried flunkey threw open the door, and out stepped my old friend X, a cheap crook I had known in pre-prohibition days. He and his kind, when I or my men arrested them not so many years ago, lived in East Side hovels, and if they were lucky their friends were able to get £100 to £200 together in ten or twelve days so as to get them out on bail while awaiting trial. But to-day, when these buckos are arrested, some of the highest-price lawyers drive down to the courts in their clients' cars and with a handful of Government bonds or £100 notes put up security for the bootleggers. It is a Great Racket."

Small wonder that, disposing of fabulous revenues, the gang chiefs not only defied the Government, but set up a Government of their own, whose law they enforced by murder. City politicians were bought, police chiefs bribed, even judges "fixed" through bribes or political pressure, and gunmen intimidated juries. Despairing of local action to clean up the gangs, the Federal Government in Hoover's day took thought on the subject. But it found itself at every turn up against State rights, jealously guarded. Imagine the reaction of English county authorities and local politicians and chief constables to the suggestion that Scotland Yard should police the British nation and you get a mild idea of what the reaction was in the centres of power in the various States at any Washington suggestion for a modification of State rights in order to allow a federal police force to get at the fountain head of the gangs.

Even a Bill to make it more difficult for professional killers to get machine-guns and revolvers and ammunition was blocked in Congress. It infringed on the rights of States in regard to the arming or disarming of citizens inside the State territory.

This was the situation when Al Capone went into conference with his lawyer on that little matter of a writ for alleged evasion of income tax. To a crime tsar who has been up to his eyebrows in every sort of crime, from murder to white slave trafficking, this looked like a joke. The lawyer, however, speedily induced his client to take another view of it. It was a federal affair, which meant a federal court and a federal judge. All the political "fixes" so laboriously built up to protect the bootleg king in his State and city fortress collapsed before this single flank attack directed from the seat of the Central Government in Washington.

Investigation of the Capone accounts showed profits comparable to Rockefeller's estates. Found guilty, not of murder or of bootlegging, but of failing to make a return of his income or to contribute to the cost of government, Capone was fined £10,000 and sentenced to 11 years in jail.

The fallen potentate went into exile with a good grace. He was, perhaps, fortunate after all. For the liquor racket was suffering like every other business under the depression. Profits were drying up, and to cut costs involved terrible risks; for it was only a weight of easy money that kept the gangs together and assured police tolerance and political protection. The incessant war of gang against gang intensified. Gang revolts increased as henchmen grew disgruntled with the Big Shot's share of the diminishing loot.

Then in came Roosevelt and the New Dealers, the dry laws were repealed, and the days of the Great Racket were over. Overnight the big money of crime passed from bootlegging to bank robbery and kidnapping, especially kidnapping.

The advantage of the "Snatch Racket" lies in the fact that in the majority of cases relatives and friends of kidnapped victims will deal directly with the criminals without informing the police. No one knows how many persons have been kidnapped and returned when ransoms were paid without a word leaking out to the authorities. The big move into "snatching" began when the criminal element learned from the Lindbergh and other much-publicised cases that honest and law-abiding citizens would rather part with small fortunes to recover those dear to them than risk the victim's death by reporting the affair to the police.

Some of the gangs had gained experience of snatching during the bootlegging era. In Detroit the Purples specialised in "snatching" minor underworld characters, taking them at the rate of 300 a year. Snatching as an organised gang racket is so recent that Hoover's famous Crime Commission did not touch on this phase of crime activity. They thought that what kidnapping existed was only what it had always been—an old Italian custom. The kidnappers began by preying on gamblers and bootleggers. These victims would be released after paying £100 or £200. But as the racket grew so did the ransoms. They rose to £4,000 and £10,000, as the snatchers began to kidnap wealthy brokers, successful nightclub proprietors, bankers or their sons, an oil magnate or two, and the son of our old friend, Jacob Factor. The family of John O'Connell, son of a powerful political leader, had to pay £50,000 to get him back.

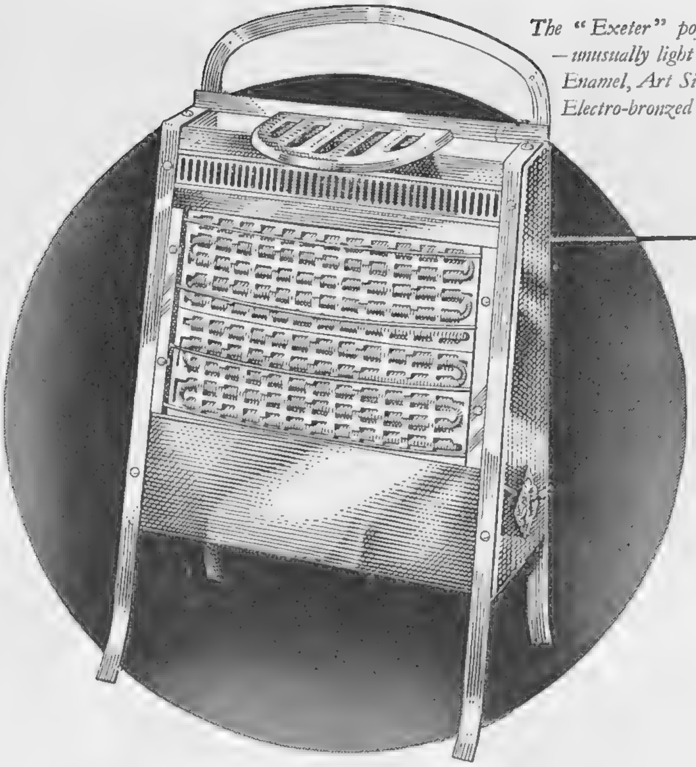
The police confronted a new and baffling situation. When the liquor racket was roaring the police knew the chief gangsters personally. Most were city celebrities. If one did something which put him in a hot spot, the police usually knew where to pick him up. Picked up, he could be taken to headquarters for interrogation—with or without the aid of rubber clubs and boots.

But now organised crime was departing from the cities and taking to the open, where banks are less guarded, police fewer and slower-witted, and kidnapped victims are easier to hide. The State police found themselves up against bad men with speedy cars and sub-machine guns, who moved with lightning rapidity from place to place over wide, sparsely populated areas.

Dillinger was the archtype of the new criminal. Bank robberies were his speciality. His long lease of life puzzles people who do not know the conditions under which he worked. He was an inter-State operator. Now, there is no close police co-operation between States, especially in what American criminologists call the "crime corridor," the belt running from Wisconsin and Minnesota into Texas, taking in, along with cities like Chicago, immense stretches of wild, gorge-torn country, where the guardian of law and order is the small-town cop and the comic-opera sheriff. Dillinger was known only by his picture and a description in most places. Neither is likely to be much use when a criminal can change his appearance as easily and completely as Dillinger did. It is a curious fact, too, that only half the States have criminal identification bureaux.

In general, the twilight zone of authority between the State and federal authority, which had given Capone his big chance, and which the liquor barons exploited by bringing in professional killers from another State to do the bumping-off jobs, and then packing them back quickly whence they came, played into the hands

(*Continued on page* 80)



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of roving gangs in the new days that had come.

But down in Washington the New Dealers were proving a more determined crowd than their political predecessors. They cajoled and bullied the States until they scored quite a triumph. They got the last session of Congress to pass a sheaf of Bills drafted by Justin Miller, head of the criminal law section of the Bar Association, and a great criminologist. These new laws closed gaps in a law code designed more to protect the innocent from crooked courts or faulty justice than to bring swift retribution to the guilty.

Now, if a criminal kills a U.S. officer, or robs a national bank, or flees across State lines to escape prosecution for a major crime, or indulges in the inter-State traffic in stolen property, he is up against the Federal Government, instead of, as before, only the State Government. There is a new law, too, which enables federal agents to enter a kidnapping case after the seventh day, on the ground that there has been a transfer over a State border.

At the same time Congress voted a million pounds for the enlargement of the Division of Investigation, corresponding to our Scotland Yard and the French Surêté Generale, and the recruitment of a new force of police storm troops equipped with 20 armoured cars, 200 high-speed squad cars, machine guns, rifles, gas bombs, bullet-proof vests, and other appurtenances advisable for police pursuing the American-type crime guerillas.

These measures proved fatal to the redoubtable Dillinger. It was neither State nor city police, but these federal storm troops who hunted him inexorably, and at last shot him down in an alleyway in Chicago. There he lay dead in the city which had seen flashy Joe Colsimo, smiling Dion O'Banion, Johnny Torrio, the Italian gang leader, Roger Tuohy, the Napoleonic Alphonse Capone, and other famous robber barons come and go. But he had nothing in common with those opulent and glittering kinds of the bootlegging racket. Although he belonged to the new crime epoch, he was, psychologically, a throwback to the days of Jesse James and the Western desperadoes, despite the fact that technically he was up to the minute in every detail of speed machine, machine-gun, gang organisation, and even in advance of the times in his method of disguise—acid for the finger-tips and a surgical operation to change the face.

It may be that American crime will gradually become less spectacular, and that the murder rate of 12,000 a year will decline as the new police storm troops gain experience and new laws are tightened up and applied, the new national institute of criminology is set up, the new measures to raise police standards take effect, and, in general, the front is strengthened against the desperado gangster who has replaced the liquor baron in the headlines.

Why not? Capone is in jail, Dillinger is dead. The police have broken up most of the notorious gangs operating within city limits. The Little Jewish Navy has been smashed. The Unione Siciliana, split by an internal quarrel which saw 14 Mafiosi, including president Sam-Sings-in-the-Night, killed in six weeks, was finally destroyed when 60 policemen with gas masks, bombs, machine-guns, rifles, and sawed-off shot guns, besieged their headquarters. The Purple Gang has been reduced to a shadow of its former robust self by bumping-off and jailings.

But criminologists who have studied the phenomena think it will be 20 years before the debris of the bootleg era is cleared away. The bootleg gangs learnt a lot about organisation and the mechanism of big-city life, and they are active now in the trade and labour rackets, which are really an American adaptation of the Sicilian Mafia game—the levying of "protection" money on individuals and business. Some of these American big-city rackets take in revenues of £50,000 and £100,000 a year. The procedure is simple. The gang round up, say, all the fishmongers in the city, or one section of it. It will cost each fishmonger two pounds a month to come into the protective association. If he stands out, someone cuts off his supplies, or throws a bomb into his shop (so that the insurance company will not renew his policy), or beats up his delivery men (so that he cannot get anyone to work for him). Usually he joins the protective association, and gets the cost back by adding it to the price of his fish.

There are scores of businesses, from vegetables to garages, which lend themselves admirably to the racket. The thing usually runs smoothly enough, with a minimum of trouble for all concerned, until a rival gang becomes envious. Then there is a gang war which lasts until one or the other of the leaders gets bumped off, when the rank and file retire, find a new leader, and look for another racket.

Into this highly organised and systematic field of extortion many of the abler of the bootlegging fraternity have gone, leaving the bodyguards and "gorillas," the "muscle men" and "torpedoes," and the tough-boys generally, to try their hand at "snatching" and bank robbing and running "hot" oil, car stealing, and other minor toilsome enterprises.

It would, of course, be a major error to imagine that all the big barons who formerly controlled the pipe lines from the brewers and stills to the city's vast dry throat have packed their bags, clapped on their hats, and departed for the wild open spaces where Dillinger roamed and raided. Some of the most successful, cold, hard, able, balanced individualists took care to avoid the limelight which made Capone the most publicised person, in his last two years, in the United States. They remained under cover, delegated the rough work to henchmen, and accumulated huge fortunes at a speed equalled only by major profiteers in the Great War. When repeal came in sight they made skilful plans for a strategic withdrawal from the underworld scene. Some of them have crossed over to the legal liquor business, having become the owners of breweries and distilleries and trucking companies. Others have become retired capitalists, gentlemen of leisure.

The children of the cream of these feudal barons of the dry era underworld face an interesting future. Several barons are known to have sent their sons and daughters to Europe to be educated in the most expensive and cultured manner far from the scenes where the paternal wealth was won. In course of time the origin of that wealth will be forgotten, as the origin of so much contemporary wealth is forgotten, although some of it dates back only to the Great War profiteering era. The progeny of the bootleg era feudal barons, groomed, educated, good-looking, smart, amusing, poised, attractive, well-schooled in the social graces, backed by money, will eventually percolate into high society. Here a boy will marry the daughter of an aristocrat, native or foreign; there a girl will be espoused by someone listed in Debrett or the Social Register.

Three generations hence, and who will recall that the handsome young Mr. X dining a party at the Ritz before going up to the grouse moor he has rented, or the attractive Miss Y, in town for the season before going on to her Biarritz villa, is explained by the law of the survival of the fittest in the American underworld in an epoch of unparalleled opportunity for the grand-scale criminal who bumped off his enemies with the direct-mindedness of any Hitler?

As many people will recall it as recall that this rich aristocrat's fortune dates back to a forced marriage with a weakminded heiress, or that great family is explained by the loot of Church lands, or that this title came out of the bed of a king long dead, or that one was bought by passing a share of war-won profits into a political party's coffers.

That is to say, for all practical purposes, nobody.

End

Casanova, "Chevalier du Plaisir" and Prince of lovers. In his element when into beauty's ear he was pouring his unrivalled wit, and his tales of exquisite pomades and secret perfumes which were the handmaidens of love.

History records that he loved all beautiful women! That they loved him—sometimes with a life-long devotion—is a tribute to his conquering charm.

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Parisian, yet belonging to the world, to *your* world, to the world of women everywhere who delight in the exquisite.

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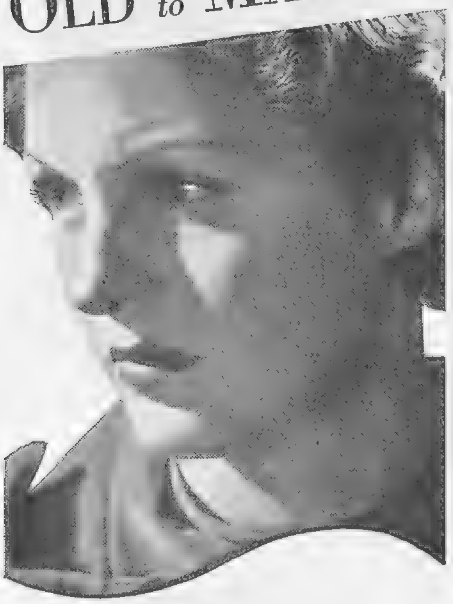

NEVER! Pale, colourless lips may age your face . . . cause people to think you older than you are. But there *is* a way to make yourself look more youthful . . .

Simply emphasize the natural colour in your lips! Not with ordinary lipsticks, mind you; all too often they jar with natural colour and succeed only in making your lips look conspicuous with paint.

What you need is the lipstick that intensifies the natural rose of your lips . . . without risking that painted look. This lipstick is called Tangee. It isn't paint. It's a lipstick that changes colour to match your own!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Only Tangee contains the original colour-change principle that makes it blend with your complexion. Moreover, Tangee's special cream-base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Becomes part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee to-day. 4/6, 2/6 and 6d sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for evening use. From all Chemists and Stores.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . . make the face seem older.

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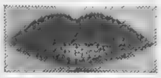
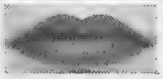


TANGEE—Intensifies natural colour, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Changes to natural colouring! Permanent too! Colour stays natural all day long!

LUFT-TANGEE LTD.
Johnson's Place, Pimlico,
London, S.W.1

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

A Bouquet of Flowers

(*Continued from page 27*)

its background the distant sounds of the city waking now to its night-time life.

They met again, second of many meetings. "The Mouse" was radiant. Even in the chancellery, where they noticed nothing, they grew aware of the change in him.

The meetings went on. After the third, and at her advice, they changed their *rendezvous*. They met, they whispered. "The Mouse" watched her with blinking, avid eyes, and that was all. She sighed, she pouted, she let her hand rest near his upon the seat. He longed to take it, but he did not dare. But she, who had given such openings before and had never had them received thus, was intrigued. Often, when he was not conscious of it, she watched him. He was a nice boy. Presently some disgusting woman would get hold of him. It was rather sad. She grew as fond of him as she was likely to be of anyone, but each meeting which led only to sighs made it more difficult for the next one to lead to more. "The Mouse" grew love-sick; he moped in the chancellery, and his vagueness and forgetfulness grew ever more pronounced.

Then in the end, inevitably, someone from one of the other Legations saw him and the wife of the Greek Attaché in a secluded corner, looking into each other's eyes. At last there was something new to talk about, and by dinner time the following night everyone in their little world had heard of it, everyone except the wife of the British Minister. Alone with her memories, and watching in a dim and distant mirror her faded beauty, she sat dark-eyed, smiling faintly as they narrated to her this new snatch of gossip which would for a day or two relieve the tedium of their lives. But she herself had been in that world so long, and in so much more splendid versions of it, that she seldom listened to what they said; and so it was she never heard about "The Mouse."

Several times, no doubt, they spoke of him, telling her the latest gossip of the *affaire*.

"'The Mouse,'" she would say. "Yes, such a lovely summer, this one, yet that poor young man never seems to fall in love."

"At any rate he does not dare declare his love."

"He never falls in love," she would say. "So strange. No, he never seems to fall in love. Long ago———."

THE summer heat grew cruel. The days were long, sad silences, dark aching voids of sleeplessness. Then autumn came. The heat broke suddenly, and the year had run its course. As for "The Mouse's" love affair, it had slowly wilted, for in that heat love needs but a few weeks to form and flower and fruit and die. His had never flowered at all and, a sered unopened bud, the season left it, without a chance to face another season. Not that it mattered, as it happened, for the husband of his lady-love had been ordered to Rome and she, though her summer had been wasted, did not think it worth while to look round and start another affair before she left. And, after all, it had not been altogether a waste of time, for no one but herself knew how little the love affair had led to, while her conquest of an English Attaché, and one normally so indifferent to women, had added yet another jewel to her crown; and, as for her husband, he boasted openly of her success. She had, indeed, become fond of her poor "Mouse," and when the day of her departure drew near she told him that they could put aside their usual caution and that he might come to the dockside to see her sail. He might watch her steamer till it was but a speck upon the ocean.

But hers was not the only departure of that winter, for greater fry were leaving, too. The British Minister's term of service was at an end, and he, and his far more famous wife, were returning to England.

"The Mouse" was busy. There was much to be done. Details, as long as they could be tabulated, were his province in the chancellery. It was he who would arrange for the packing of the Minister's furniture and belongings, for their conveyance to the liner, for their stowage and insurance. He would arrange for the red matting and for where the Foreign Minister of the Republic and his retinue should bid their farewell to the departing diplomat. And, to be there before the representatives of the local Government and Diplomatic Corps appeared, he must be there a good half-hour before the Legation car was timed to arrive. And in that lay the difficulty, for the liner on which his lady-love was leaving for Italy was to sail only half an hour before that which was to carry his own chief back to England and retirement. With skill and care the two things might be fitted in, but only just.

He made his final preparations. He bought the bouquet of roses which he would give to his lady-love at parting. He wrote a few words on his visiting card, words which would reveal to her his love, and he slipped it in among the flowers.

The last evening came. There was a farewell reception at the British Legation and "The Mouse" was in attendance.

Even after dinner there was much to be done. With a handful of notes he went upstairs, checked over the luggage and made arrangements. The Minister, too, sat up late, so it was nearly two o'clock before "The Mouse" reached his rooms in that quiet house in the old town. For a long time he sat there on the edge of a long chair, too wretched to go to bed. He was a failure! He had never dared to tell her. Now she was going. This, he was sure, was the most important and the most terrible thing that would ever happen to him, but it was symbolic of all that ever would; for in all things he would fail. He was miserable, yet he still tried to be methodical, for method was all he could set up against his vagueness and bad memory. So he determined to leave nothing to chance or to the servant whom he had found undependable. He set his alarm clock, to wake him at half-past eight. He set it with care, but he forgot to move the catch to "wake" and left it at "silent."

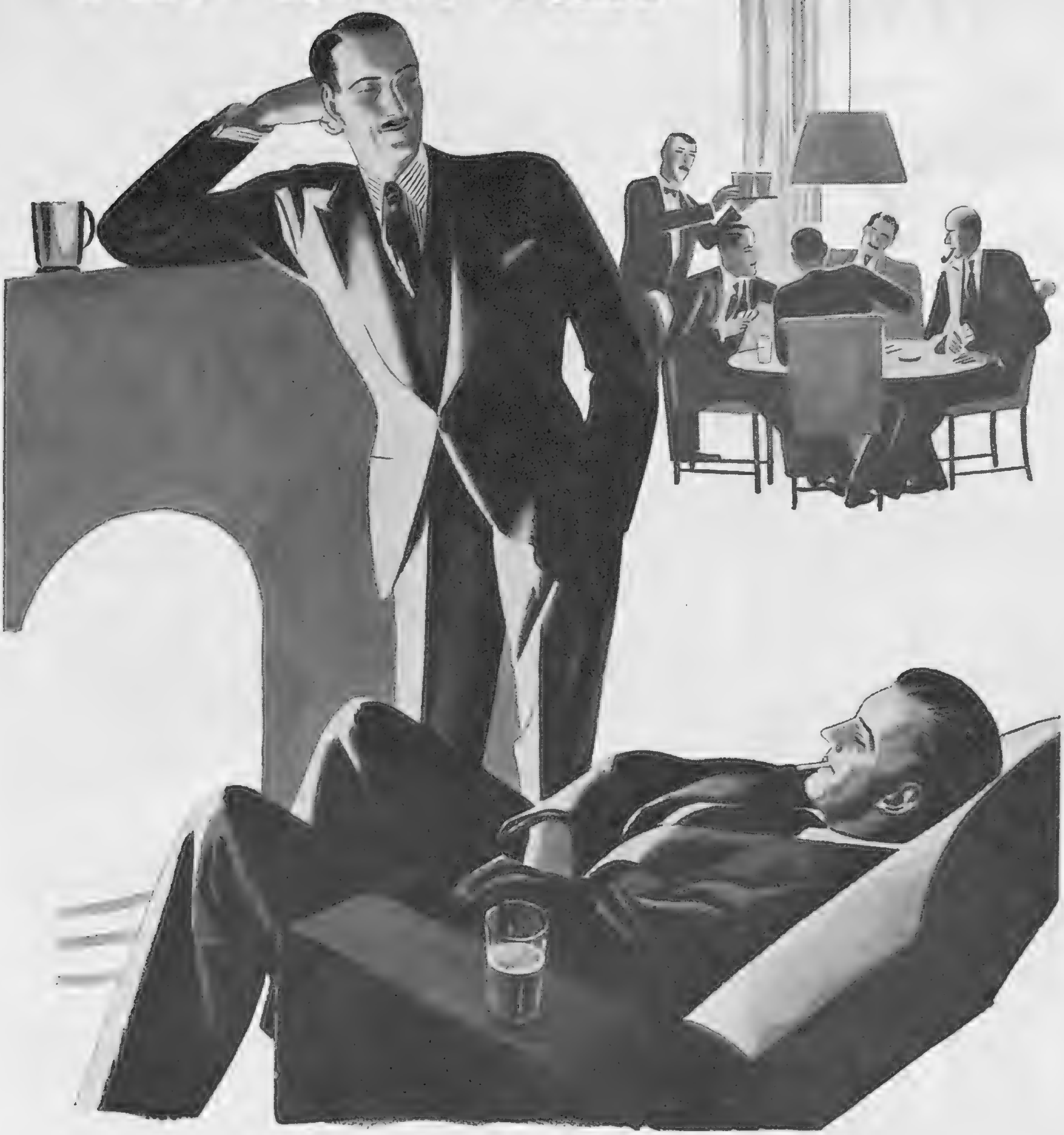
When he awoke next morning, it was to find his morning tea cold on the table by his side. It was already half-past nine. He sprang out of bed, stared into his glass and decided that, as he had shaved the night before for dinner, his slight pale growth was hardly noticeable. Hastily but fumblingly he dressed himself, seized the bouquet of roses, hurried out to his car, which he had left outside, and set off for the docks. But it was too late and, though for once he drove furiously, he reached the quayside only in time to find the Italian liner had already stood out from it. His eyes searched her decks. A little familiar pigeon-breasted figure, a hat he remembered and a fluttering handkerchief—that was all he saw of her, and that was all he ever saw of her again.

The crowd had cleared away with the exception of a few Italians who, having seen off compatriots, now sobbed in each other's arms. "The Mouse" stood there utterly dejected, awkward but restrained, very Anglo-Saxon amidst those expressive contortions of Latin grief. Forgotten, dangling at his side, hung the bouquet of roses.

He stirred himself. Once again he had shown his utter insufficiency. Once again he had failed. And, unless he hurried, he would be too late even for his professional duty. Half stunned, he mounted into the high, buggy-like car and drove off to the other steamer's berth. There she lay, her upper decks towering above the quayside, a plume of steam hissing from behind one funnel, the Peter at the fore. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and his retinue were already there. "The Mouse" bowed, shook hands many times

(*Continued on page 84*)

The best call



THE traditional call for beer continues to be the best for our countrymen and our climate. In the silence that the rigour of the game demands, in the animated talk that follows, beer will provide both inspiration and solace. And the barley-malt meanwhile is doing you good.

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and joined them. Presently the Legation carriage arrived, and behind it victorias with the rest of the staff.

"The Mouse" reached the door of the carriage just in time and stood by while the wife of the Minister descended. Feeling more dejected than ever before in all his life, he led the way to the gang-plank. The Minister for Foreign Affairs also came on board and remained making conversation to the departing British diplomat.

The siren sounded, spreading a mist of liquefying steam. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and his retinue withdrew and the staff of the Legation filed past their chief for their final handshake. Last of them all came "The Mouse."

"Well, my boy," said the older man. "Good luck to you, and thank you for——" Suddenly he saw the bouquet of roses. He called his wife. "Look, dear, look what 'The Mouse' has brought for you."

She trailed towards them smiling that beautiful, tired smile of hers. "The Mouse," scarlet and more at a loss than ever, surrendered the flowers, bade an inarticulate farewell and, last man to go ashore, hastened back across the gangway.

He did not wait. He could not wait. For he had not had a chance to extricate that card of his with that message on it, and now even his chief would know how he had loved his Greek and how, almost worse, he had loved to no avail. He had always been a failure, a fool, and now his career was ruined.

Alone in her cabin sat the wife of the retiring British Minister. Before her on the table were spread those three dozen roses, and in her hands she held "The Mouse's" card. She read :

To one I loved with a love I never dared declare.

For a long time she sat looking at that card and, behind it, at the long, flickering film of her life. So many had loved her, and this poor boy had been the last. And she had never guessed. She had hardly noticed him. Yet it had been best so, the last note all muted. She laid down the card. And he had seemed merely a shy, awkward boy. But under that there had been this delicacy, this discretion, this high sense of honour. Yet at the end, and because he had loved her so, he had found this way to tell her.

She rose, went over to the little curtained window of the cabin and stood looking out at the fast-receding-continent. This was the end of her life, or the end of all that to her, as a woman, mattered. She had been so sad. The end had seemed so bitter. And at the last this boy's devotion had taken all the bitterness away. So many had loved her, men of his profession, ambassadors whose names would live in history. Perhaps some day his would. He was humble, but he had understanding ; devoted, but he had tact ; he had that unsuspected strength of purpose and that rare sense of honour. He would go far. Perhaps this boy who was young enough to have been her son, almost to have been her grandson, would some day be the greatest of all those who had loved her. No doubt he had a future, a fine future. She would speak to Bob about him. Now "Bob" was her younger brother ; he had years of useful political life before him, and he was, also, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

And that is why "The Mouse" is now His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary holding one of the three most coveted of the embassies. And that is why he is there thanks to, and not in spite of . . . his shyness, his vagueness, his forgetfulness. Yet that is, perhaps, attributing too much to these peculiarities of his, and, perhaps, the true cause of his being where he is was simply a bouquet of flowers.

END

The Cinderella Dog

(Continued from page 31)

It was dreadful. Dogs do not like having their photographs taken. They can't walk about while it is going on. Then women called to see me and said : "Oh, his nose is shorter than my dog's." I did not know how long my nose was, or how short it was. I only knew I loved Wonderful Lady.

Then they took me to a building where there was a meeting, and someone measured my nose and then someone else said "He must be adopted as the standard."

There were about eight people there, and each one of them said their dogs' noses were longer or shorter. They argued about how long my nose ought to be, and they said all dogs with longer noses were not to be allowed to join. They were starting a new club, it seemed to me. Oh, there was so much arguing, and so much fuss and so much worry. Then they said we were to be called Lhassa Apsos. I don't know what it means.

Now, whenever someone calls at our house, I have to be brought out.

They do not say "What a dear!" or "What a lovely mongrel!" They say "Do you think he will win the First Prize ?" Wonderful Lady says I *am* the Prize.

I am quite a celebrity now. They used to call me Woozy, but now I have a long name. I am Prince something of somewhere. I cannot spell it, but it sounds very important.

They call me "The Cinderella dog." They say I am the first dog in the world who was a mongrel and then became a great thoroughbred, but was a fairy prince all the time.

Every time someone calls I have to hear the long story about the monkey-cage. And I have to see them stare at my Kennel Club certificate.

I am supposed to look ashamed when my disgraceful origin is mentioned ; but I am proud of it.

Besides, I liked being a mongrel.

And soon there is going to be a show, and I am to be taken there and put in a cage. Wonderful Lady says she won't be able to go, so I shall not see her. I don't want a cup. I want to be with Wonderful Lady.

Mind you, Wonderful Lady is just the same. She says "We loved him when he was a mongrel, and we love him still. Even if he were a mongrel now, we should love him just the same."

That is all very well when I am in the house. But the moment I go outside there is more fuss about my being a thoroughbred than there was about my being a mongrel.

I used to love another mongrel dog quite near, but when I became a Prince they chose a wife for me, and I do not like her. One day, a small puppy came to our house. Where it came from, I do not know. They say it is mine, but I do not think much of it.

Wonderful Lady cuddles it too much. I do not like that. When first my wife came, she cuddled her too much. Now they do the same to the puppy. I feel almost neglected.

Every now and then, Wonderful Lady says, "Ah, Woozy, we still love you the best of all."

But I want to be loved all the time. I do not want a prize wife or a prize puppy. And I do not want any prizes myself. I want to be a mongrel again.

Perhaps if I make the ugliest face I can, I shall lose the prize and then I shall be a mongrel again.

It is nice being a mongrel. You can do what you like. It is not nice being a thoroughbred. There are too many rules about it.

Besides, dogs are just dogs. Don't they know ?

It's silly suddenly being a Prince. Perhaps, if I had been one all my life, I should have got used to it.

They say I may found a dynasty. I don't think much of that.

I want to be a mongrel again. Then I should be loved for myself. That is much nicer. . . .

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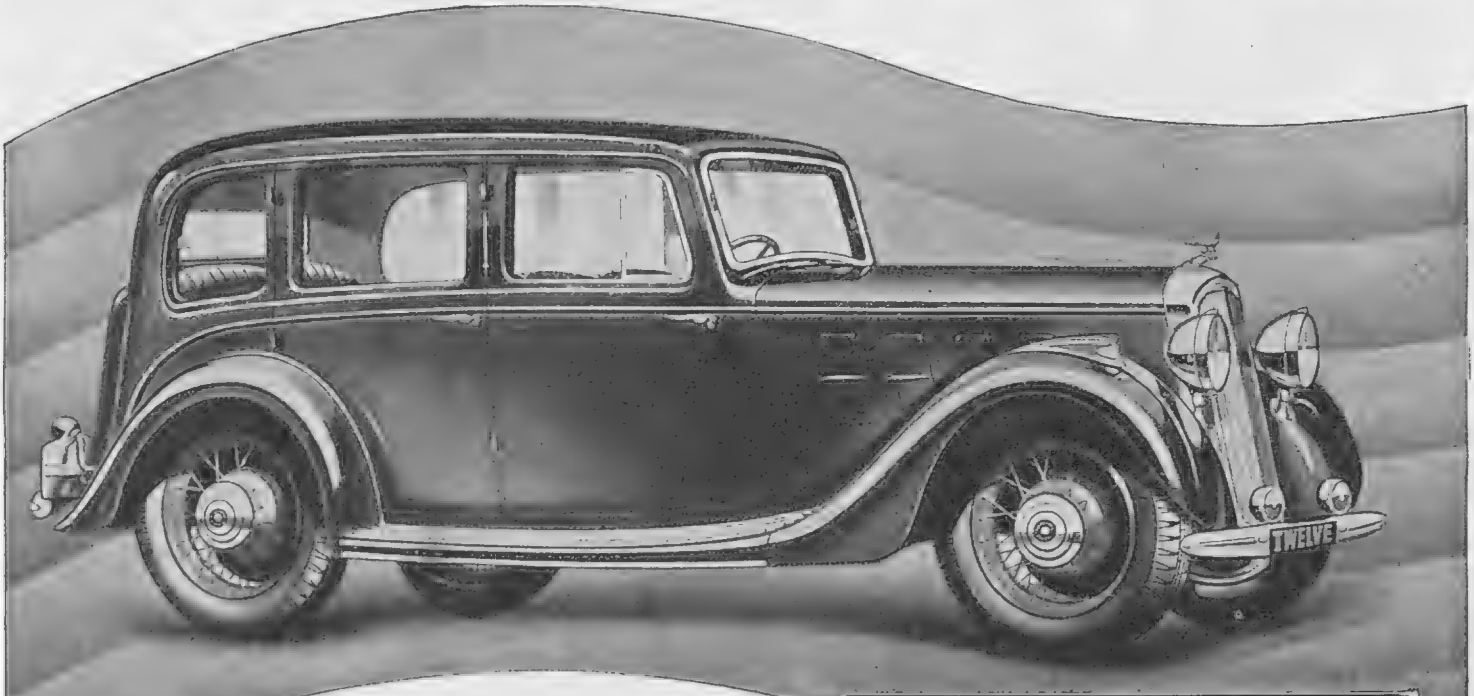

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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 49)

While they were reloading their arquebuses, Morgan flung the rest of the pirates into the fray. A swift encircling movement detached the struggling horses from the Spanish infantry that pounded to the rescue.

The Spanish army fell into a state of inferiority, moral if not numerical.

The words "We win" that ran from lip to lip transformed each pirate to a ravening beast.

They poured tumblerfuls of powder in the capacious barrels of their arquebuses and carbines. They fired—and the circling hills gave back a hundred echoed shots for every volley.

At a given moment, an avalanche of bulls hurtled against the ranks of the pirates. The spectacle was fantastic, disconcerting, terrible.

Two thousand terrified, terrifying animals, surging, seething, roaring, bellowing, screaming, with lowered horns and tails erect. . . .

They passed up a hillock, poised in menace above it, and came down in a cascading cataract of living brute flesh.

The voices of the officers grated in command, "Hold fast. Stand firm. Fire!" The ordered volley made the earth vibrate under their feet.

The bestial phalanx wavered, staggered, wheeled, surged back and forth, veered, swayed, pawed the ground, went mad. They leaped on one another's backs. They thudded away to meet their fellows charging against them from the other way.

The red flags of the pirates—true Bolsheviks—lured the bulls to their doom. Some of them speared the scarlet banners on their horns—red lamps of destruction through the wrack. Finally, the huge mass of brutes turned towards the city, trampling the ranks of the Spaniards in an irresistible rush, destroying, flattening, annihilating.

The pirates followed behind this moving shield as behind the wall of martyrs on an earlier field to the advance.

The few survivors of the hapless cavalry had fled. The infantry in complete disorder made for the city as best they could, leaving behind them wounded and dead by hundreds.

Two hours later, the pirates were the sole survivors on the battle-field. The bushes had been beaten. The shrubs had been searched. Any fugitives found therein had been killed without mercy. Among the victims were a few monks, who implored Morgan, flushed with triumph and insensate as a bull with victory, to spare their lives—in vain.

The pirates' loss had been heavy; the Spaniards had left about six hundred dead on the ground.

Still the city was not taken.

The information extorted from the prisoners was still far from reassuring, but the bold leader of the desperadoes gave the inevitable order: Forward.

Their entry into the town was saluted by fire from every corner, window, church, house, cranny, roof. . . .

The pirates were falling like tin soldiers, *but still* the cry was: Forward.

Three hours afterwards, the defence gave way. The pirates, gaining the upper hand, found themselves masters of the place. When the fire ceased and the breeze blew away the smoke and the sour fumes of powder, desolation in excelsis was revealed.

The city was great and beautiful.

It had two thousand rich homes: built of cedar, embellished with carvings, luxurious with tapestries, gracious with paintings. These were the abodes of the wealthy.

Then five thousand more houses of more modest proportions, seven monasteries, one convent, two churches glittering with gold and all that florid, flamboyant, opulent ornamentation of Spanish religious art, one hospital, hundreds of stables, stores, works, factories.

This was the prize, this lay under the heel of one man.

And he cared nothing for any treasure unless he could bear it away on board his rakish, black-sailed barque.

RIGOROUS orders had been given to prevent the pirates from drinking wine. Morgan still feared an attack from without. But the thirst of the human wild beasts was glutted with blood.

Here again I shall quote Esquemeling's words:—

> "They spared, in these their cruelties, no sex nor condition whatsoever. For, as to religious persons and priests, they granted them less quarter than unto others, unless they could produce a considerable sum of money, capable of being a sufficient ransom. Women themselves were no better used, except they would condescend unto the libidinous demands and concupiscency of the pirates. Such as would not consent unto their lust were treated with all the rigour and cruelty imaginable. Captain Morgan, their leader and commander, gave them no good example in this point. For as soon as any beautiful woman was brought as a prisoner to his presence, he used all the means he could, both of rigour and mildness, to bend her to his lascivious will and pleasure."

Fresh batches of prisoners were brought in every hour—from the surrounding country, from the little island of Tavoga, from the eyot of Tavogilla.

Amongst them was a young woman, richly attired, of such an astonishing beauty that Morgan, whose eye seized on her at once, held his peace.

Every other one of those women, destined for a pirate's prey, fell on her knees before the dictator. Many grasped their babies. Negresses, clad only in a short skirt, were snatched away by the ravening pirates as soon as the eye of their chief was turned from them to the one woman who still stood before him. *She* did not fall on her knees. She looked straight at him. Only when he ordered that she should be kept apart did she yield to an imperceptible *frisson* of fear. . . .

The word "pirate" had a special meaning for the Spanish colonists.

The most fantastic stories were told about them. Not only children, but many simple-minded grown-up people genuinely believed that the external shape of a pirate—as well as the soul—was cast in the form of a wild beast.

They were described as having horns, wings, tusks, by many who had never seen them—even as the Egyptians of the Ptolemies thought of the legionaries of Rome.

Women especially were astonished to find that the pirates were, physically, no different from their own men-folk.

The beautiful captive remonstrated. She begged not to be separated from her companions in affliction. When she learned that a chosen apartment was ready for her, together with a negress at her service, fear laid its icy finger that had touched her lips on her heart. She doubled her resistance and her pleas—in vain.

Soon after she was installed in her stately prison, she received the first dreaded visit from Captain Morgan. His civility and kindness impressed her to the point that she began to consider with uncertainty the true character of the man who kept her captive. Conversation became possible between them.

She told him that she was married to a rich merchant who had gone to Peru on important business. She had run away from Panama as soon as she had received the first news of the approaching of the pirates, confident that she would escape the dangers of the invasion.

He jested with her, yet maintaining a perfectly correct and chivalrous attitude. He kissed her hand and went, leaving behind a woman in a hundred minds.

In the evening delicious dishes were sent from Morgan's table to her apartment—to the utmost delight

(*Continued on page* 88)

The most successful ten of 1934 + + + +

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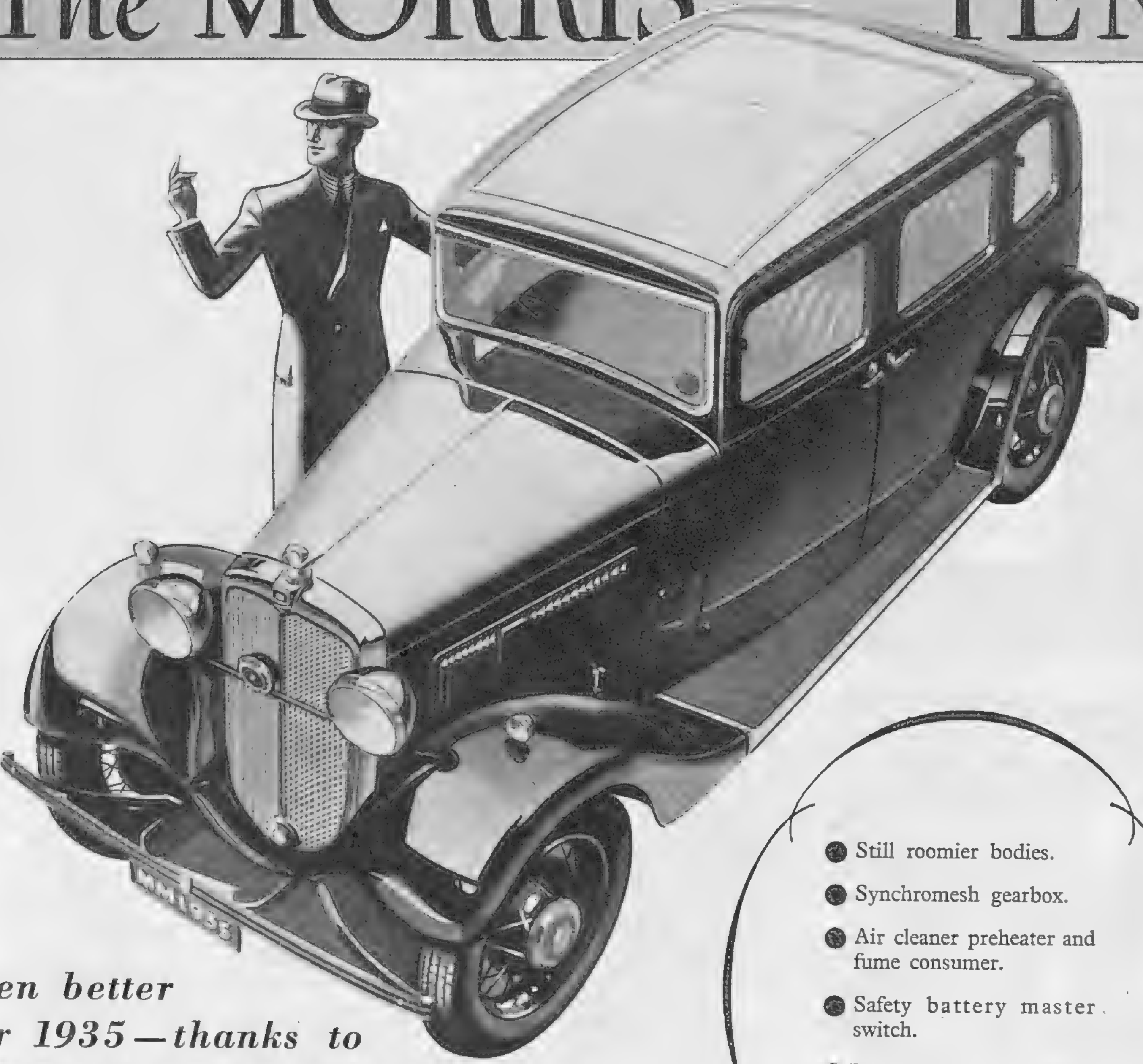

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of the little negro slave, whose simple mind could not perceive in such good gifts any ill intention.

THE next day Captain Morgan paid another visit. He politely asked if he could do anything toward the comfort of his guest. He stressed significantly the word "guest."

This time he was superbly dressed. He even wore the perriwig.

The girl could not help constantly remembering the old Spanish proberb "Heed not the devil's smile: he is after your soul."

And rightly.

Any optimistic impression was soon dispelled.

His conversation became very objectionable. He used words with a double meaning. He told her gross jokes at which only he laughed. He continuously attempted little liberties, gently but steadily repulsed.

For a long time he persisted, never realising that the forced smile of the girl was nothing but the conventional patience of one who cannot run away.

She used every possible pretext to call the servant into the room as a source of moral brake on the buccaneer and moral support for herself.

His one or two attempts at kissing her, promptly repulsed, had been followed by humble supplications on her part not to insist. The position had gradually degenerated into a slow and unceasing chase round the furniture of the room.

Eventually he gave it up for that day. He smiled sourly to conceal his suppressed fury as the black servant opened the door for him to pass out.

Once in the open, his harsh voice could be distinctly heard giving vent to his rage. He ordered new barbarisms, fresh coercions, increased demands to assuage with the sense of power the affront to his dignity.

But the woman realised more than ever the intensity of her love for her absent husband. As a matter of fact, the chastity of her principles was not the only obstacle with which Morgan was faced.

She was in love, and love makes a woman immune from any transgression, faithful unto death.

Soon Morgan appeared again. After the usual complimentary greetings, politely but coldly acknowledged, Morgan—shrewd sailor—tried another tack. He took in his hand a little pendant hanging on her breast. Instinctively she stepped back. The necklace broke.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a tangle of jewellery.

He showed her the pieces. Then he tried to put rings on her fingers. But her hand was closed. He tried to put necklaces over her receding head—in vain.

Morgan realised that he had made another mistake. He was just in time to strangle an oath, apter to the fo'c'sle than the salon.

Seeing that his jewels had not made the slightest impression on the girl, he adopted the pose of a lover in agony. The mere presence of such a beautiful creature was an unbearable stimulus to him. He broke out in a profusion of ardent declarations. He promised to make her the richest and happiest woman in the universe. He called to witness all the Saints—in whom he did not believe. He bent his knee—emphasising just what it meant that he should perform such an act of humility. He implored her to believe in his love for her.

She remained motionless, unresponsive, unconcerned. What was there for her to say? She had exhausted every argument. She had pled in vain. She listened only because she dared not close her ears.

He edged dangerously near. Before she could speak a word or utter a cry, he took her by the shoulders and ripped her bodice.

She struggled. Her piercing scream called the servant. When the black girl appeared Morgan turned on her like a tiger, with so terrific a mien that she fled from the room.

The interruption, however, had its temporary effect. Man and woman faced each other—both prepared for the attack.

She gathered all her courage.

"No, no no. I shall never accede to your wishes as long as I live. You foolish men, ready to embrace a body which does not respond to your feeling. You! Stupidly—blindly—contented with what you take. Don't you know you don't get anything worthy to satisfy your pride? You! Masters and conquerors! Don't you know that you do not master and not conquer any woman who does not of her own free will fall into your arms? You fools! you never detect the comedies with which the woman whose body you take hides her disdain and contempt. That is the only emotion you arouse in her. That is the emotion you so easily mistake for love—vain fools——

"You! You kiss a mouth murmuring insults and curses. Repressing rebellion and nausea. Is a woman to have less choice in her mate than a heifer? God has given to womankind the instinct to select, the right of selection. You, lords of creation, men"—the word was a blow of scorn—"where is your manly dignity? where is your honour? when your strength is employed on one no match for your force?

"Try—try to make me love you as I love my husband—if you can.

"I know my life is in your hands, but that whatever you do I shall not consent though you speed my body to the earth and my soul to God."

Every word struck Morgan in the face. He felt every one. In a few seconds so many of his "gallant" conquests—say, rather, conquests of gallantry—of the past had been shown in their true colours. In the conflict of contradictory feelings that raged in drama in his soul humiliation played the title rôle. He wanted to answer—but no argument came to his paralysed mind. He was beaten and—supreme realist—he knew it.

The next day the scene changed. She was divested of all her rich dresses, her jewellery, her possessions. She was clad in rags, transferred to a basement, where once a day so little food was given to her that she could scarcely stand.

Captain Morgan was taking his revenge. Savouring it to the full. He asked a huge ransom for her freedom. Two monks went to collect the money. They never came back.

Time passed. Captain Morgan was hoisting sail. He would take aboard every prisoner who had not been ransomed. And the beautiful girl, walking between two pirates, joined the fateful march.

Her story of the monks, who had evidently absconded with the money, attracted Morgan's attention. An enquiry was made. The two scoundrels were found.

They confessed that they had used the money for their own purposes.

A ray of justice dawned in the mind of the fierce leader. He called the woman in his presence.

Her squalid appearance inspired in him a sense of pity. He stretched his hands to her and said: "I would have given all the world to keep you. Yet I shall be contented to retain in place of you whom I—in your place"—he nodded at the monks—"those two despicable blackguards. I don't want any ransom."

For the first time her old high serenity appeared on the face of the girl, accompanied by a sincere smile of gratitude. She was about to speak when he put the tips of his fingers to her lips. "Don't, please don't spoil that smile. You have nothing to fear and nothing to say. Don't spoil that smile. It is the only thing that you have given me."

The pirates released her. But as she moved out of his life she flashed to Henry Morgan one more smile. . . .

The man who had laughed at all the virtues of this world remained thoughtful and serious, stiff in the saddle. He was wondering whether a decoration had been snatched away from his proud breast, or if a new one had been earned, shone there invisible to all but himself.

Henry Morgan—buccaneer that was, Governor that was to be—was to receive the accolade from his King: but he received the earnest of Knighthood from the smile of a woman.

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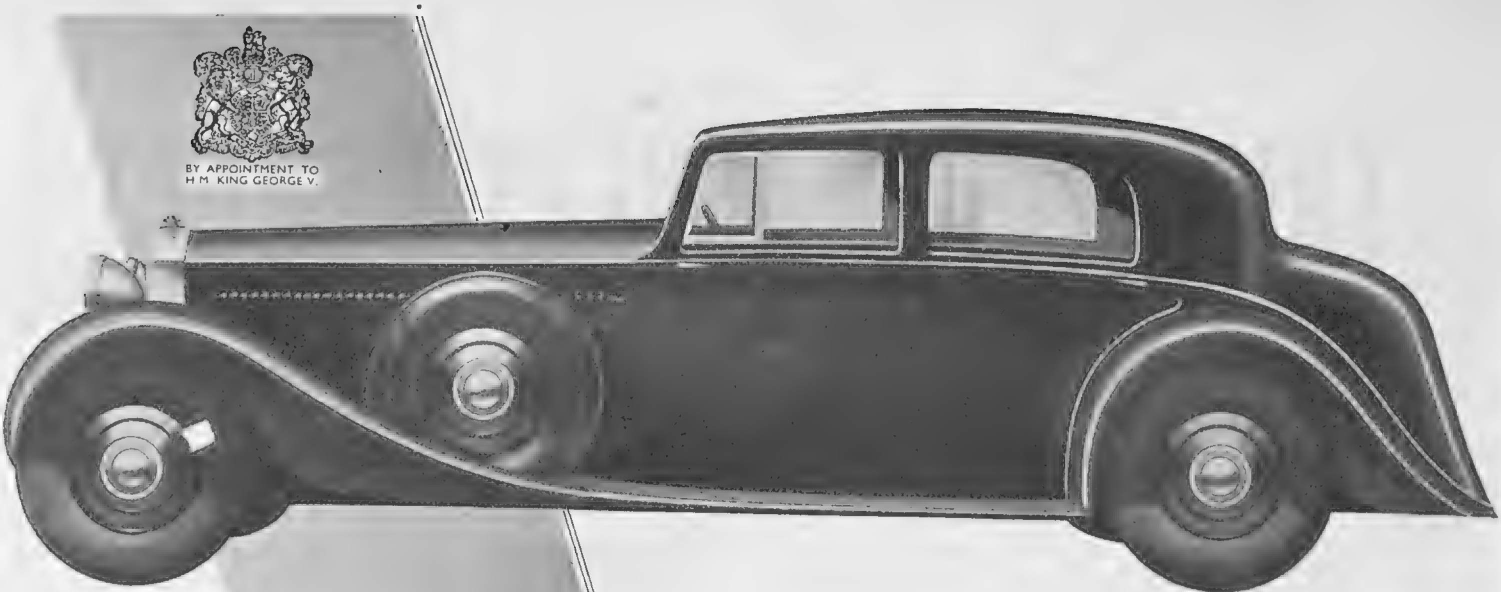

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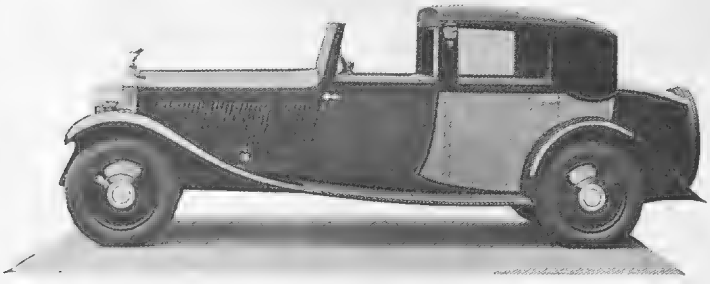

Brougham De-Ville on 20-25 h.p. Rolls-Royce Chassis.

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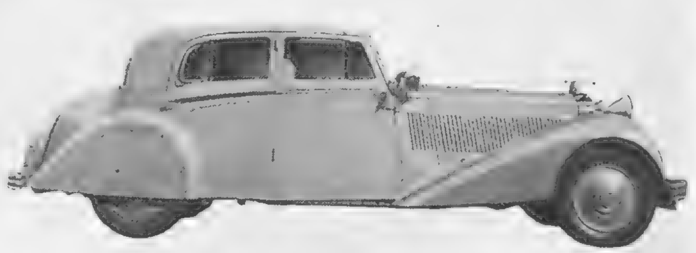

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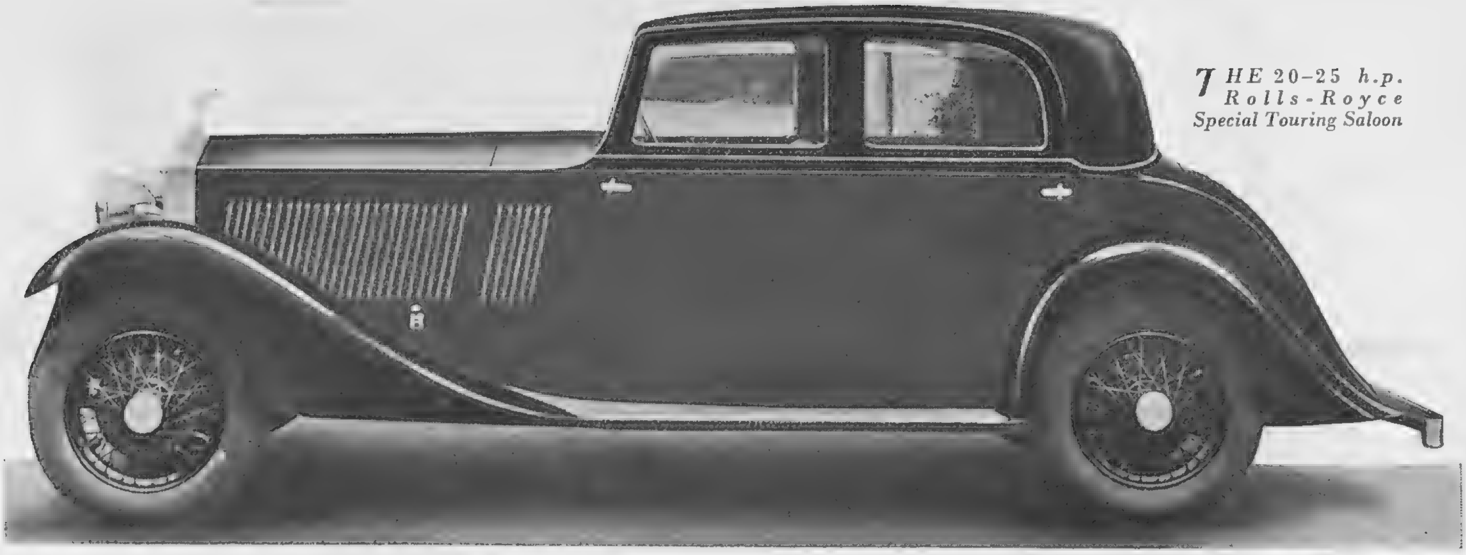

THE 20–25 h.p. Rolls-Royce Special Touring Saloon

A Medium Powered Car of Exceptional Refinement

The 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce

By
The Earl of Cardigan

"IT isn't only what she says: it's the narsty way in which she says it!" I forget where in our literature these immortal words occur; but something of the sort always comes into my head when I have been driving a Rolls-Royce car. "It isn't only what it does," I tell myself, "it's the superlatively easy way in which it does it."

Once again, driving the latest 25-h.p. model, I have been struck by the traditional Rolls-Royce combination of two essential qualities—efficient performance and perfect ease of control. Apart from the limited market for sports cars, mere performance nowadays is not enough to conjure a four-figure cheque out of the pocket of the discerning motorist. Most of the 1935 models can be relied upon to give ample speed, and plenty of power also.

Rolls-Royce refinement of running, however, remains a never failing attraction. At the present time, I understand that the Rolls-Royce company can barely turn out cars fast enough to meet the demand for them. A prominent retailer told me recently that he was selling Rolls-Royces just as quickly as he could lay hands on them!

To return to the 25-h.p. car, its sheer efficiency may be gauged by the fact that it will run from literal walking pace up to a speed well in excess of 70 m.p.h. in top gear. At all times the engine is perfectly smooth and absolutely silent. Excessively high "revs." are not involved, since the top gear ratio is about 4½ to 1. Thus it is easily possible to cruise at an honest 60 m.p.h., without any sensation of pushing the car along especially fast.

In third gear, the very creditable speed of 55 m.p.h. can be reached, so that it is possible to tackle quite steep gradients at anything between 40 and 50 m.p.h. Both third and top gears are of the synchro-mesh persuasion, so that gear changing difficulties between these two ratios are literally non-existent.

When one is at the wheel, however, it is difficult to think of this car's performance in terms of facts and figures. One is chiefly conscious of skimming over the ground at a pleasant and easy pace; and it is necessary to keep glancing at the speedometer if one wishes to translate this progress into the prosaic terms of miles per hour.

The 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce in Brief

Engine: 25-h.p., overhead valves. Exceptional smoothness and flexibility.

Gearbox: Four speeds, third and top gears synchro-mesh. Top gear ratio 4½ to 1.

Performance: Third gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear, over 70 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, good at all speeds.

Steering: Definite, with firm self-centring action.

Braking: Excellent. Very smooth and of great power.

Coachwork: Very comfortable; excellent driving position.

Chassis price: £1,050.

ROAD holding is distinctly good, and one finds onself handling this car from the first with perfect confidence. The springing is admirably graded, being sufficiently soft to provide perfect comfort at low speeds, and yet firm enough to ensure steadiness when one is travelling fast. It is not easy so to reconcile these two desirable qualities in springing.

The steering is absolutely definite, and, although light in action, has a decided self-centring action which most drivers will appreciate. The effect is to give unwavering control when cornering or when forced at speed on to the side of a steeply cambered roadway.

The braking is quite excellent, and proves that the servo brake, when expertly designed, can rival any hydraulic brake in the matter of smoothness. Very great stopping power is achieved, and yet there is never any suggestion of fierceness. One can apply the pedal instantly and firmly, but without any fear of "going through the windscreen." The hand brake, incidentally, is also a genuine brake, and is not merely supplied for parking purposes.

THE coachwork of the car which I drove was built by Messrs. Hooper and Co. to Rolls-Royce specifications. The result proved to be admirably comfortable, with plenty of space both in front and at the back. I found the driving position—a matter for which both chassis and coachwork designers are jointly responsible—to be particularly good. If there is a criticism to be found, it concerns the windscreen, which is not made to open. Such an arrangement is admirable on 360 days out of the year; but what about a strong fog-frost combination?

In more serious matters the 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce lives up to the family tradition of virtually defying criticism. It does everything that a good 25-h.p. car may be expected to do; and it does it, as I have already indicated, in a manner calculated to charm into enthusiasm even the most hardened and blasé of motorists.

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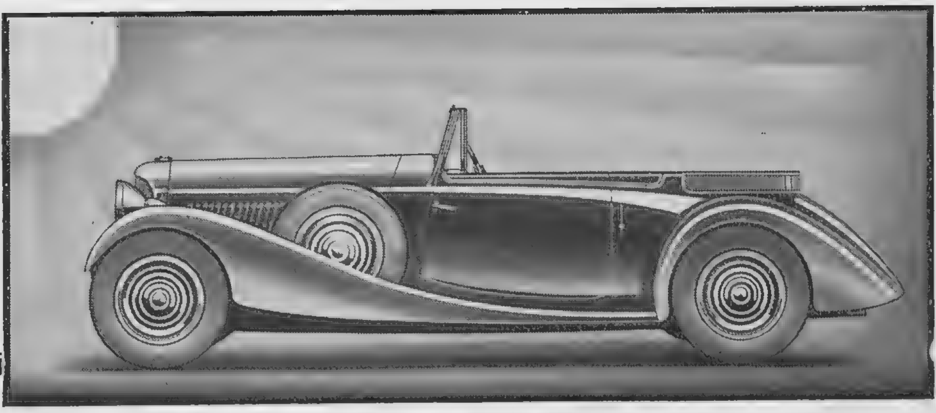

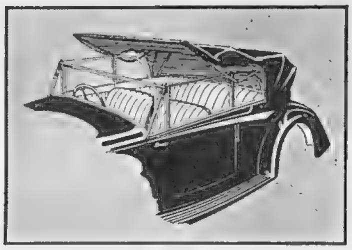

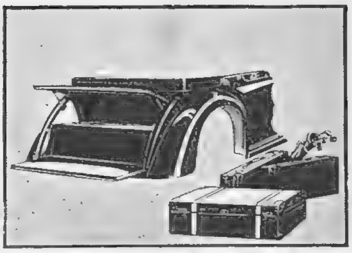

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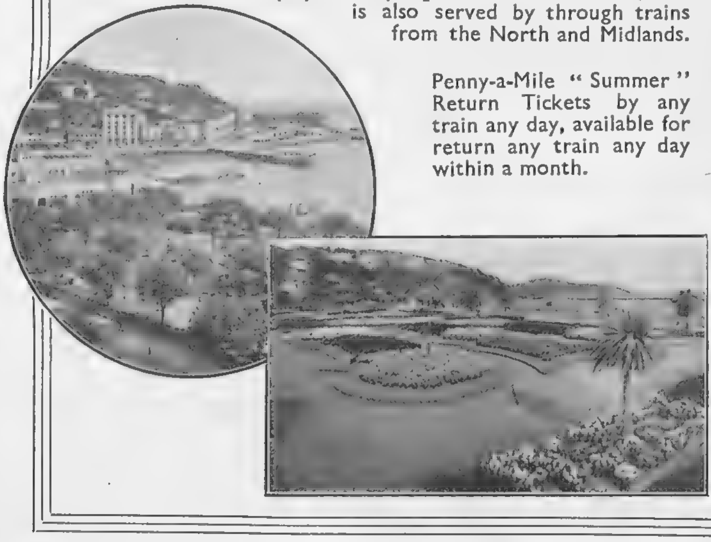

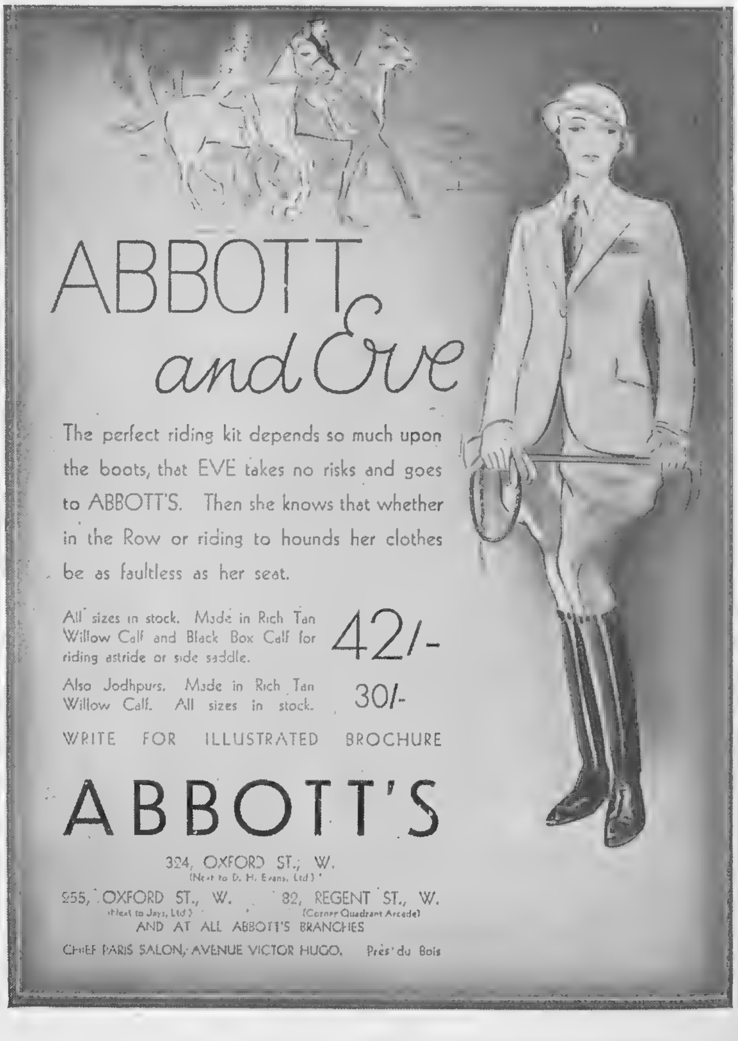

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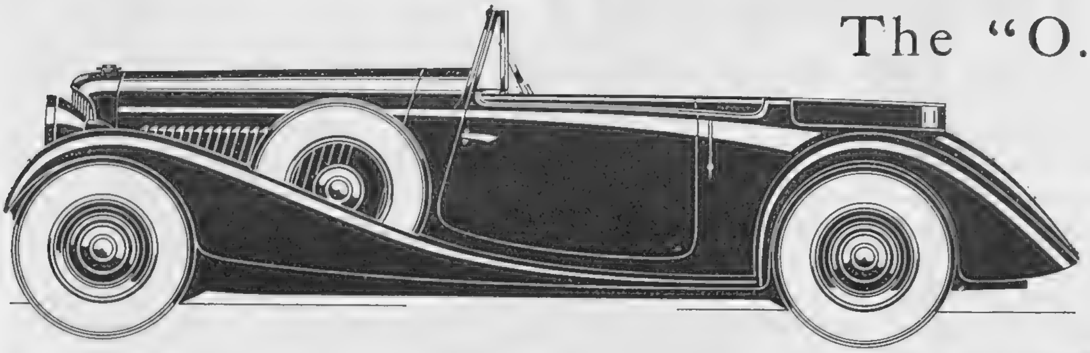
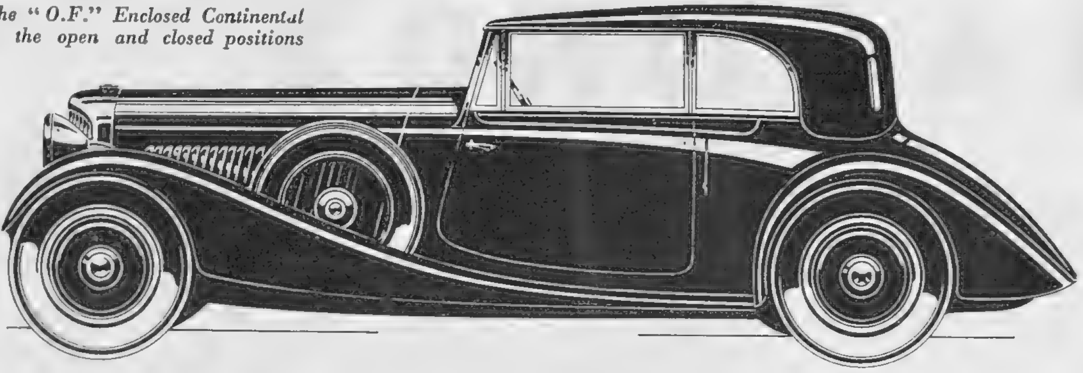


The "O.F." Enclosed Continental Tourer

By The Earl of Cardigan

TWO views of the "O.F." Enclosed Continental Tourer, showing the open and closed positions



IF anyone were to write a history of motoring development, one chapter certainly, and not the least interesting, could be framed around the gradual progress of the all-weather body from a mere idealistic notion to a practical reality. Among the various types of coachwork which we know to-day, the convertible open/closed model was one of the earliest to be designed, and, in its original form, one of the least satisfactory.

From its inception, the all-weather body achieved wide popularity—in theory. People said, "Of course, it's a delightful idea to have a car which can be either open or closed; but——." There was always that "but."

There were, in fact, always a great number of "buts." All-weather bodies, in their earlier forms, were generally heavy. The folding heads were difficult to manipulate. When folded, the effect was very clumsy, and calculated to spoil the "lines" and appearance of otherwise good-looking cars. Almost invariably, there were persistent rattles. These might or might not be apparent when the coachwork was new, but were sure to develop after a short spell of road work.

In other words, there were always practical difficulties present on a sufficient scale to prejudice the good intentions of all-weather coachwork designers. It was for this reason, I take it, that the fixed-head saloon became the chief successor to the old type of open touring car. Interest in the open/closed models remained; but, somehow, no immediate headway could be made.

It is only quite recently that the demand for all-weather coachwork has shown signs of serious expansion, and this has been entirely due to the skill of modern coachbuilders in overcoming the various defects which we have enumerated. It can now be claimed fairly that the last of these "snags" has been eradicated, and that no further "buts" need be added to one's recommendation of the modern open/closed car.

To this new and very satisfactory state of affairs, no firm has contributed more usefully than Messrs. Oxborrow and Fuller, of Curzon Street. The "O.F." Enclosed Continental Tourer may well be quoted as a type of car which should be studied by any motorist who wishes to keep his knowledge of all-weather coachwork up to date.

It so happened that the first "O.F." body which I saw was fitted to a Bentley chassis, and was in its open form when shown to me. The general effect was exceptionally pleasing; for, had I not known otherwise, I could have imagined that I was looking at a thoroughly attractive specimen of open touring car design. The folded head was not only as inconspicuous as an ordinary hood: it seemed actually to lie more neatly than the hoods of a great many touring cars.

In appearance, then, the "O.F." body can compare very favourably with that of any open car whatsoever. When closed, it can be compared on almost equally favourable terms with the majority of saloons. The comparison is admittedly a little more favourable when the head is folded down; but in either case a car carrying an "O.F." body is a distinctly good-looking affair.

As for seating accommodation, four people can be carried in an "O.F." body with absolute comfort. The cushions are luxurious, and the available space is cleverly utilised. There is plenty of leg room, and a comfortable driving position, in front; while, at the back, deep foot wells assist in enabling even a six-foot occupant to sit in a perfectly natural position. The single door on each side is of great width, so that, with front seats which tilt forward, there is never any difficulty in getting in and out.

A good point is that the makers have resisted the temptation to indulge in freakish or ultra-modernistic "lines." In consequence, there is plenty of headroom, and one can sit upright without danger to one's headgear. That is worth mentioning, for I recently had the misfortune to drive a most expensive car (which shall be nameless), fitted with modern "freak" coachwork. In this latter case, I could not keep my hat on in front, nor could I, even when hatless, sit upright at the back! Hence my appreciation of common-sense dimensions.

THE raising and lowering of the "O.F." folding head is a relatively simple matter, in view of the solid and complete protection which is afforded. The system is an interesting one. Glass quarter lights are quickly fitted into position, and these are connected directly to the head fabric by means of "zip" fasteners. By this device a draught-proof joint is effected. A further convenience is that a single small lever suffices to lock the forward end of the head on to the windscreen.

As to possible rattles, I naturally (having a nasty, mistrustful nature) attempted to bring these to light. The Bentley car already mentioned has just returned from a Continental tour. I myself drove it, and, having located a mews with a very irregularly cobbled surface, accelerated down the whole length of it. I can say definitely that this test produced no body squeak or rattle whatsoever.

A very attractive "O.F." feature is the provision of a really capacious rear luggage trunk. This can be left free for miscellaneous baggage, or can be supplied with a very neat set of fitting suitcases. If a complete outfit of the latter is provided, the owner will find himself with no fewer than five handsome pieces of luggage, each of which will fit instantly and securely into its appointed place.

Altogether, this "O.F." Enclosed Continental Tourer bristles with good points, and is singularly free from any corresponding disadvantages. It is an example of thoroughly practical coachwork, and should succeed admirably in enabling motoring to be enjoyed at its best, irrespective of varying weather conditions.

"Why Sir Malcolm Campbell was so impressed!"

Writing in the "Field" of August 4th, he makes some interesting references to the performance of the Lagonda Rapier. He says for instance—
"The performance of this car on the road is really remarkable, and its stability and braking truly amazing. It has the feel of a car twice its size and power. The engine runs very smoothly and without any effort. The brakes are the last word in efficiency . . . . . The car can be pulled up dead in 21 feet when travelling at a speed of 30 m.p.h. The motor gives off 45 h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m., but this is by no means its maximum output, as it will run at considerably higher speeds. It can well be termed the safety model, and I recommend it without hesitation to anyone requiring a car of this type."
What can we add to the opinion of such an authority, other than to invite you to test this car any time at your convenience from our showrooms.

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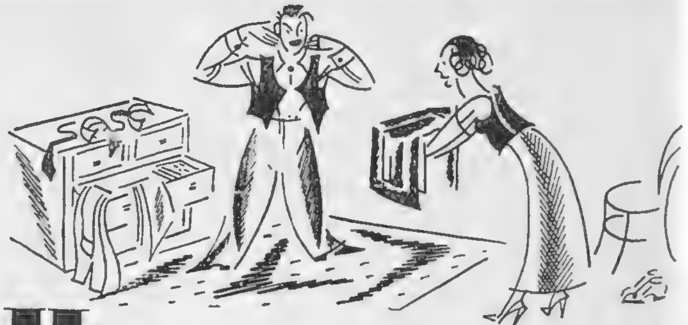

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Winter Motoring is Getting Safer

By The Earl of Cardigan

A STANDARD of refinement and safety — Rolls-Royce car fitted with Goodyear tyres

THERE was a time, and not so very long ago, when the cautious motorist felt himself to be confronted with much greater risks than usual whenever he ventured forth in really wintry weather. Wet roads, greasy roads, roads covered with the debris of dead leaves, roads rendered treacherous by frost—all these would give him cause for anxiety. Always at the back of his mind, there was the recollection of that classic warning, supposed originally to have been found by a visiting Englishman written up outside a Japanese police station—"Go soothingly on the grease-mud; for there lurks the skid demon!"

The "skid demon" was indeed quite a definite and serious bogy to any driver other than the expert. It was not in the least uncommon, during the course of a mid-winter run, for a car to get momentarily out of control. If a novice happened to be at the wheel, it was generally a matter of good luck, rather than good judgment, if control could be regained before trouble ensued.

Apart from the skids induced by greasy surfaces, one also had to take into account the possibility of tyre trouble. A few punctures were to be expected, and no great harm was done so long as the deflation was gradual. Tyre bursts, however, would occur every now and then, and these involved serious danger. Even the expert driver could not feel quite happy as to the possible results of a burst occurring at high speed.

Nowadays, of course, it is an almost unheard-of thing for a tyre of reputable make to burst, unless it happens to be a very antiquated specimen. For this we ought to be grateful; the more so since most modern tyres are of larger dimensions than formerly. This means that, if a tyre *does* burst, the wheel affected must drop further before its rim meets the road, and the difficulty of maintaining control is correspondingly increased. In other words, a burst-proof tyre is more essential now than ever before.

It would not be quite fair to give the entire credit for the increased safety of winter driving to tyre manufacturers. Cars, as a whole, now hold the road better than formerly—although one can think of occasional exceptions. Road surfaces are mostly better, and modern four-wheel brakes are very helpful indeed. Unless grossly maladjusted, or very stupidly used, the latter now hardly ever give rise to the once familiar braking skid.

The motorist has, however, derived an immense amount of benefit from recent developments in tyre construction. It is no longer necessary to buy "special" tyres at disconcerting prices in order to obtain long and satisfactory service, and it is astonishing what big mileages can be covered before the original tyres on a car have to be replaced. I dare say that there are many motorists who nowadays exchange their cars before having to exchange their worn tyres for new ones.

Of course, although new tyres such as the New Goodyear "G 3," which is made in two ranges, "G 3" heavy duty all-weather tread, and "G 3" standard all-weather tread, may be relied upon to give good service for very many thousands of miles, it does not always pay to extract the last inch of use out of the treads. To be too greedy means using tyres which, although still airtight, are definitely past their prime, and of which the treads no longer grip the road with full efficiency.

GOOD and reasonably unworn treads are quite essential if one is to take full advantage of the modern tyre's safety attributes. There are occasions, on slippery roads, when the best of cars has a definite inclination to skid; as, for instance, when one has to pull up quickly on a curve owing to some unforeseen emergency. Under such circumstances, one has reason to be grateful if one's wheels, being efficiently shod, grip firmly on to the road surface instead of slithering over it.

It is at this time of year that such matters need to be considered; and the wise man will devote a little time and thought to his existing tyres before the worst part of the winter sets in. Even on the spare wheel, it is not good policy to keep a very ancient tyre. The spare wheel will one day be called into use; and it is annoying if, having fitted it, one has to choose between continuing to run with three good tyres and one poor one, or alternatively making a second change of wheels as soon as the punctured tyre has been mended.

If any tyre replacements seem to be called for, there are two further points to be considered. In the first place, it will certainly pay to buy really good tyres of known and established make. Secondly, having bought them it will be worth while to take their welfare seriously. Checking tyre pressures at regular intervals, and keeping strictly to the regulation figures, may seem at times to be a tedious business. Nevertheless, it has a very considerable effect on tyre life, and hence on general motoring satisfaction.

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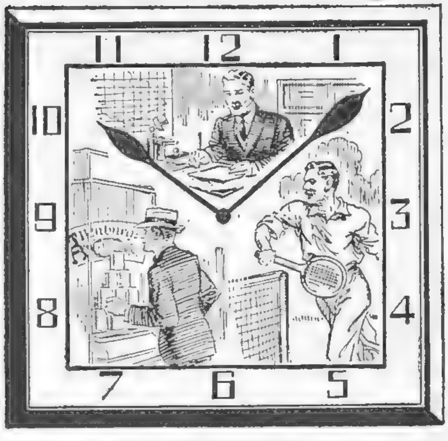

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Marita Bets a Bet

(*Continued from page 53*)

hurried I looked on the paper and I saw that my two horses were first and second. Phweet!

"At exactly half-past three we got to the place of my bookmaker. He was there. Oh yes, he was there, and many funny people, but not so many as in the morning also. He was smoking another big cigar and he seemed to be paying money to men and women, but when he saw me he stopped what he was doing, and when he stopped the funny people turned round to look at little Randi and me, and—do you know what they did? They opened a way and let us go through to my bookmaker, and he said: 'Good afternoon, ma'am, have you brought the pound?' and I said 'Yes, I have, here it is,' and I gave it to him, and he said: 'Thank you, ma'am, do you know what's won?'

"'Yes!' I said, and I tried to look brave, although I thought 'That means goodbye to my pound—he has taken it.' 'Very good, ma'am,' said the bookmaker, 'Palais Royal the Second was first at five to one and Baytown second at thirty-three to one. I am paying out!'

"'What does he mean by "paying out"?' I said to myself, but then he took out of his pocket some money and he kept putting more and more silver into my hand and I said, 'But isn't that too much?' I was quite *bouleversée*. I did not know if I stood on my hands or my feet. It was so funny.

"No, thank you, George, no more 'Canards'—two are enough."

Marita's eyes were sparkling. "Listen—for the finish," she said.

"When he had given me oh! so much silver that I could not count it, he said—my wonderful bookmaker—'and there—ma'am! is your pound back.'

"Well, do you know I could hardly believe it—and for once I did not know what to say."

"Surely only once," murmured George. Marita just glared and continued.

"I felt afraid for a moment—only a moment you know, because I am Norwegian, and—well—I looked round at the funny people—would they take it from me? A woman with her little girl all alone—it would be so easy. But no—every one was smiling, some laughed. One said 'Bravo, missis.' What means 'missis,' George? Never mind, don't interrupt."

George didn't.

"And then I had what you call a wave of the brain—is that right? I put out my hand to the bookmaker and my Randi made him a curtsey—I said 'Thank you, Sir, you are fine.'

"He took out his cigar, and went rather red, and shook my hand again and again. His hand was so big and so hot mine was quite lost in it. I thought he would never let me go. Then at last he took off his hat and bowed and said—'Thank you, ma'am, so are you—good afternoon and good luck to you.'

"And, do you know, those funny people, some without collars and with dirty faces, stood aside smiling for my Randi and me to leave like—like—like your King and Queen at your Ascot. And that's my little story."

Marita relaxed and looked down her nose.

Nobody spoke for quite half a minute, then Marita looked up with no smile. "You know," she said, "I have laughed at you English—so funny—that you cannot know how funny you are. But when I think of those poor people who could have taken my winnings and my dress off my back—but who smiled instead and let me go with my Randi, when I think of that bookmaker—my bookmaker—I shall always call him—who trusted me and paid me—never mind how much—money doesn't matter to a gambler like me—I don't laugh. I cannot. I want to find even a better word for him than gentleman—he was a gentleman and—and—" her blue eyes filled.

George slid his breast pocket hankie across the table into her hand.

"Sportsman," he whispered.

"That's it!" said Marita, and smiled like April.

Food from the Basque Country

(*Continued from page 71*)

Poulet Basquaise

Take a plump chicken prepared as for roasting, but not trussed. Carve it, raw, into pieces; two wings, two legs each divided, pieces of breast, etc., roll them in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Melt in a saucepan some bacon fat and brown the pieces of chicken in it, also one onion and a clove of garlic finely chopped.

Now add half a dozen tomatoes, peeled and cut into pieces with the seeds removed, also three large sweet red peppers.

Cook for a few minutes together, cover the pan and simmer for twenty to thirty minutes according to the size and tenderness of the bird; during the last process the pan should be shaken fairly often.

The juice of the tomatoes should provide enough liquid, but if they are not sufficiently juicy, you may have to moisten with a little clarified stock, though this is to be avoided whenever possible.

Gateau Basque

Work together one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of castor sugar and rather less than half a pound of eggs, weighed in their shells.

Meanwhile boil a tablespoonful of carraway seeds in a teacupful of water for about ten minutes, strain the liquid and let it cool. Use this to moisten and flavour the paste.

Put the batter into a shallow, buttered cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for thirty to thirty-five minutes, turn out and cool the cake.

Spread the top of the cake with the following preparation: Two or three apples peeled, cored and cut into pieces, are boiled with sugar and a little water. When cooked, throw away the water—there should not be much left—and add two tablespoonfuls of quinze jelly. Mix well and allow to cool before using on the cake.

Stews with a Difference

(*Continued from page 70*)

Ragoût de Bœuf: 2

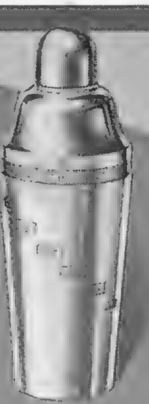
The principle is the same, only as this is a more elaborate version, instead of using vegetables and water directly with the meat, you make a gravy in the following manner, afterwards adding it to the beef when it has been browned with flour:

Peel and chop two onions and three tomatoes (in this case the pips and skin of the tomatoes can remain) and brown them in butter. Add salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg and a port glassful of sherry, also a tumblerful of cold water.

Bring to the boil, cook gently for ten minutes, stirring occasionally, and then pour this gravy over the beef through a fine strainer.

Cover the pan and simmer for one hour.

If more liquid is needed, you should, in this case, use stock instead of water.



Regent Plate and Gilt Cocktail Shaker. Shows ingredients for 15 cocktails.
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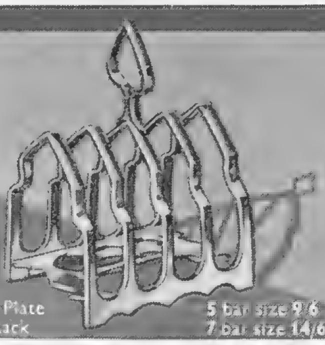
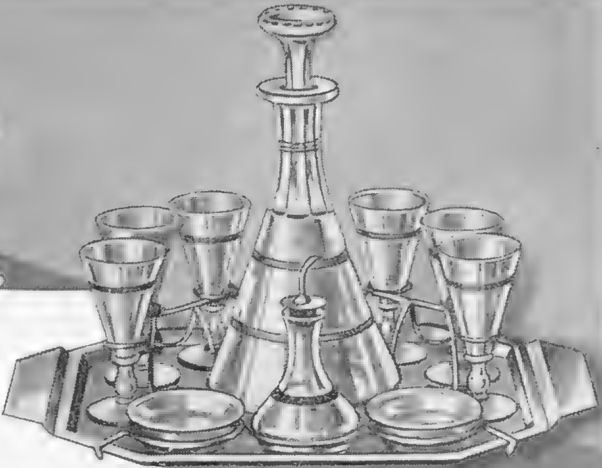
Sterling Silver - - - £14 . 0 . 0



Regent Plate Toast Rack
5 bar size 9/6
7 bar size 14/6



Sherry Set, comprising cut glass Decanter, 6 glasses, Bitters Bottle and 2 Olive Dishes, on Regent Plate Tray. Size 16½ by 11 ins. £8 . 0 . 0

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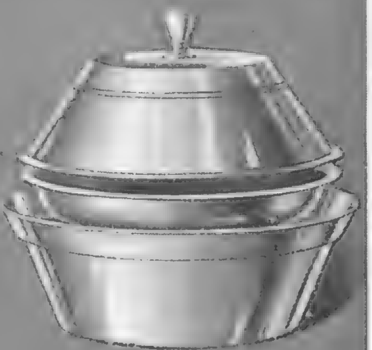
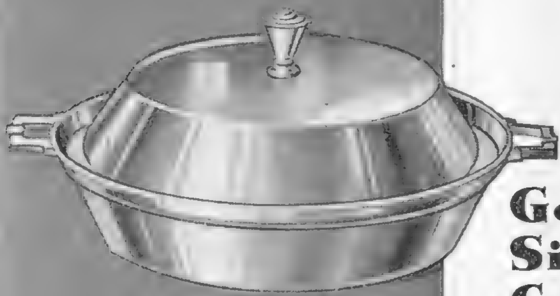
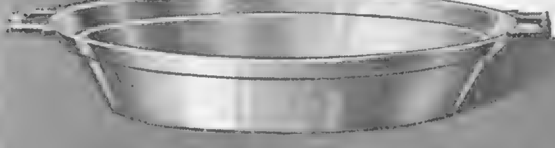


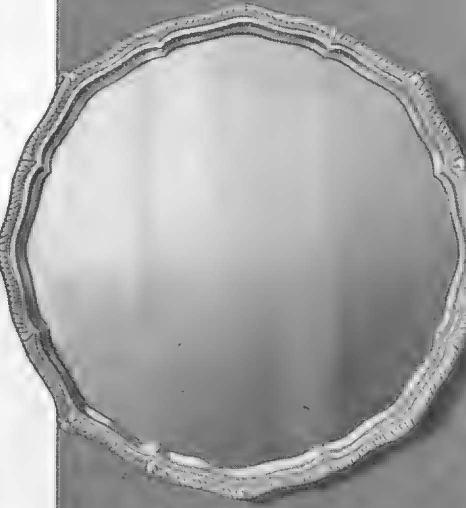
Regent Plate Muffin Dish with hot water division £1 . 5 . 0



Regent Plate Vegetable Dish and Cover with loose division.
Diameter 9 ins. - £3 . 15 . 0
Sterling Silver - £11 . 10 . 0



Regent Plate Cake or Bread Dish. Length 10½ ins. - £1 . 6 . 6



Gadroon Salver

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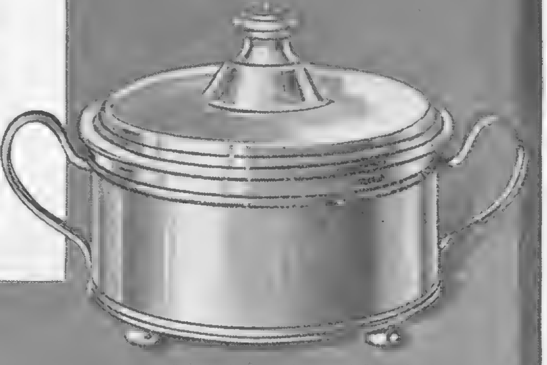
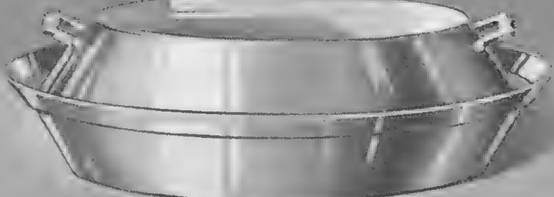


Fireproof glass Casserole Dish and Cover in Regent Plate Holder. Diameter 7 ins. - - £1 . 1 . 0

Regent Plate Entree Dish and Cover. Length 10½ ins. £2 . 0 . 0
Sterling Silver - - - £9 . 10 . 0



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Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

replied when reproached for failing to mention the presence of King Edward in a theatre, "He didn't fit in with my article." The volumes mentioned above are by politicians anxious to justify themselves to a censorious world. Mr. Stokes is a journalist who wouldn't thank you for your admiration unless you gave him your attention also. For his years he has seen much of the world and managed to meet a good number of the literary and theatrical celebrities so familiar to our own little corner of it. He began by being amusing, if slightly malicious, about these heroes. Now that he knows them better, and is in process of becoming one of them, he has lost some of his temerity and also a little of his sparkle. He is still, however, one of the brighter commentators; his chapter recounting the adventures of his latest, and as yet unproduced dramatic masterpiece, is in quite his best style.

UNCONNECTED with what has gone before and unconnected with each other, there are two or three new publications which I want to drag in, however ungracefully. The first of these is *The Casanova Fable* (Jarrolds, 15s.), "a satirical revaluation" of the great adventurer by William Gerhardi and Hugh Kingsmill. An amateur of both these writers, I fancy that I hear the voice of Mr. Kingsmill more often than that of Mr. Gerhardi in their highly entertaining book; but only those readers unfamiliar with Mr. Kingsmill's works will suppose that I am complaining. I have a complaint to make, nevertheless. Why did the authors adorn their meaty pages with pale blue illustrations? *Inside Dope*, by Ferdinand Tuohy (Hamish Hamilton, 6s.), is an account, in Mr. Tuohy's admirably matter-of-fact manner, of the present position of the Drug Traffic. Observing that the literature of dope consisted of wildly sensational stories on the one side and almost unreadable statistics on the other, the author thought that a book which treated the subject reasonably might be interesting. It is, extremely; and all the more terrible because of the level tones of the narrative.

Your Skin's Worst Enemy

(*Continued from page* 43)

best preparations for the purpose, for all types of skins, at this time of year.

It is not always easy to keep the neck immaculately clean and white, especially when wearing fur collars and high-necked dresses, but a mild bleaching cream solves this problem.

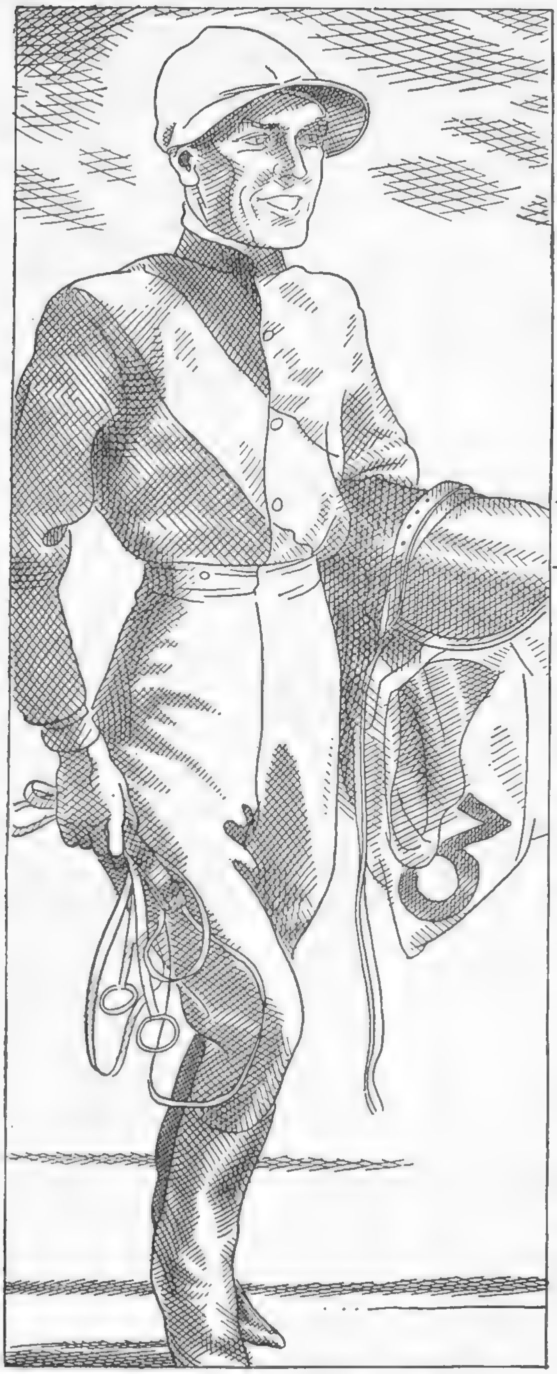
The one I have in mind differs from the majority of bleaches because its action is gradual and it is softening, nourishing and beneficial to the skin as well as whitening.

It contains emollient oils and creams as well as lemons, the whitening properties of which are well known. Used regularly three times a week it will keep the neck soft, white and fine-skinned.

If there should be actual discoloration or the unwanted residue of sun-burn, it is advisable to use a stronger preparation. Two or three treatments should be sufficient. This is an anti-brown-spot cream (used during one of the famous treatments at the salon, but quite easy to apply at home).

It creates a tingling sensation, and should only be left on for one minute or two at the first treatment, a little longer each time as the skin grows accustomed to it, but never long enough to produce an uncomfortable burning feeling. It should not be used on the face if the skin is super-delicate or there is a tendency to veins.

And talking of veins, if you hunt or go in for a lot of out-door sports, the best defence against wind and weather, which undoubtedly cause and make worse these tiresome and unsightly enemies of a clear and radiant complexion, is a special protective cream applied before exposure, and the rather lavish use of a particularly soothing and emollient cream afterwards.



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K.E.

Fidelity

(Continued from page 37)

cheeks and a great hooked nose, who sat his horse and stared about him like a tethered eagle.

John spoke to the Ressaldar and swung off the dun, as forgetful of all dignity she ran to meet him, kissed him shamelessly and seized his arm on which the dust lay thick. "Look out," he warned. "I'm filthy."

She hugged his arm. "Do you think I care? *Oh,* I'm so *glad* to see you!"

"And I'm glad, too. When I'm away I'm never sure it isn't all a dream and that I'll come back to an empty house, as I used to do. Tea, darling. Hot, hot tea. We haven't drunk since yesterday evening."

On the verandah a servant ran to brush the thick dust from him, and she saw that his right sleeve and his shirt and breeches were caked with sticky reddish-black. There was a bandage on his forearm. "*Oh-h!* You're hurt."

"Just a nick."

"A nick! Look at all the b-blood."

He looked down. "Oh, that! that wasn't mine. That was the other fel——" Then, seeing the look on her face, he stopped abruptly. But she realised with horror that since she saw him he had killed a man. He went on: "We had quite a mix-up and I lost two men; but——"

"One of them came home, John, Harnum Singh. His horse brought him—dragging."

"He did? You—saw him, then?"

She shuddered. "Yes."

"Oh, I say. That was awful for you. But I'm glad he came in, even that way. He was missing and we thought they had him. To be killed is better than being captured by these Lokai-Khel devils here. And they weren't lost uselessly, those two, as our killed so often are. We got results, brought in a fellow I've been hunting hard for years. And more than that, with luck I'll soon have the boss man of it all, his father; those two have been responsible for all the local trouble. With them gone we should have some peace."

"And what will you do with them?" she asked, fascinated by the matter-of-fact way he dealt with death.

"Hang 'em," said John, with succinct satisfaction.

Big-eyed, she saw a sudden vision of the proud young man in chains who looked about him like an eagle. "John! It's ghastly! How can you?"

His face changed at once and he took her hands. "Darling. I know how it looks to you, but you're seeing only half the picture. For years Yar Khan and his father have been a horror in this country. They've more cold-blooded murders to their credit than they can remember. They're fiends. If you'd seen the villages as I have, when they'd done with them, women spiked up on doors with their faces gone, children—hideous, I couldn't describe it. Westward they've had it all their way. It's to protect the villages our side the border that we're kept here at Wazul. But young Yar Khan got cocky and crossed once too often and I got him and cut up his crowd. For once the men got all the scrapping even they could stomach. And that's not all. I've more than a hunch that his father's heading for a bit of retirement at Sulphat; if that's so, sometime this week he'll be slipping home along the Gut of Sollaree and I'll be waiting for him there. The horses are used up, so I came in for fresh ones and to take out the other half of the men; but by daybreak Tuesday we'll be hidden, waiting for the old brute to come down the Gut."

Her voice was unnatural with surprise and dismay. "*John!* you're not going out again! Oh, not to-night!" She pounded him like a child in her agitation.

"I'm sorry, darling, but I simply must." Her heart turned sick. She opened her mouth to expostulate, to plead, remembered—everything, and turned silently away to hide the shaking of her lips . . .

He had his bath, a change of clothes, the best meal that she could contrive. When it was done he led her out to the verandah. The sun was down, the peaks of the Sulimans stark and black against a clean rose-coloured west. She crept on to his knee, sliding her arms about his neck and hiding her face in his shoulder with a sigh of delight.

They sat quite still, quite silent, afraid to break the spell, while the rose pink behind the peaks turned to translucent green, and the stars one by one came out in the blue vault above the valley.

There came the muffled sound of many horses' feet in the deep dust beside the house. He said: "Too soon. But I have to go."

She twined her arms about his neck and clung to him. "No! No! Not yet! I won't let you go." She felt his arms go round her, grip her, felt joy inexpressible at the passion in them and their strength. Then he said: "Good night, beloved. In six days I'll be back if all goes well."

She only locked her arms more tightly, buried her wet face in his neck, and she could not see the pain and apprehension in his face. He reached for her wrists and gently but irresistibly removed them, kissed her neck, her hair, her eyes, her lips. He said: "We mustn't be caught travelling in daylight and we've seventy miles through the hills to cover. Kiss me and let me go."

She put up her face to him in silence, setting her teeth against the pleading words that fought for utterance, then fled like a wild thing to her room and fell face downward on her bed, while her despair spent itself in passionate and abandoned sobbing.

When the paroxysm had passed she lay limp and quiet, a small pathetic figure prone on the bed, till presently the sixth sense brought the knowledge that she was not alone.

Dishevelled and with red and tear-dimmed eyes, she rose to her elbow. John stood beside her, big and gaunt-looking in the thick yellow light, looking on her unhappily. He said, "I came back for a map," and they looked into each other's eyes.

He sat down beside her.

"I knew it before this. You couldn't conceal it though I know how you've tried. You can't stick this and we both know it. It isn't human that you should. It's all my fault, I must have been mad to let you come. Love is a madness, if it can so cloud the judgment of a man. But let's not make it worse by being stubborn. I've done you this injury; let me do what I can now to make it right. You'll go up to Naini Tal at once; it's cool and lovely; there are friends of mine there who will take care of you, you'll get rested and on your feet again. As soon as I can I'll get leave and run up to talk it over. You'll go home to your people and I'll find some way to set you free."

He took her hands and kissed them, his steady eyes held hers and she saw that they were filled with pity. Pity! This was the end of all her pride, of her high protestations, of her talk of love and the spirit, that the man she worshipped, the only man whom she had ever loved, should pity her. . . .

Rowena stared into her husband's eyes and was swept by a storm of complex emotions. Humiliation was there, injured vanity, self-contempt, incredulity and fear. In the past months she had learned what fear meant, fear of the desolate grim hills, of the fierce men who ranged them, of the endless, empty days and of the uncharted years that stretched ahead of her. But the fear of these things was as nothing to the new apprehension gripping her, the fear that she might lose the admiration of John Mellor, whom she loved with the last particle of body and of spirit. To save her face he had said that he had injured her, but she well knew that by taking her at her own valuation in the face of his judgment, by accepting her as his equal in all things and as one to whom the spirit stood as infinitely greater than the flesh, he had bestowed on her the greatest honour in his gift.

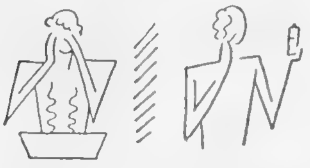
Distraught, she sprang up from the bed.

(Continued on page 102)

if you honestly wanted to be lovelier . . you'd do this—

NEXT MONDAY NIGHT

(just before you went to bed)



You'd wash your face with Cyclax soap and water.

Then you'd paint your face with Special Lotion.

AND TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT

(alternate nights)

You'd cleanse your face with Cleansing Lotion.

Then you'd feed your skin with Cyclax Skin Food.

AND WEDNESDAY FRIDAY AND SUNDAY NIGHT

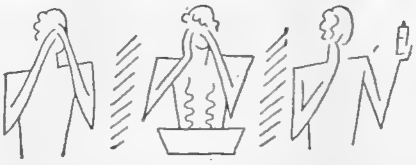
(alternate nights)

You'd cleanse your face with Cleansing Lotion, then—

You'd get back its elasticity with Complexion Milk.

WHY? Well, on Monday night, while you are asleep, Special Lotion would be quietly absorbing every particle of dangerous impurity to which your skin has been giving a home—(everyone's skin does this). And on Tuesday morning, you would gently loosen the whole load of mischief with Skin Food. Then a glorious wash. The perfumed creamy lather of Cyclax Soap would emulsify every spot of Skin Food plus lotion, plus long-buried-acids-now-come-to-light. An icy tonic rinse with Braceine would follow, and your face starts the day deeply sweetly clean. There would be no grease in your make-up so no irritant from the air could cling to the skin, and your powder base would . . . . . . but ask your favourite store for a copy of "The Art of Being Lovely," and read the rest in peace and quiet.

AND EVERY MORNING



You'd massage for ten minutes with Skin Food.

Then wash—with Braceine in the cold rinse.

Then use your Cyclax liquid powder base and powder. . . . .

and when Monday came round again you really would be years lovelier

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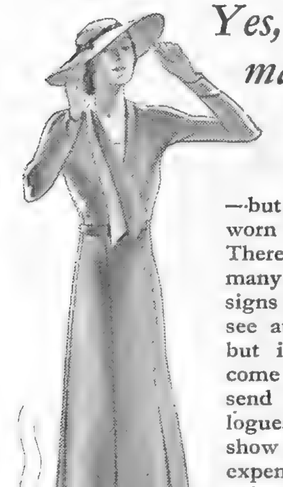
Yes, it's a maternity gown—

—but she might have worn it any time. There are so very many charming designs that you can see at Treasure Cot but if you cannot come then please send for the catalogues. They will show you how inexpensively you can enjoy this service. The model shown costs 4 guineas. *The books you want will be sent free in plain envelope.*

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"Whatever do you mean?" she said, though her voice cracked and belied the surprise she affected. "Can't a woman have a cry without your getting all dramatic over it? You didn't expect me to enjoy losing you in an hour or two, after being alone for ten days, did you? I had to do something; didn't I? So I cried and now I'm better. Don't you know that crying is a woman's safety valve——"

She was getting control of herself now, gave her head an impatient shake and contrived a smile. "Now get your map and go."

His face did not change; he stood regarding her with ill-concealed concern and distress.

"Please go along," she said, seizing his arm and swinging him about, "If you don't you'll be caught travelling by daylight; and it will be my fault. Don't leave me with that to worry over."

He took her by the shoulders, gazing down on her with eyes deep with tenderness and kissed her tear-salted lips. "I expect I'd better," he said. "Bless you and somehow send you happy."

For the second time that night she stood on the verandah while his spurred tread clinked down the steps.

Then she went in, not with the despairing rush with which she had before, but with dragging feet, dejectedly. She sat down on her bed and her heart was one numb pain, for she knew that John was not deceived. She had seen it in his eyes and read it in his voice. He knew that she had undertaken more than she could master and that the thought of years ahead to be spent at Fort Wazul filled her with terror. Deliberately, against his doubts, she had forced herself into the position, and there could be no escape without admitting failure, without humiliation, utter and final in the only sense for which she cared. Either she must make a success of life at Wazul or she must fall in his regard to the level of that which he at first had thought she was, an unthinking and emotional woman, willing for the sake of romance to rush blindly into travail with which she could in no wise cope. He might love her still, the more tenderly because of pity. But that thought affronted her. Pity! To be loved compassionately, paternally, by this man whose mate in the most exalted sense she wished to be, his woman, his equal, to share his life on even terms and bear him sons as strong, as tender and as passionate in duty as he was himself.

The determination to succeed surged up in her indignantly, and the way to begin was here and now. A fresh start. There must be no more heart-searching, nothing but the steady will to make each day worth while and not to fear the future.

She would go at it systematically, fill the time with work and interest. She'd make a list of all her friends and write them careful letters; that would ensure her lots of mail in return. She'd make John find a native to teach her the language properly. She'd get books on Indian arts and history and interest herself in the country. By these means she would contrive to master loneliness and fear.

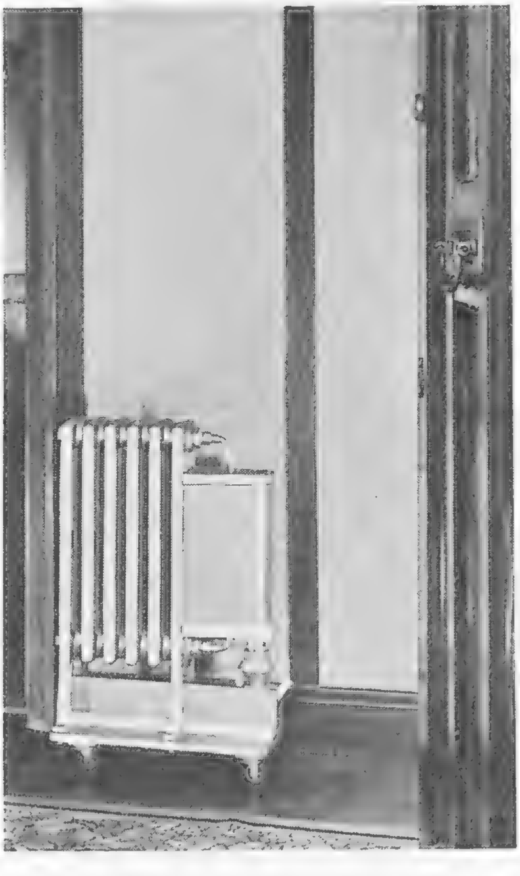
And now for the rest of to-day, and a real sleep before the next. With a supreme effort she cleared her mind of all conflicting impulses, carefully tidied her dress, groomed her hair and repaired her blurred and red-eyed face. Then she took a copy of a favourite Canadian poet, William Henry Drummond, and went out to the verandah.

For a little time she stood at the head of the steps and looked into the emptiness, a slender, erect figure of a woman thrown against the darkness by the light of the lamp, her chin high with her new determination.

Then she sat down in the long cane chair, called for fresh coffee, poured a tiny glass of John's favourite liqueur brandy and determinedly began to read "De Habitant," Drummond's earthy and humble credo of the French Canadian farmer:

(Continued on page 103)

Comfort on Wheels



A SIX-SECTION "Latona" Oil Radiator in the hall provides a comfortable welcome and reduces the rigours of winter

THE portable heating unit is something that no self-respecting home can be without if chilly passages, unheated bedrooms and draughty corners are to be finally relegated to antiquity.

Central heating is still something of a luxury for some of us, but that's no reason why we should resign ourselves to a dismal future in the sense of comfort. There are other means.

The Latona portable radiator is one of them. This simple apparatus can be wheeled from point to point in the house with perfect assurance of efficiency wherever it is called upon to function.

Resembling any other radiator in general appearance, the radiator can be operated by electricity, gas or oil, and is equally satisfactory with either one. Personally, I should say that oil proves most convenient for most people, since the heater can then be used in any odd corner of the house independently of power switches or gas points.

No smell whatever attaches to these radiators, they are extremely economical to run, and give out sufficient heat to warm a room, a landing or hall. And that's not all. The radiator can be removed into a garage in very cold weather and can safely be relied upon to keep tanks and pipes comfortably warm when the freezes set in.

The Latona Radiator is acknowledged by experts to be thoroughly practical, foolproof and safe. The smallest size will heat a small room up to 60 to 65 degrees. Cellulose enamelled in coloured metallic lacquer, the smallest size costs £6 2s. 3d. Eight hours' heating from one pint of paraffin is possible with this radiator, so that the cost of maintenance is plainly the very lowest one could wish.

"*De place I get born, me, is up on de reever,*
Near foot of de rapid dat's call' Cheval Blanc,
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it,
An' whole place shes maybe two honder arpent . . ."

Familiar, heart-wringing words, that brought to her with poignant vividness her home and all that she had loved there.

Above her the swinging of the punkha weakened and ceased—the coolie was asleep again. She called sharply: "*Punkha tanau,*" but the heavy fan hung still, and presently she felt the sweat soaking the thin dress on her shoulders and by and by two beads ran down her face . . .

After a stifling and interminable night, she awoke from a doze with despair in her heart, but she faced the new day stubbornly, riding with old Ram Singh at six a.m.

Back at the bungalow she bathed, changed and breakfasted, then had in the servants and made a great business of experimenting with new arrangements of the furniture in the big bare room. But when all was done she was dismayed to find that it was only ten o'clock.

The servants disappeared into their *terra incognita* at the back. Only Laloon remained with her, squatting drowsily in the corner of the bedroom.

Shutting her mind resolutely to her doubts, she got out her writing things and began a letter.

She had been writing for some fifteen minutes when a shadow crossed the table, causing her to look round—and she caught her breath and her eyes started. Crouched against the wall by the doorway, hiding from view from the outside, was the Pathan whom John had brought in a prisoner. He was stripped to a breechcloth; on his ankle was a shackle with two dangling links of a chain, and under his arm he held a naked regimental sword. His other arm was raised, holding poised to throw a heavy dagger that was red with blood. Glaring, he laid his finger on his lips and made a gesture that was unmistakable. One sound from her and he would throw the knife. She sat, twisted about in her chair, gazing fascinated at the fierce black eyes above the down-curved nose till, with a noiseless run, he crossed the room to peer out of the window stealthily. All at once he shrank back into hiding, and she saw a *sowar* of the regiment, sword in hand, go running past behind the house. Simultaneously spurred heels rang on the verandah, and two more Rajputs appeared at the door, shouted and rushed in upon the fugitive. Yar Khan backed into a corner and showed his big, white teeth. Ressaldar Shabu Singh cried: "Throw down thy sword, scum, before we kill you."

For answer, Yar Khan spat and hurled his dagger; the Ressaldar ducked and the knife hurtled past Rowena, to crash among the glasses on the sideboard. Yar Khan snatched the sword from beneath his arm and drove out at his enemies. More men clattered in, cutting off all hope of the Pathan's escape. He fought like a tiger, holding at bay two master swordsmen, then suddenly a blade was through his throat, and he fell, writhing and gurgling, while his blood spurted, flooding the floor.

Tall, bearded Shabu Singh, holding a wet red blade, salaamed silkily before Rowena. "A thousand pardons. The memsahib would forgive so unavoidable an intrusion. A woman had brought this dog a file and a knife in the night; he had killed a guard and escaped. But all was now well, and the sahib had been saved the trouble of a hanging. The mess should be removed with the utmost despatch." Two *sowars* seized Yar Khan by the heels and dragged him out unceremoniously. His body left a broad and crimson smear, and *bump, bump, bump* his head went down the steps. As the rumble of the troopers' voices faded, Rowena dashed for her bedroom and was violently sick.

She sat on the edge of her bed, staring before her while the (*Continued on page* 104)

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Clothes alone do *not* make the woman. You know that if your face is sallow, lined with age and fatigue, no matter how chic your clothes are the effect is drab and dowdy. How can you look irresistibly soignée? One third of the answer is your dressmaker, two thirds is Elizabeth Arden. Don't be afraid of the new colours and unaccustomed lines. It is so simple to adjust yourself to them and look lovelier for it. Periodic visits to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for face and figure treatments, with the faithful use of Elizabeth Arden's preparations at home and the skilful use of subtle make-up, will make you lovelier than you ever dared to hope. Every day *cleanse, tone* and *soothe* your skin according to Elizabeth Arden's method. It will give you the clear smooth skin that is the beginning of smartness as well as of beauty.

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By Appointment

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swish and clatter of the servants' cleaning went on in the other room.

By and by silence settled and she went back. Of what had happened only the new-cleaned area of the floor and the scar made by the dagger on the sideboard remained to be seen. But she was fascinated by the wet patch on the tiling. Must she live always with the vision of a man writhing there, stuck like a pig on a butcher's block? She knew the answer. Setting her teeth, she walked across the place deliberately, sat down and began to sort out her tumbled things.

After a while she resumed her writing, though her hand was not firm:

"My Dear Katherine,

"You have no idea how strange and wonderful is this new life of mine. Everything is so completely different from home that it is not easy to convey to anyone . . ."

At a deprecatory cough outside, she turned and saw a trooper of the camel-corps, carrying a grey canvas bag. Her heart leapt. The mail! In the excitement she had forgotten it was mail day. Almost frantically she tumbled out the envelopes—six, eight, ten addressed to her.

The heat of noon was impending; she hurried to her room and got into pyjamas, adjured the punkha-man by all his gods to pull, and lay down on her bed luxuriously to devour her letters. By and by she came to one whose hand was strange and yet vaguely familiar, but once she began the uncompromising style was not to be mistaken. Of course! Aunt Abigail, the old curmudgeon:

> " . . . . *no more than typical of the ill-manners of your generation that you should go off with a total stranger at a week's notice and without presenting him to your family. I understand he has no money and that you are alone with him in an outlandish place among savages. All very noble and ridiculous; but at least it shows that you have character.*
>
> *Ephraim Gill, who has managed the stud these thirty years, is dead, and I need someone to replace him. You are to have the farm in the end, and as this man of yours—your father assures me—is a horseman, you had better bring him home and let him begin to manage it. I will have Gill's house done over and shall have at least the satisfaction of seeing what your man is good for and perhaps of dying with the thought that the farm will not go to utter ruin when I'm gone . . .*"

The letter fell from her fingers and she lay staring upwards with eyes that did not see the swinging punkha. Instead, they saw the stud-farm by the lake in Durham county. She was dazed by joy and thankfulness. No more of Wazul, no more aching hills and pitiless sun—John and she, together among the things which they loved the most . . . .

Her day-dreams were broken by a hubbub outside in the direction of the fort. There were running feet and bass shouts and orders. A trumpet blared. She ran to where she could see. Filing through the gap in the wire barrier came John and his column. John was in the lead, his topee comically awry on his white-bandaged head. Half of his men led horses that were riderless, and many bandages showed among them.

By the time she had struggled into clothes and hurried out, the squadron had dismissed. She found John helping the native doctor among the wounded in the big, naked guard-room of the fort. Troopers were peeling dust-caked and sodden bandages from their comrades while the doctor made the round. A huge bearded *sowar* squatted near her with a shoulder blood-soaked through the strapping. Above his jetty beard his face was ghastly, and he rocked on his heels. Motioning a man to support him, she began to remove the bandage. Presently John looked up and saw her there. His face lit up and he smiled, but he did not stop his work.

By and by all but the trivial cases had been dealt with and he came across to her. "Thanks, darling. This was splendid of you." He swayed, recovered himself.

"*John.* You're badly hurt. Sit down and let me see."

He gave her a crooked smile. "Go home first. Doctor'll come along." He staggered again as they started homeward.

He dragged his feet up the steps and collapsed on a chair. "Gimme a drink, sweetheart. I'm all in."

As he gulped the amber drink they saw the doctor coming and he heaved up laboriously, went to his room and sat down on the bed.

While they peeled the bandage from a six-inch gash in his scalp, he groaned, "Oh, what a fool! Led 'em straight into a trap and barely cut my way out. Seven they got with their first volley, and five more in the scuffle; and all my fault."

He endured the needle while he was sewn up without sound or sign. The doctor finished, bandaged him with a snow-white casque and they got him into his pyjamas. The doctor gave him three white tablets. "For sleep immediately, sir; otherwise the pain will keep you awake." The doctor departed; John lay on the bed cool underneath the punkha. He smiled at her drowsily, reached for her hand and raised it to his lips. A long time he held it there, till presently his grip relaxed, his breathing deepened and grew regular. . . .

She sat very still, holding his hand, watching him. How young he looked, with his face in its repose, clean cut and simple, on his lips a tiny smile! A wave of tenderness swept over her and she realised for the thousandth time how utterly, how irrevocably she worshipped him. And following the tenderness came gratitude and ecstasy. They were going home. There was to be no more of India, no more of wounds and loneliness and the fear of death. Instead there would be Canada, the scent of balsam and the great clean lakes, the friendly woods in summer, duck shooting in the fall when the mists were on the marshes and the wings of wildfowl hissed across the reeds. . . .

IT was late when he awoke. She was still sitting there, holding his hand, though her arm was numb to the shoulder. He heaved a sigh and smiled at her drowsily. "Lord," he muttered, "I was tired! How long have I been asleep?"

She could contain her news no longer. "John, I'm so glad you're awake. The most——"

He kissed her hand and interjected tenderly. "I know how it's been, my dear. I know. That's one good thing at least about this lickin' that we got, I'll get a bit of sick-leave out of it. Jimmy Ray will come up and take over and I can go with you to the hills. You poor kid, it's been awful for you. I shall never forgive myself for bringing you."

She opened her mouth to speak, shut it again. "We'll go up to Naini and when you've had a chance to pull yourself together you can slip off home. I don't know much about divorce, but I'll find out what must be done. You can rely on me."

Again he pressed her hand to his lips and eyed her with a look part wistful, part compassionate, but altogether tender.

Unaccountably, her mouth was dry and her heart was pounding. Her concern for him, her delight at the news she had, the whole universe was blotted out by the realisation that swept over her. He still believed—no, he had clearly seen—that she was yellow. He loved her, but he pitied her. He realised that he had misjudged her worth, he bitterly reproached himself for having been persuaded by her, and without bitterness or reproach would send her home and himself make whatever public sacrifice might be necessary to free her from the consequences of her weakness.

Her gorge rose at the thought of such betrayal on her part; not so much of herself or even of him, but of all they both had professed, that the spirit was stronger than the flesh. Within her a tension yielded and a flood of strange warmth traversed her body. Crumpling Aunt Abigail's letter in her hand behind her, "John," she said quietly, "must I repeat

(*Continued on page* 106)

PLAYER'S

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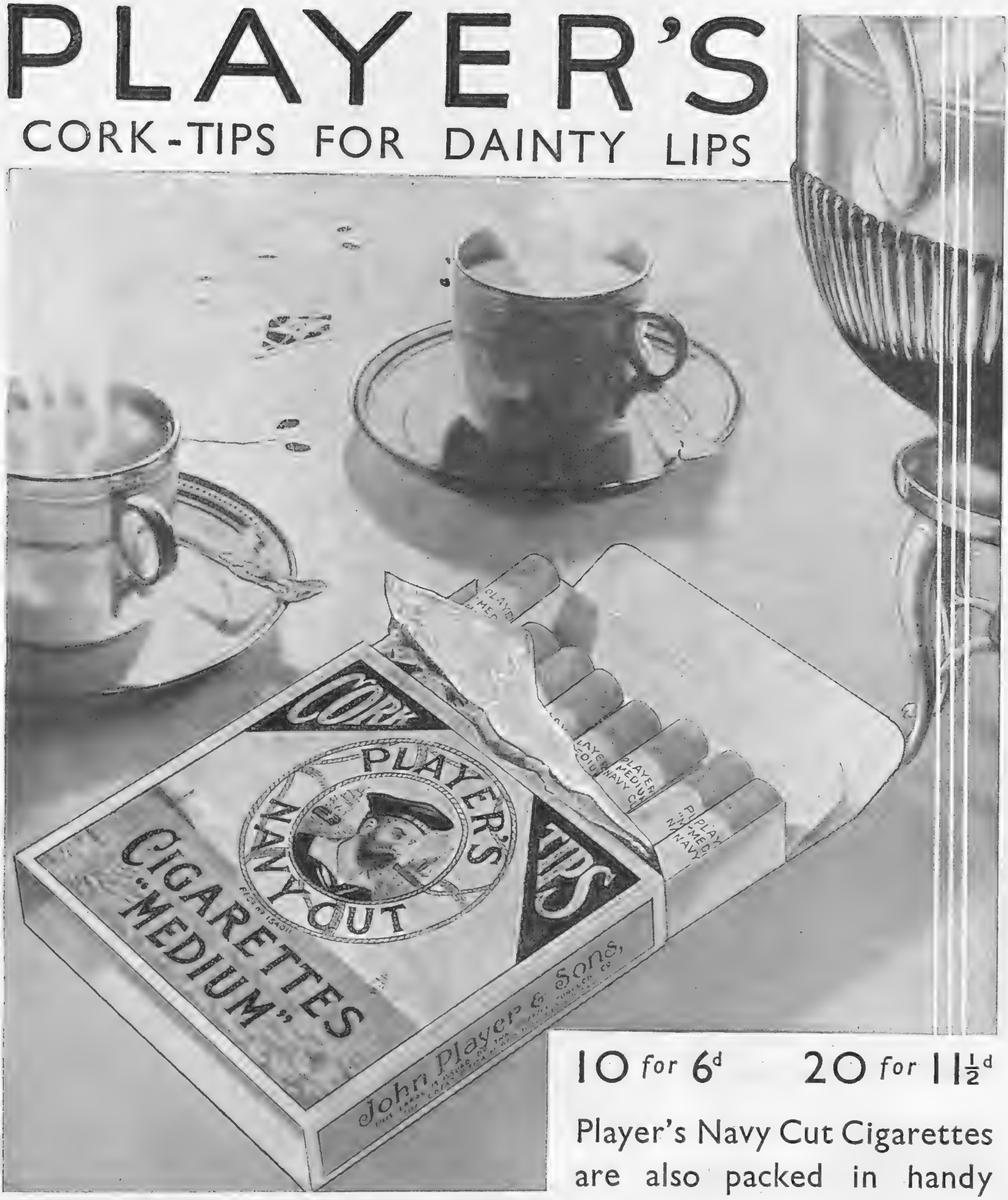
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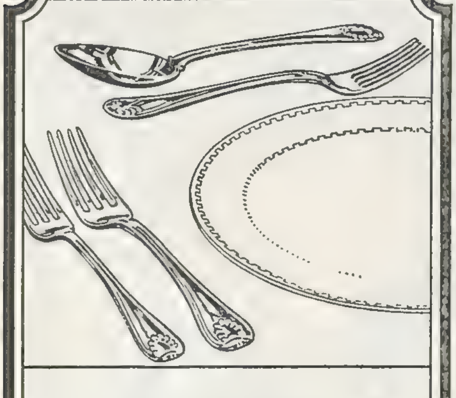

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what I said before you left to-day? You don't know much of women. I'm your wife and I thank God for it; and I shall share your life whatever it may be for always. It will be wonderful to go to the hills while you get better. But when you come back to Wazul, I come too."

He raised himself on his elbow and regarded her with an expression which she had not seen before and which she could not read.

"All right," he said, "I think I see. I'll see you through; to a finish, as I promised that I would."

He sank back on the bed, moved like a tired child and drew her hand up to his lips. And then at once he was asleep again.

By and by she crept out to the other room. She read and re-read Aunt Abigail's letter and then answered it:—

"*. . . we thank you very deeply for your thoughtfulness in making us this offer, but delightful as the prospect is, for reasons outside our personal control, we cannot accept. There is a duty here which none but John can carry out and we both feel that we cannot honourably leave until it is completed.*

"*Had your offer come a year from now, probably we should have been able to accept it, but under the present circumstances John's resignation from the Army is not to be considered. . . .*"

THE months of so-called cold weather following the heat of the year were almost done.

It was the big day of the year in Fort Wazul. The district commander was up to inspect the stronghold, and to-night Rowena was to entertain him and his staff to dinner.

She was intensely busy with her preparations, in a house far different from the naked place that it had been. There was a bookcase filled with volumes of Indian history and culture, and the room was beautiful with native pottery, brass and silver, silken mats and rugs that glowed with the warm hues of jewels. She saw old Yakob Shah, her instructor in Pushtu, waiting at the verandah steps, and went out and beckoned him to come up. He was a bent and venerable Pathan with snow-white hair and beard. Him she addressed with fluency in his own tongue, acquired through endless hours of labour in past months: "Yakob Shah, not to-day. The general sahib dines here to-night, and my duties are many."

The old man shuffled off and she turned softly singing to her preparations. The months had wrought changes in her looks. She had been a girl, pretty with the bloom of youth, charming with good breeding and with culture. She was a woman now. And she was beautiful, with the calm beauty that has suffered without bitterness and survived with faith unimpaired.

HER dinner was a great success. She left the men to their coffee and took hers alone on the verandah. The closing of the door behind the man who brought it muffled the voices and the laughter. The night was cool, so that she drew a cloak about her. The hills stood black against the stars. They were still grim to her, yet not so hostile as they had been. They had assumed a stark sort of friendliness since she could picture vividly two thousand years of passionate life beneath them. Her books and Yakob Shah had made that possible.

Behind her the door opened, closed, and the tall form of General Mervyn bowed by her side. "Do I intrude, Mrs. Mellor. Might I have my coffee with you?"

"Why, of course, Sir James; and you'll take brandy? You know," she went on, turning to him with a smile, "this is an enormous event for me: six men to dinner, after a whole year here alone with John."

"To be sure. It must seem strange. Have you been very lonely?"

"At first, almost unbearably so. But I got over it with the aid of Yakob Shah—it was you who got him for me, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I was glad to do what I could in that direction when your husband asked me. May I say that I think you have made a wonderful achievement. Women have tried living in these parts before this, but in my experience it has always beaten them, either in health or in morale. And I confess I am still in the dark as to why your husband asked to be allowed to remain here."

She looked at him. "John asked to remain here? When was that?"

"Why, in August, when we offered him the staff appointment. Oh, I say, I do hope I haven't put my foot in it. Didn't you know?"

She was completely mystified: "Do I understand you to say, Sir James, that in August John was offered a staff appointment and refused it in favour of remaining here?"

"Why, yes. To tell you the truth, he had done already more than his share of this frontier work some time ago; but he's the best man we have with the tribesmen, and this is an awful spot, so we had kept him here. But we also had him marked for special advancement, and when he brought you out we felt it only fair that he should be relieved. And then he requested that if it could be arranged, for personal reasons, he wished to remain at Wazul for another year."

She sat silent for a long time, staring out into the dark. At last she said: "I see, Sir James, and I think I understand."

At last the verandah was filled with tall men bowing above her hand as they congratulated her and said good night. The sound of their voices died away and the familiar hush descended on the bungalow.

She slid her hand up to her husband's shoulder: "Well, darling, did I do you justice?"

His arm went round her. "I was never so proud in all my life. Dinner was perfect, the room delightful, and you—you were just you; there wasn't one of 'em dared look at you one-tenth as much as he wanted to."

"You haven't always been completely proud of me since I came here, though, have you, John?"

His arm closed on her, pressing her to his side with passion.

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't know you loved Wazul so very much."

"Love Wazul. I should say I don't. What are you getting at?"

"If you don't love it, why did you turn down your staff appointment and ask Sir Jim to leave you here another year?"

For a while he did not answer; but presently said: "So you've found that out, have you?"

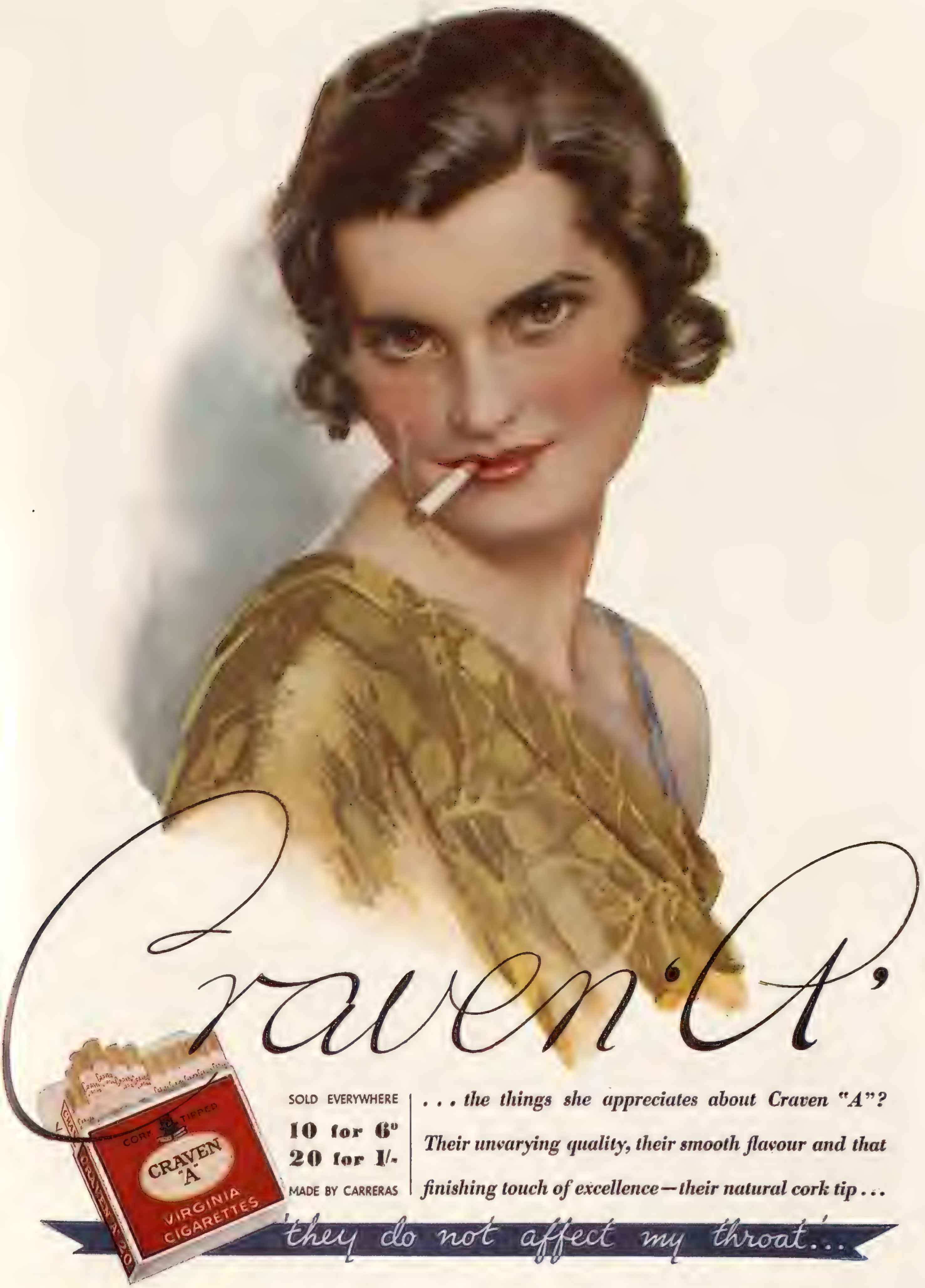
"Why did you do it?"

There was another silence, till at last he replied: "A long time ago, before we were married, you said that if I cared for you in the way you wished me to I should treat you always as I should treat myself. That promotion came at a time when you were up against it; you had overestimated your resources, you were almost cracking, you were not sure that you could go on. Moreover, I was not in the least deceived as to the true state of your mind; you knew I was not, and the fact was killing what was left of your nerve. If we had left Wazul while you were in such a state your self-trust would have been gone for ever, and nothing in the future could have compensated for it, you being you. The thought that you had failed to measure up to your own chosen standard and that I knew it would have rankled always; it might even some day have come between us. I could see you were determined to fight it out with yourself. In like case, given the opportunity to escape, I should have chosen to remain until I mastered the situation. So I made the same choice for you, in the spirit of the promise that I made you. Did I do wrong to make you suffer so?"

Silence again, pregnant with emotion, ringing for her with pæans of triumph and of thankfulness. "Come inside to the light, dearest," she said at last.

From her dressing case she brought the letter of Aunt Abigail, written last August. She gave it to him, stood waiting ecstatically while he read it through. . .

END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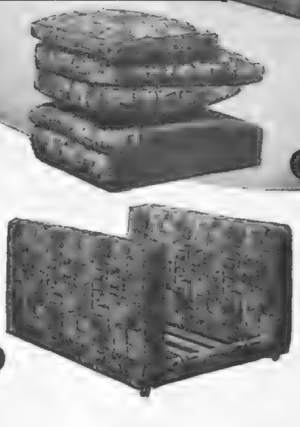
The new 'MERTON' Model is shown below. It is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout. Made in three sizes with the long low seat, synonymous with Minty Chairs.

Prices of "MERTON" Model
CHAIR from £3 . 19 . 6
SETTEE from £7 . 19 . 6
According to length of seat

The "MERTON"

Economy Model



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

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Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. It would be impossible to buy a more luxurious or better quality chair at the price. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

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Hollywood Eats

(*Continued from page 29*)

on a Special Night. Some of the best-known eating spots are clustered quite close together where Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard meet and cross, and dash on towards the hills, northwards, or the far-spread city of Los Angeles, to the south. There is the Brown Derby, with its buff-tinted awning and its name scrawled on the beige wall in deep brown paint.

Right opposite is Al Levy's Tavern; rather German in type, with a proprietor who signed a menu for me, and told me he was the inventor and originator of the Lobster, Prawn, Oyster, and Shrimp Cocktail—in other words, he thought of the Sauce, and dropped the shell-fish into it. His name *is* Al Levy (I'm not deceiving you), and his age is one that demands respect. He started the restaurant that bears his name; and now wanders round talking to his many friends while the place is run by somebody whose name was never Levy.

The decorations at Al's eating house are of the oak-beam-beer-mug type; it is all very Munich-cum-Heidelberg-cum-California. Next door is the Russian Eagle Restaurant; which necessitates a slight pause for clicking of heels and kissing of hands. All very regal and dimly lighted, save for the long bayonets on which stacks of flaming mutton are borne in triumph to the tables whereat they will be consumed with gusto by customers who like their food flaming, to match the romance of the moment. They get it that way, at the Russian Eagle.

The guiding spirit behind all the Bortsch, the Vodka, the Caviare, the Flaming Mutton, and the really admirable Russian orchestra is none other than General Lodijensky—"Lodi" to those who want to make others believe they know him quite intimately. The General was once on the Staff of the Czar of all the Russias. He is a diplomat, a courtier; a very charming man, with a very clever brain. Assisted by many foreign stars who now make their homes in Hollywood he has "cashed in" on the fact that there are many people in California who like to get as close as they can to anything remotely connected with a Palace—even though it be only flaming mutton, frizzling overhead, carried by a scarlet-bloused Russian of undoubtedly aristocratic antecedents.

At the Russian Eagle, either round the discreet tables scattered below the palm trees in the garden, or in the softly lighted restaurant, some of the most famous faces in the world may be detected, night after night. Marlene Dietrich goes there; she likes Russian food, and good music, and General "Lodi" knows how to treat her with exactly the right degree of deferential indifference. Maurice Chevalier likes the Russian Eagle; so does Kay Francis, and Francis Lederer, and Ivan Lebedeff. Garbo has been there, heavily disguised in dark glasses and a pull-on hat, so rumour whispers. Gloria Swanson says there is no food in all America like the food at the Russian Eagle; yet the prices remain, for Hollywood, quite moderate.

Three hundred yards away, just round the corner on Hollywood Boulevard, is Sardi's. Here is a new restaurant opened by Eddie Branstatter, one-time owner of the Montmartre Café, smartest eating place in filmland. Eddie knows all the stars; and knows what they like to eat. Joan Crawford has only to put her nose past the cashier's desk for an order to be rushed to the kitchen, *via* Eddie, for chicken cooked with cream and paprika. If a Barrymore appears the order is for something with lots of onions lurking somewhere in the foreground. When Pola Negri was Queen of the Studios, Mr. Branstatter concocted a special sandwich of turkey, cheese, and red current jelly, all heaped on rye bread. This was christened The Negri Sandwich; and may still be ordered—though to-day it is probably called "The Mae West!"

Sardi's is so modern in its décor that most people spend all their lunch or dinner hour gaping at the lighting, the seating, and the amazing caricatures by Berman and Joe Grant which illustrate the walls. Forty-five of these drawings are disposed at intervals round the restaurant. The best is of Will Rogers; Joan Crawford is marvellous; so is Connie Bennett. The first time I lunched in the green, silver, chromium and hidden-lighting glories of Sardi's it was a severe shock to discover Joan Crawford sitting, in the flesh, immediately in front of the caricature of herself in which Joe Grant has caught the Crawford features with such devilish brilliance.

Something must be said about the Coconut Grove, in addition to the many things that have been said about it, in the past. It started Bing Crosby on the road to fame, anyhow; that gives it a few good marks, right away. The Coconut Grove is part of the Ambassador Hotel, which is between Los Angeles and Hollywood, set in a garden that fringes a long wide street called Wilshire Boulevard. The Grove is reached down a flight of stairs: one makes an entrance, always. That is why film stars like the place so much. If ermine is in one's wardrobe, and orchids on one's dressing table, why waste them? The way to the Coconut Grove reveals them, in all their splendour.

The floor is punctuated by palm trees, literally growing out of the parquet. They are the most startlingly real artificial trees in creation. Overhead, parrots with illuminated interiors swing perilously from the branches. Humming-birds are here, there, and every place. Coconuts, too; but only for beholding, not chucking about.

There is a slightly raised balcony along one wall, facing the orchestra; it is divided into boxes, with low partitions between. Patrons of the Coconut Grove do not pay those prices to remain unseen by the rest of the assembled company. When Carl Brisson or Mae West or Otto Kruger or Jack Oakie give a party at the Grove they reserve one or more of these boxes, and have a thoroughly happy time. As a rule, evening dress is worn at the Grove; but a famous face is excused quite a lot of things out in Hollywood, and I *have* seen celebrities in lounge suits and sports clothes attach themselves to a group of friends dressed as for the Opera on a gala night—which makes it all the more friendly and creates that highly desirable feeling of bonhomie without which most parties develop into deplorable flops.

IT was at the Coconut Grove that Joan Crawford won most of the silver cups for ballroom dancing which stand in a cupboard in her house to-day. Chestnut curls flying, slim legs moving like a streamlined express train, chiffon skirts whirling madly, Joan raced round that polished floor, dancing her way to glory.

Across the road from the Coconut Grove is the original Brown Derby, shaped exactly like a bowler hat. It has its name in blue neon lights across the top of the hat. It is very popular still, though its founders have since opened the Brown Derby in Hollywood, and more recently the very smart Brown Derby in Beverly Hills.

At the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills I have had pleasant suppers of sandwiches, salads and cheeses, with such celebrities as Maurice Chevalier, James Cagney, Herbert Marshall, Heather Angel, Ralph Forbes, Ronald Colman, Jean Hersholt and his Danish wife. Charlie Chaplin goes there too; and a certain sandwich made from toasted rye bread, with turkey, lettuce, mayonaise, and a slice of Gruyere cheese is the supper-time choice of most Brown Derby patrons.

I nearly forgot that there is another popular eating place quite near the Coconut Grove and original Brown Derby. This is called Perino's,

(*Continued on page 111*)

A Private Income *Not a Salary*

£400
A YEAR
FOR LIFE
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Think of it! Not a Salary necessitating daily work at the Office, Factory or Shop, but a *private income* to be paid to you every year as long as you live.

And while you are qualifying for it—to begin, say, when you reach age 60—there's full protection for your family; £4,500, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to them in the event of your death in the meantime. Should death be the result of an accident £9,000, plus the profits, will be paid.

Should illness or accident permanently prevent you earning any kind of living, your deposits cease without affecting the payment of the pension when due.

Every year you will save a very substantial amount of Income Tax—a big consideration in itself.

This can all be accomplished by means of a plan devised by the Sun Life of Canada—a Company with assets exceeding £125,000,000.

It is a wonderful plan and can be obtained for any amount, large or small. It brings independence within the reach of tens of thousands of men (and women) who, otherwise, would be compelled to go on working till the end of their days.

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Fellow Passenger—First Class

After you've read your papers down to the advertisements . . . looked at fields and hedges till you're dizzy . . . almost got to the stage of counting telegraph-poles . . . thank goodness for Schweppes. For its refreshing 'bite', its foaming head, its heartening ginger tang!

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

and in my opinion it is the most European of all Hollywood's eateries. They serve good cocktails at Perino's, anyhow. Right at the other end of the world—actually, a few miles from the Pacific Ocean, and at least twelve miles from Perino's—is Frank Sebastian's well-known New Cotton Club. This is a very large restaurant where good food is served, and a Negro Revue is presented three times nightly. The menu talks quite frankly to Mr. Sebastian's customers. For example, it murmurs: "*Please do not embarrass the Management by bringing intoxicants on the premises.*" Further, it states in very black type: "*We reserve the right to refuse Anyone Service in this Restaurant.*"

But—it has showcases in the entrance hall full of signed photographs of film stars, all of whom have enjoyed a lot of fun at Mr. Sebastian's Joint. Clara Bow and her husband, Rex Bell, have no hesitation in proclaiming: "For sizzling, scorching entertainment give us those Sebastian Performers and Les Hite Music at the New Cotton Club." Laurel and Hardy come out into the open with the pronouncement that the place provides "A wonderful floor show. . . . The Cotton Club is second to none." Tom Mix declares that "the supreme entertainment and food at Sebastian's New Cotton Club are always enjoyed by all."

The show is excellent. The girls are very young and wear very few clothes and wriggle like a lot of animated eels. The band is frenzied. There is a tall, languid negro performer who does a half-hour single act that could top a bill at any first-class music hall. His salary, I discovered, is nothing at all; but in his act he asks the audience to roll half-dollars or whole dollars along the floor to him, and as the money goes on its rolling way this ebony-faced artist does crazy dives headlong to the hard boards under his feet, chasing the money all over the place, uttering the strangest cries and yelps and moans, without a second's pause.

Everyone should know something about the oldest restaurant in Hollywood. It is called Musso and Frank's Grill. It is situated on Hollywood Boulevard, midway between Highland Avenue and Vine Street. It was founded in 1919, and it *is* the oldest restaurant in Hollywood!

Musso is an Italian; Frank is a Frenchman. Between them they run a restaurant that is not unlike Simpson's, in the Strand. They have provided a long counter, facing the grill; the best-known actors on the screen will wait cheerfully twenty minutes or more for a seat at that counter. A good chop or steak is always worth waiting for—no?

Then there are the studio restaurants, so elaborate and so crowded that they cannot be overlooked. The most luxurious is the Café de Paris at Movietone City, in other words, the Fox studios. Its walls are painted with scenes from various countries; and some of the stars who have played in Fox films find themselves pictured on the walls. Warner Baxter is there, not only at his usual table for lunch, but below the word "Madrid," dressed in his costume as "The 'Cisco Kid." Madeleine Carroll is there, too, as she looks in "The World Moves On." She represents a typical English girl in the gallery of portraits that enliven this interesting restaurant.

Over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios is another vast commissary (nobody calls it anything else, in California) where between two and three thousand people are fed every day. There is an immense counter, for grips, props, electricians, carpenters, and so forth; but many of the stars like to sit at the counter, too. There is the main restaurant, and beyond it a sun-room, with one long table for directors and stars, and a few small tables, hurriedly snatched by stars who are being interviewed over lunch—one of the great studio pastimes! Lily, one of the waitresses, has been on the job for about eight years, and can recite the favourite dishes of every M.G.M. star without

(*Continued on page 112*)

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'Celaspun' the new Autumn and Winter wunderwear . . .

Slender, supple, luxurious as spun silk, warm and cosy as wool . . . with special hygienic properties, with a surface that cannot irritate, a texture that never shrinks . . . 'Celaspun' contains neither Wool, nor Silk, nor Cotton, but is a quite new, quite individual fabric that for the first time combines the qualities of all cold weather underwear. See 'Celaspun' to-day.

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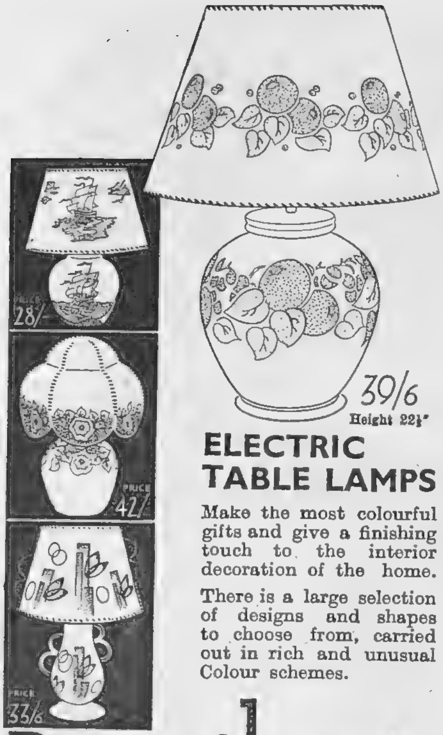
BROCHURE FREE. *A postcard to British Celanese Ltd. (Dept. B.R.), Hanover Square, London, W.1, will bring you fully illustrated Brochure, showing 'Celaspun' in every type of next-the-skin garment for Men, Women and Children; and the name of your nearest stockist.*

DOES NOT IRRITATE · Celaspun · TRADE MARK · WILL NOT SHRINK

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celaspun' & Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celaspun': British Celanese Limited, Hanover Square, London, W.1.



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The HOWARD POTTERY CO
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A Complete

HEALTH *and* BEAUTY TREATMENT *in your bath*

The pores are opened and cleansed of all the impurities which cause blackheads and other blemishes . . . the tissues of the skin are toned up and invigorated . . . the nerves are soothed . . . and at the same time you inhale the curative exhilarating atmosphere of the forests of the Tyrol, the concentrated constituents of which are immersed in your shimmering green bath water. You feel and are rejuvenated and, oh, so delightfully refreshed!

But make sure you are getting an article containing GENUINE Tyrolean pine needle essence.

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Effervescent PINE NEEDLE

BATH TABLETS

are extensively recommended and used by medical profession. Obtainable at BOOTS and other good Chemists, or direct, post free, from:—

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5, Leonard Street, London, E.C.2.**

1/- PER CARTON of 4

Scientific.

pausing for breath. She gives orders for most of them as soon as she sees them sit down.

Paramount has another large eating place; so has Warner-Brothers-First-National, though the nicest spot to take lunch in that garden-like studio is in the Green Room, which holds about sixty people only and is reserved for stars, directors, and important writers. At Universal, there is a café open to the public; a hoarding outside invites passers-by to "Eat with the Stars." But there is also an auto-café attached to this studio, which covers so many weary acres. It is known as the "Galloping Café," to players. It careers all over the place, taking hot coffee, sandwiches, chicken, and so forth, to people who are working too far away to bother about the long trek back to the restaurant.

Out on the beach, a few yards from the Pacific Ocean, is the Side-Walk Café, owned and run by Thelma Todd, exquisite blonde star of the screen. Thelma has always been energetic; she likes to drive twenty-five miles to her café every day, when she is not at the studio, and when I lunched at the Side-Walk I found her sitting behind the cash desk giving change with business-like promptitude.

Personally, though I have sampled every leading restaurant in Hollywood, I still prefer to drive up in a car to one of the sandwich shops of the most weird shapes and sizes, order a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and enjoy it there and then out in the sunshine. That's the finest way to eat, in Hollywood.

The Modern Nursery

(*Continued from page* 66)

be kept in reserve so that those on the wall can be changed at frequent intervals.

If the children show a wish to draw or paint pictures of their own, this should be encouraged, and the best of their achievements may be framed and hung in the day nursery, or in their bedrooms.

The nursery should also include a blackboard, either on an easel or fixed to the wall, which may be used either for the home classroom or for drawing in coloured chalks.

It sometimes happens where there is a growing family that it is difficult to spare a room for use as a day nursery. In cases of this sort a compromise can be effected by using the largest of the boys' bedrooms as a combined playroom.

The bed may consist of a low divan in one corner, and the remainder of the floor space can be left free for the ordinary nursery equipment, toys and games.

A room of this type can be well worth while in a small house or flat where no other arrangement is possible, because a room which is the children's very own, where they can follow their own pursuits undisturbed, can make an immense difference to the comfort of the whole family.

As much of the nursery furniture as possible should be placed against the walls so that the central floor space may be left clear.

The children's instinct to play many of their games and to look at picture books prone on the floor should be admitted, partly because it is natural, and partly because it is good for the spine.

Toys which appeal to the imagination and the possessive instinct—such as dolls, soft toys and mechanical toys—may be supplemented with *action* toys and *work* toys.

An example of the former is the see-saw in green lacquered steel and orange canvas seen in one of the photographs accompanying this article.

Work toys include items such as jig-saw puzzles, pegmosaics and picture mosaics for the younger children and carpentry and engineering sets for the older ones. Many of these appeal to the modern small girl as well as to her brothers. They are toys which have an educational value inasmuch as they develop the practical and constructional capabilities.

**MATERNITY GOWN
WITH CAPE EFFECT**
ALSO CLOTHES
FOR NORMAL WEAR
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M. 267.—This very attractive Dress with revers lined contrasting georgette, which even show when worn high. Has a cape effect behind which gives a new line.

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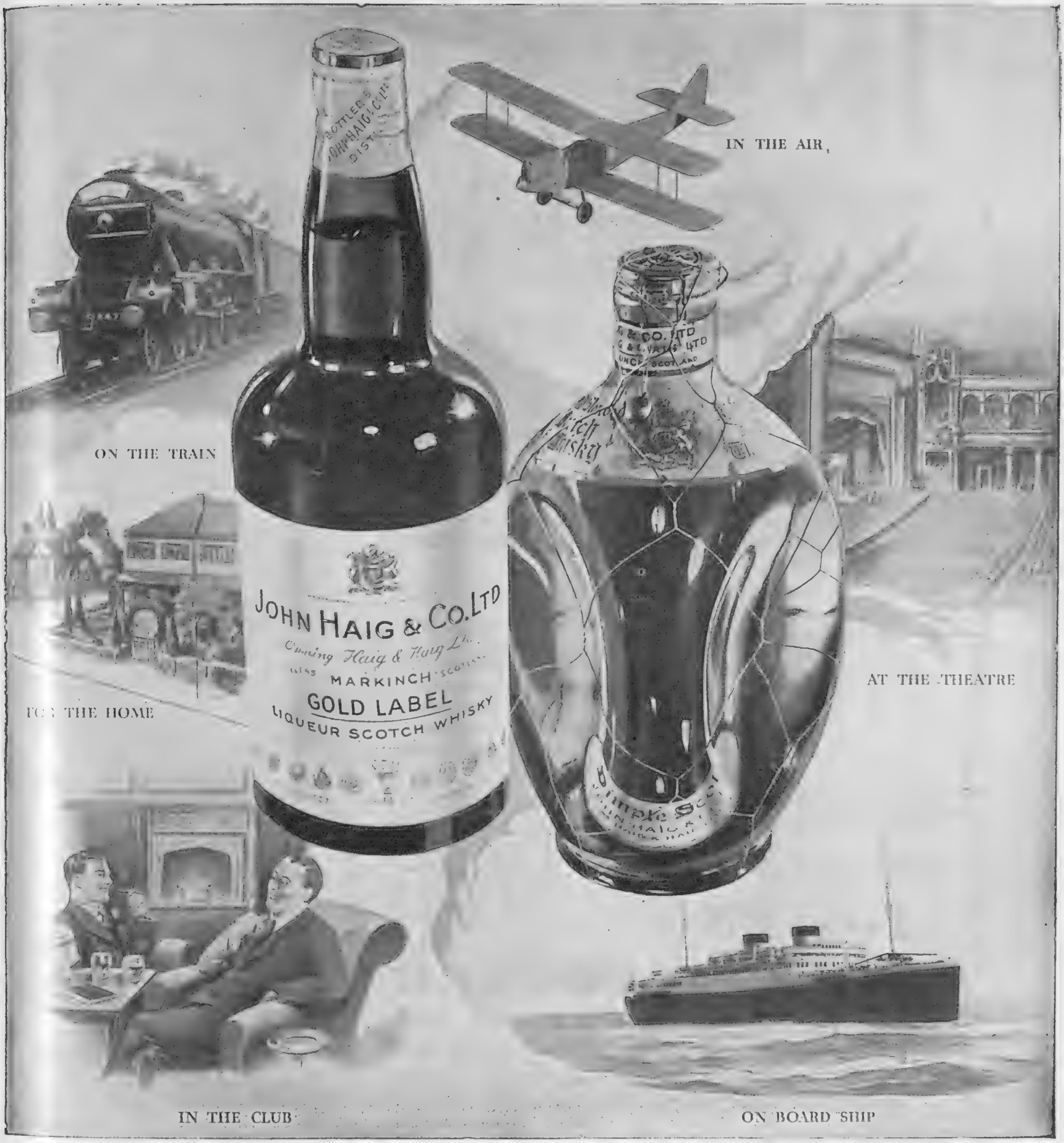
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FOR THE HOME
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

GOOD OLD MATURED WHISKY IS THE BEST AND SAFEST BEVERAGE AT ALL TIMES

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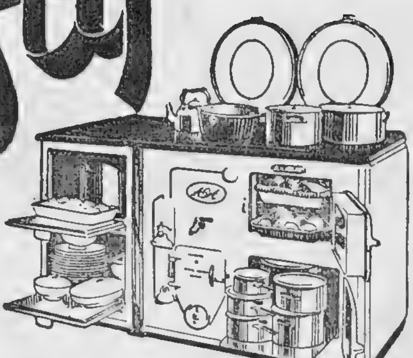
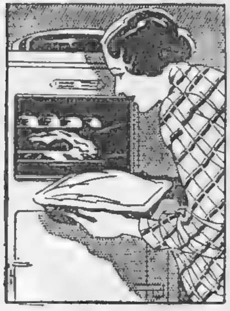


The Aga Cooker
has a
guaranteed fuel cost
of less than **25/- a quarter**



The capacious roasting oven.

And it never exceeds this allowance even though it caters for as many as sixteen people. But this is not the only remarkable feature of the Aga. The way it reduces labour, increases leisure, improves cooking, adds to comfort, are just a few. It brings, in fact, science into the kitchen, planned economy instead of chaotic waste.

The Aga uses coke and burns continuously night and day—it is always ready for use—no waiting for cooking temperature. No morning fires to light—no blackleading—cleaning a matter of moments. Fuelling and riddling only twice a day. No risk of burns, explosions, shocks. No naked flames or fumes to dirty pots and pans. No cooking smells. And then toasting, boiling, frying, poaching, grilling, roasting, baking — these methods, and the flavour of the food, are vastly improved with the Aga.

Hot water always on tap.

Yes! your household could do with the efficiency, economy, comfort, cleanliness and leisure of the Aga. Send for the free explanatory book.*

The new and larger
4-OVEN
AGA COOKER
(Regd. Trade Mark)

SHOWROOMS:
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36-page FREE booklet containing photographs and complete details of the new Aga Cooker to

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The S.B.21 (illustrated above) or the Standard Aga can be installed for a first payment of £5 10s. 0d. and the balance paid monthly or quarterly over one, two or three years out of the saving in fuel the Aga will effect.

BRITISH MADE

My Cook Tells Me

(*Continued from page* 72)

quarter of a pound of peeled and cored apples.

Prepare the fruit, mince the raisins and the candied peel. Blanch and chop the almonds, peel, core and chop the apples. Mix all these prepared ingredients together, add also the sugar, grated nutmeg, suet, lemon rind and bananas, the latter mashed to a pulp.

Now stir in the strained lemon juice, a few drops of almond essence and the rum. When well mixed put into pots, pressing it down hard. Tie down with parchment covers and make airtight.

Here is a new Christmas Wreath Salad which you may like to introduce as a novelty during the festive season.

Ingredients:—Six slices of pineapple, a cup and a half of mixed fruits (apple, pineapple, and peaches or pears), halt a cupful of marshmallows, one large bunch of grapes, lettuce, fruit salad dressing.

Cut the centres from the rings of pineapple, leaving an outside ring about half an inch wide, and place the ring on a nest of crisp lettuce. Chop the pineapple that has been removed, add other fruits, diced, to make a cup and a half. Add marshmallows, quartered.

Fill the centre of the pineapple ring with a mound of this mixture and top with a spoonful of fruit salad dressing. Cut grapes in half, remove seeds and place close together on the pineapple ring to represent holly berries on a wreath.

Complete salad with a bow made by cutting maraschino cherries almost in half, then turning them and cutting them almost in half the other way. When spread out the cherry represents a red bow for the wreath.

The New Heat

A NEW heater has just been launched on the market which appears to be the answer to every housewife's plea for heat without labour, trouble or expense.

It gives heat that is equal to, and in som cases better than, that provided by coal, gas, electricity, petrol or steam.

The Aladdin Paradiant is an attractively designed heater that can be carried from room to room with perfect safety. Its pleasing lines harmonise with any furnishing scheme.

The glowing heat comes from paraffin, and once filled the heater will burn for 24 hours with no attention, at a cost of less than ½d. an hour.

There are no cinders, dirt or dust to clear up, no mess or fumes, and because paraffin is easy to store and use, no labour for scuttles or bins is needed.

Come Unto These Yellow Sands

(*Continued from page* 13)

it seemed, he subsided into an armchair with his long legs stuck out. He sat with his back to Janet and his left hand over his eyes and there he remained for an hour as though he were carved in stone. He might have been made by Rodin as Youth in Misery.

It was not until she was tired that Janet noticed him. She caught the surprise in the doctor's eyes and nodded back. She herself was amazed. And then with the desire to convey the message of the Chinese philosopher she played Grieg's ariette, "To the Spring."

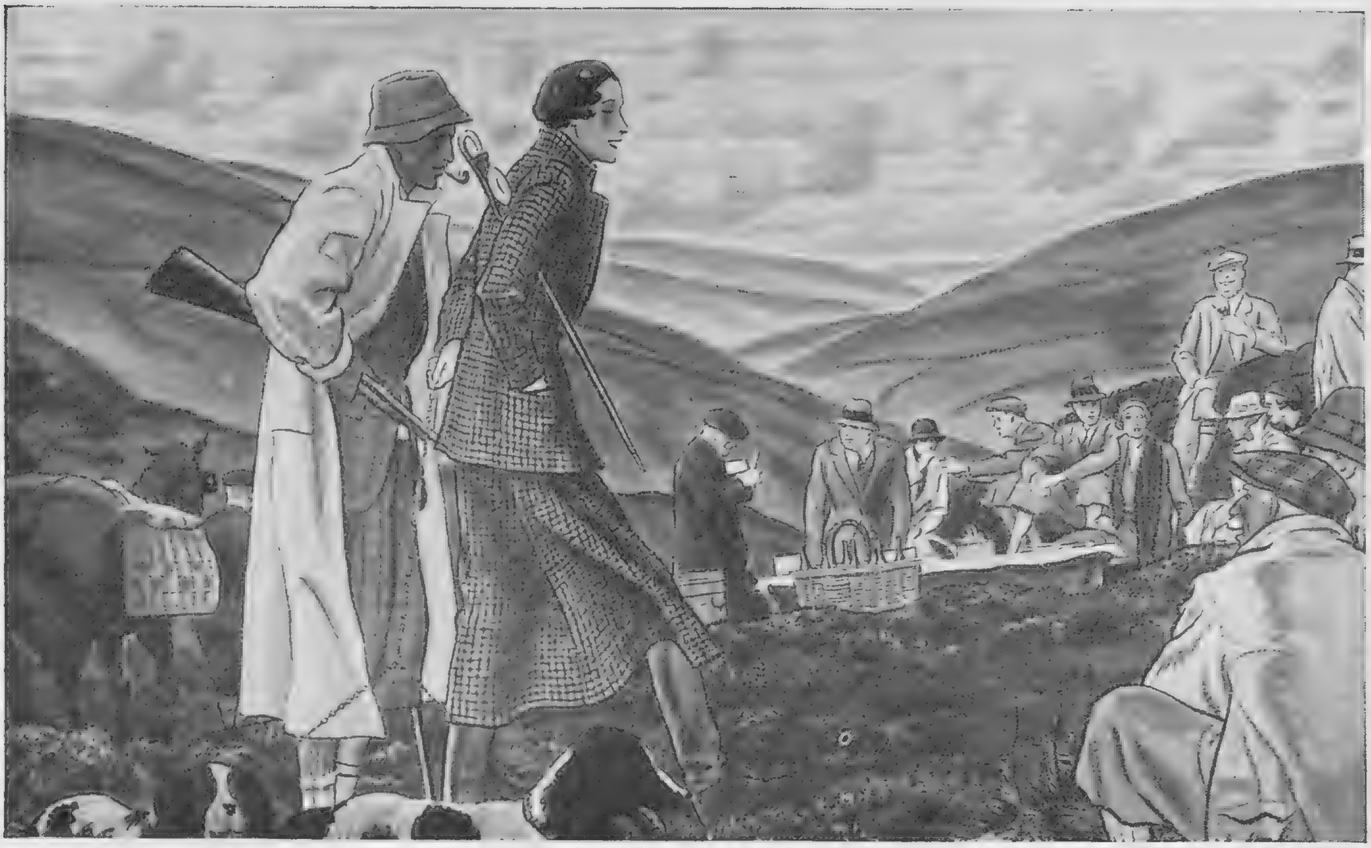
Waiting until the last notes had faded into the air Machakoff rose, bowed and immediately left the room.

"Well, anyhow," said Dr. Morrow, "that lout has one good point. 'The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with the concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.' Thank you very much. You played my favourites. Your touch is exquisite. It was a great treat. I advise a good long night."

And but for the little apple man she would have

(*Continued on page* 116)

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE



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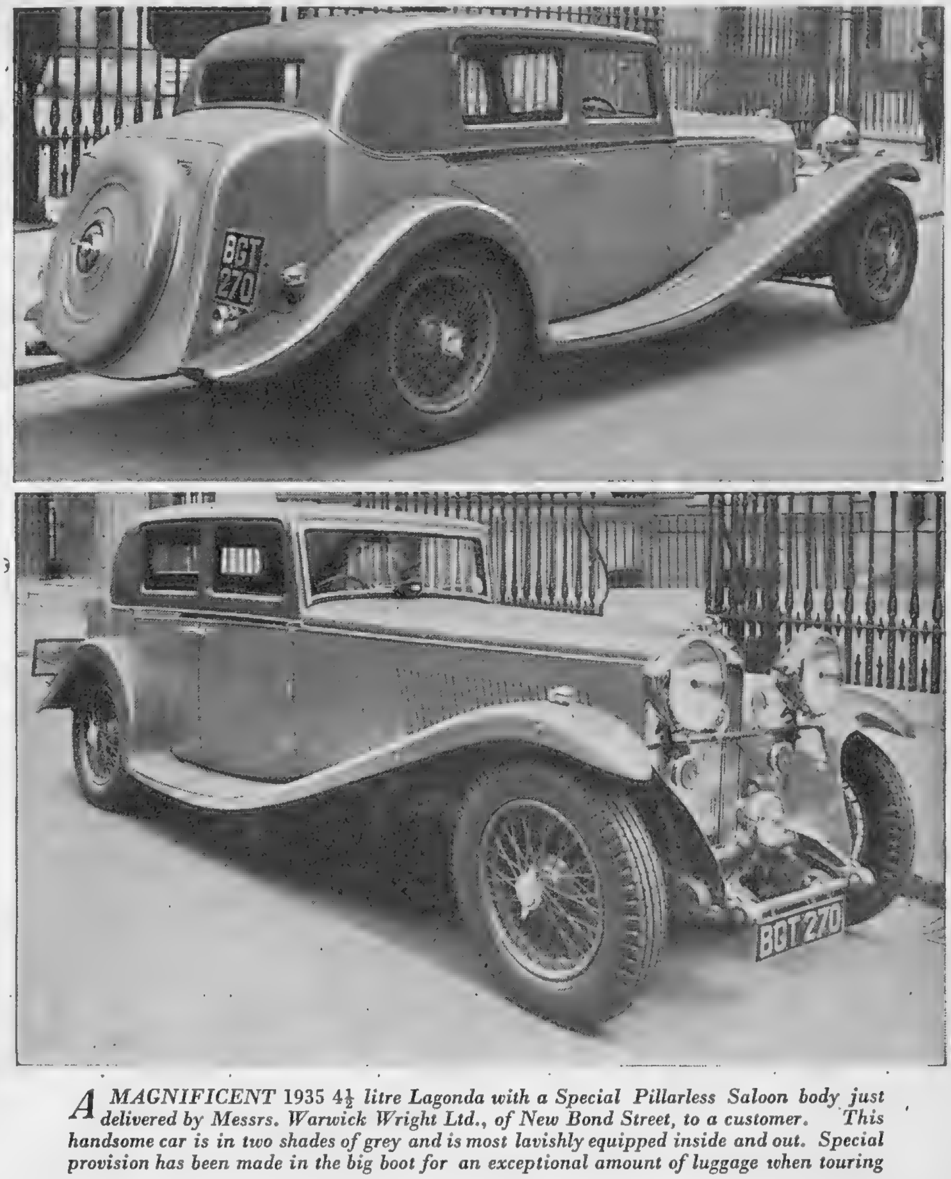
taken his advice. He caught her as she was leaving to go below to her room. His face was as round and as red as one of the Canadians with which he had crammed the hold. He said, in a sort of blurt, “ If you'll allow me, that was perfectly wonderful. We heard it all in the smoking-room and it put a stop to the game. By golly, you can play! We thought of trooping in, but when I spotted the poet, or whatever the dickens he is, we decided to stay where we were. We can't stomach that feller with the fungus on his face.” He gave out a high shrill laugh and a variety imitation of the Machakoff scowl. His timidity had been swept away by whisky and enthusiasm, the latter, however, luckily, being the stronger of the two. But before Janet could thank him and slip tactfully away—she had picked out a book from the library which she wanted to read in bed—he burst forth again. “ There's a joker in my little gang who sings like a bird. What do you say to running through a few songs with him? Not of course if you're tired, but he's down to perform at the concert—the purser saw to that, and he's bound to whip *you* in, being what you are—I mean so thundering good—and a little spot of practice. . . .”

“ Yes, of course,” said Janet. “ I'll open the piano again.” A concert! And in the room in which Clara Crawford had sung to an enchanted audience for the last time on earth. Could she bear such a thing? But even as she stood there with a cold hand on her heart the apple man had nipped away and brought in his partners in the cargo and at bridge. They came in wearing grins—a tall angular middle-aged man with a Hitlerish moustache and several patches of white hair on an otherwise mousy head, and a line of miniature medals which he kept among his socks, a youngish man with a baby face, a ministerial collar and a large black bow, and one who was stamped with earmarks of a Savage Saturday night. A clean-shaven, good-natured fellow, with a striking width of chest and an opera singer's neck. A born baritone.

“ Permit me to introduce my three very good friends. Mr. Harry Hampstead, Mr. George Whistlefield and Mr. Tom Totton, who might have been a thrush. Gentlemen, Miss Janet Rowley, who makes the best music even better than it is.” He forgot to say that he himself was John Augustus Bricket, generally known as Johnny wherever apples grew. He got through this performance with high social aplomb, though he killed it with a wriggle and his odd shrill laugh. It was like something one hears in the jungle and in the pit at a musical play.

Janet returned their bows and took her place at the piano with a great effort of will. And there she had to wait while, after words of thanks, Totton went off for his music as hard as he could lick. He was always willing to sing. Bricket's breathless description of the girl who needed an uncle was instantly accepted by the two new men. They added inwardly four and were avuncular at once. Making a mental bet that among the things that she would be asked to play there would be “ I'll sing thee songs of Araby ” and “ Son o' Mine ” Janet might have added “ Deep River ” and “ Swing low, sweet chariot.” They were all brought in. And as Totton sang them extremely well in a full, rich voice, she enjoyed the following hour with no regrets for her book. So did the smoking-room stewards, the lady who threw her eyes (*Continued on page* 118)



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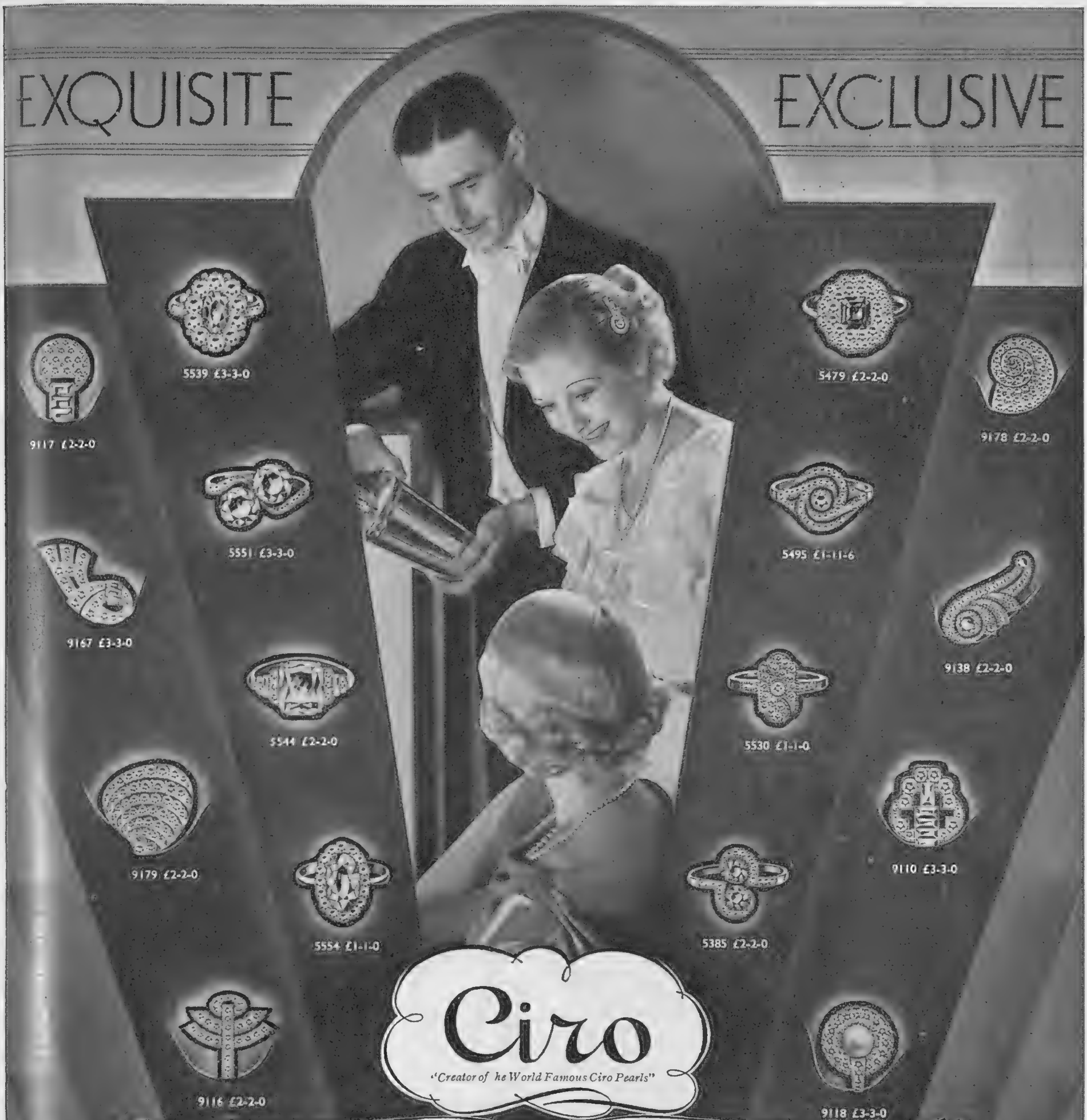
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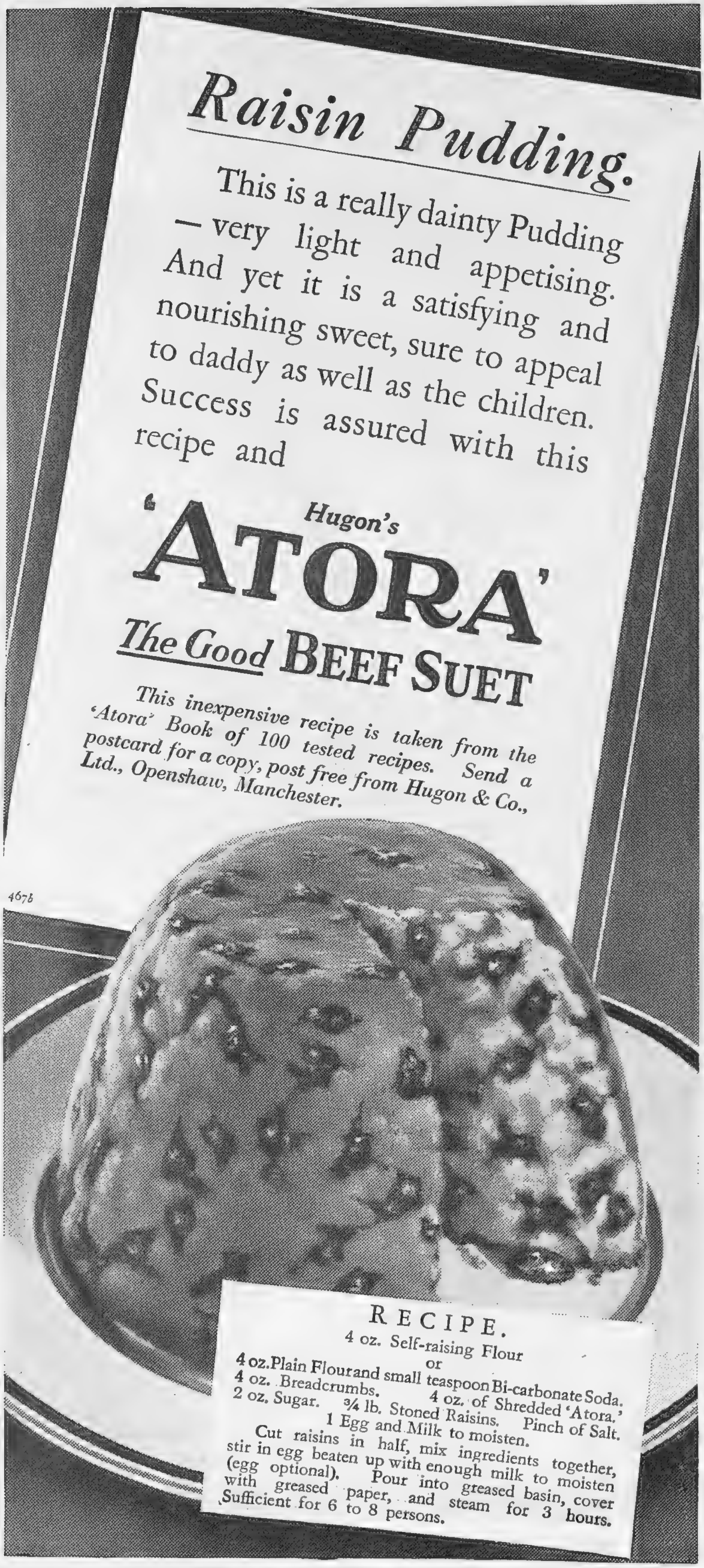

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Cut raisins in half, mix ingredients together, stir in egg beaten up with enough milk to moisten (egg optional). Pour into greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam for 3 hours. Sufficient for 6 to 8 persons.

about, and several of the people who were drawn from mysteries. Machakoff paused for a moment at the entrance to the room and then went off with the expression of one who had just hammered his nail.

Janet slept without dreams. The sparkle of the morning and a sense of returning fitness called her into the sun. Though only faintly interested in Machakoff as a man, she found him in her thoughts as a fellow down-and-out. The attitude of depression in which she had seen him last restirred her sympathy, rekindled her desire to pass on the Chinese adage which had been of so much help. Among her other gifts there was a rare one—gratitude, whose still, small voice came often through the human urgings of fear. But how could this be done ? It was certain that his deck-chair would have been transferred to a distant place and therefore equally certain that she could not speak again. But when, after a bout of deck-tennis with three of the expert uncles on the port side of the ship—an invitation had been sent to her cabin in Johnny's school-boy fist—she went to her chair to rest, there, at her elbow, sprawled the wounded Machakoff. Surprise ? That wasn't the word. Both she and the grinning deck-steward were completely at a loss.

To her bright and cheerful " Good morning " no answer was returned. There was only a surging movement, a fretful clutch at a rug and a long and trying silence which neither of them broke. Not exactly a silence, because somewhere near a deck-hand with the inevitable pot of paint was whistling as he worked. And there were the pulse of the engines and the ploughing of the sea.

Suddenly Machakoff spoke. He said " I admire 'ow you play." His manner was abrupt and he kept his eyes away.

Instead of handing a bouquet it appeared rather to Janet that he was throwing a brick. She simply said " Oh, thanks," and expected nothing more.

But after a murmur of curses at a recalcitrant cigarette lighter which finally did its job he went on again. It was a paradoxical attack. " You 'ave the touch, the spirit. You interpret 'ow it was felt. It give me the refresh. It was that I 'ave sleep for the first time for a week."

Janet was strangely moved. Then after all she had been able to give a hand to this lame dog. It was a slight return for the great help which the doctor had given to her.

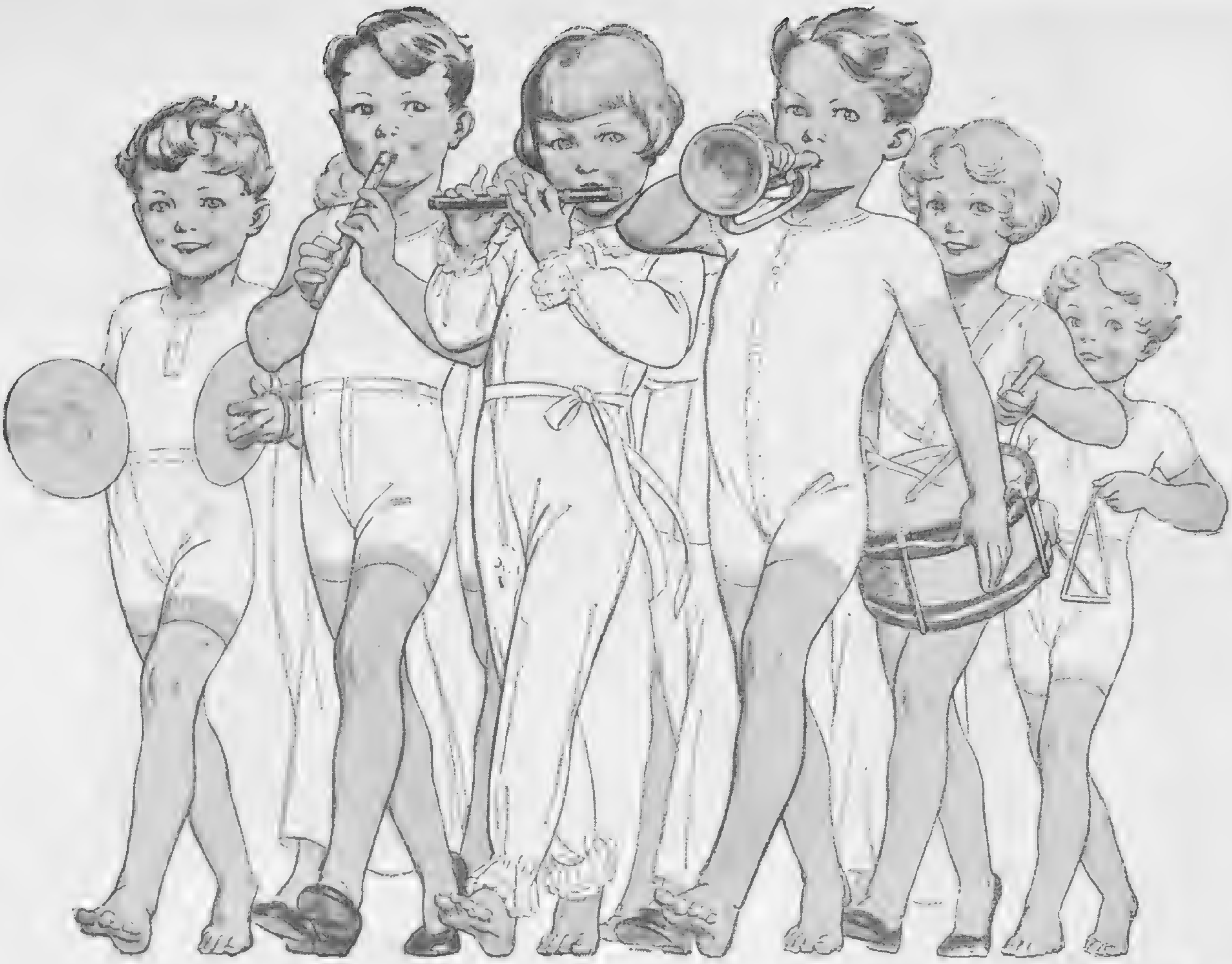
" You are of the profession, isn't it ? You 'ave just finish a tour ? Tell me of it, please. I 'ave a wish to know." He swivelled round and looked at her and gave a wave of his hand. There was impatience in the gesture and a sort of Royal command.

Janet was once more amazed. A peculiar person, this. She didn't suppose for a moment that he would subject himself to her and be able to bear with attention the story she had to tell. She was surprised to see, on the contrary, that his interest was held, and that he shut his eyes with a stab of pain when she came to the tragic passing of " the Devon Nightingale."

" So," he said. " So ! Life—life ? What it is but a curse . . . And now, please, of yourself. Why, where an' 'ow you study to this perfection of technique ? For an English it is strange." He waved his hand again.

Not so much now with the conciseness of a press despatch she roughed out the scenario of her five hard years. The boarding house, the tube, the music-school, the tube, the boarding-house—the daily monotonous round ; her engagement first with a pierrot troupe at Eastbourne on the pier ; her promotion to accompany a tenor at provincial concert halls and then at Broadcasting House ; her contract as general utility with the B.B.C., the fortunate result ; her selection by Clara Crawford and the crossing on that ship ; nothing to which to look forward on her dreadfully tragic return.

To all of which he listened with his eyes upon her face. At the end of the monologue he suddenly took her hand, and, offering no apology, examined (*Continued on page 120*)



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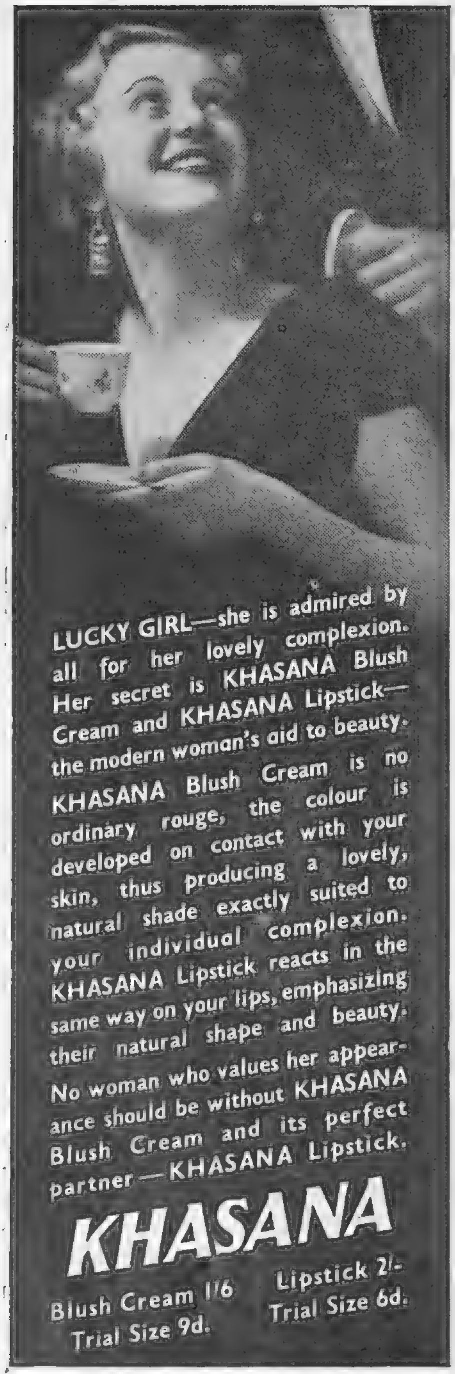

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the length of her fingers and felt the strength of her wrist. He then went back to his book.

Although it was perfectly plain to her that she must regard herself as dismissed she braved the opportunity to throw the doctor's seeds. She felt that she was somehow called upon to do this. "You wouldn't have heard me play," she said, "or seen me in this chair if it hadn't been for something that was told me as we sailed. 'Luck admires courage and is apt to send good things to those who take the bad ones well.' It's an old Chinese proverb——"

"I do not like Chinese. I do not believe in luck. Our despot is the fate."

He returned to his dejection and dropped his book with a thud.

In her keen imagination Janet heard the slam of a door. After lunch and further tennis with the rumbustious apple men she was companionless in her chair. Well, he had spurned the inspiration which had set her on her feet, a fact that she deeply regretted in her eagerness to help. But she made up her mind to play again that evening after dinner, and went carefully through her repertoire for sleep-giving things. In that way, at any rate, she might share the moral tonic which the doctor had prescribed. . . . Who was this eccentric young man, this egomaniac, this self-appointed martyr who, as is the way of martyrs, wallowed and gloried in gloom? A Russian, she supposed, who had been driven from his country for a political offence. An aristocrat, it might be, despoiled of his estates. He had an autocratic way. What else had Fate dealt out to him to put him in this mood? He was so young to go with pessimism into utter hopelessness. Or had he been "crossed in love"? And had his arm been broken in a motor accident or in a Communistic fracas with the American police? She thought that the removal of that very horrid beard would leave him quite good-looking. In spite of what the doctor had said and the contempt of the apple men she liked him very much.

And so that night to the doctor and to Bricket and his friends, and presently to Machakoff, who again presented himself, she played her sleep-giving tunes. She chose Debussy's "*Clair de Lune*," Schumann's "*Cradle Song*," Beethoven's "*Minuet*," several of Chopin's "*Preludes*," Mendelssohn's "*Bees' Wedding*," Brahms's "*Rhapsody in E Flat*," and wound up as an afterthought, and under a sort of urge, and with the emotional sense of the presence of her dear dead friend, with Karolik's new setting of "*Come Unto these Yellow Sands*," which left the doctor wordless and with something in his throat. Machakoff, in the same way, rose, bowed and left.

And then it was Tom Totton's turn with another bundle of songs.

Every night this happened, to everyone's delight, and whether it had the effect of giving Machakoff too much sleep so that he remained all day in bed, the fact remained that his chair was empty and he was seen on deck no more. Then came the formal concert at which the captain was in the chair, and was down on the programme for "a short and stammering speech." In this he was to say that the object of these impromptu affairs, as everybody knew, was to add to the fund for the orphans of the men who ran those ships. In addition to Janet and Totton—the latter very professional with a flower in his coat—the purser had dug up talent from the crowded second class. There were the Sisters O'Reilly—sisters under the skin—who had volunteered to clog dance in their music-hall attire. Both had pretty legs. There was also a Cuban artist, famous for caricatures, who had brought out his accordion for a rumbustious Rumba or two. So that one way and another the purser was proud of himself.

All went well and admirably and without the suggestion of hitch, every living passenger except Machakoff in the room. Janet's final turn was the end, except for the National Anthem to be played by the band. And then something happened which sent a thrill through the room.

A steward entered suddenly and gave the captain a note. There was nothing dramatic in that. All eyes were, however, on the captain's face. The collection had been unexpectedly good and there was a smile round his lips. But having opened the note in a casual way his whole expression changed. His eyes grew big and his mouth fell open and he uttered an exclamation of excitement and delight. He shot a look at the purser in which he obviously signalled "What you've missed, my boy!" and sprang at once to his feet. He said, speaking quickly and stumbling over his words, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I have an astounding surprise! Karolik is on board. Karolik, the magnificent violinist who rivals Kreisler himself. He has travelled under another name—that of Machakoff. The neuritis in his bow arm, which cancelled his engagements, has gradually disappeared. With indescribable kindness he offers to play to us if—as he has scribbled, 'it might please you if he does.'"

There was an outburst of cheers and prolonged cries of "Karolik, Karolik" from all parts of the room.

Janet began to tremble. She would have to play for him, for Karolik, who was said to change his accompanist at least once a week!

The purser rushed to the door and was edged aside by a young, dark, clean-shaven man in faultless evening clothes. The room was filled with applause as with a fish-like dart he went swiftly to the piano carrying the famous instrument with which he did magic things. He carried also music which he placed in front of Janet.

He said, "Pick out what you know. It is no matter to me. Three in all will do."

And while on the verge of a heart attack and with a little prayer for help she did as she was told, he tuned his violin.

A hush fell at once.

They began with Tchaikovsky's "*Chanson sans Paroles*," then played Chopin's "*Mazurka Op. 33*" and would have finished with Massenet's "*Méditations*" from "*Thais*" if the audience had allowed. But they were carried off their feet by the life, spirit and exhilaration which they had heard with bated breath. Their cheers went on and on. And when, putting his chin on his violin and picking up his bow, Karolik whispered to Janet they broke out afresh. But when he turned and faced them in an attitude of play there was a silence like that of the desert over every part of the room.

"*Come Unto these Yellow Sands*" . . .

Most of the passengers had never heard it before, but the captain and the purser, the members of the orchestra and the stewards round the door, Dr. Morrow and Janet, who could hardly see for tears, had heard it sung by Clara Crawford during the first and last of her crossings on the waters of this earth.

Saying to Janet abruptly, "Follow me to the library. I wish a word with you," Karolik bowed profoundly and immediately left the room.

And Janet went to the doctor as the passengers moved away. There were bursts of conversation and short excited laughs.

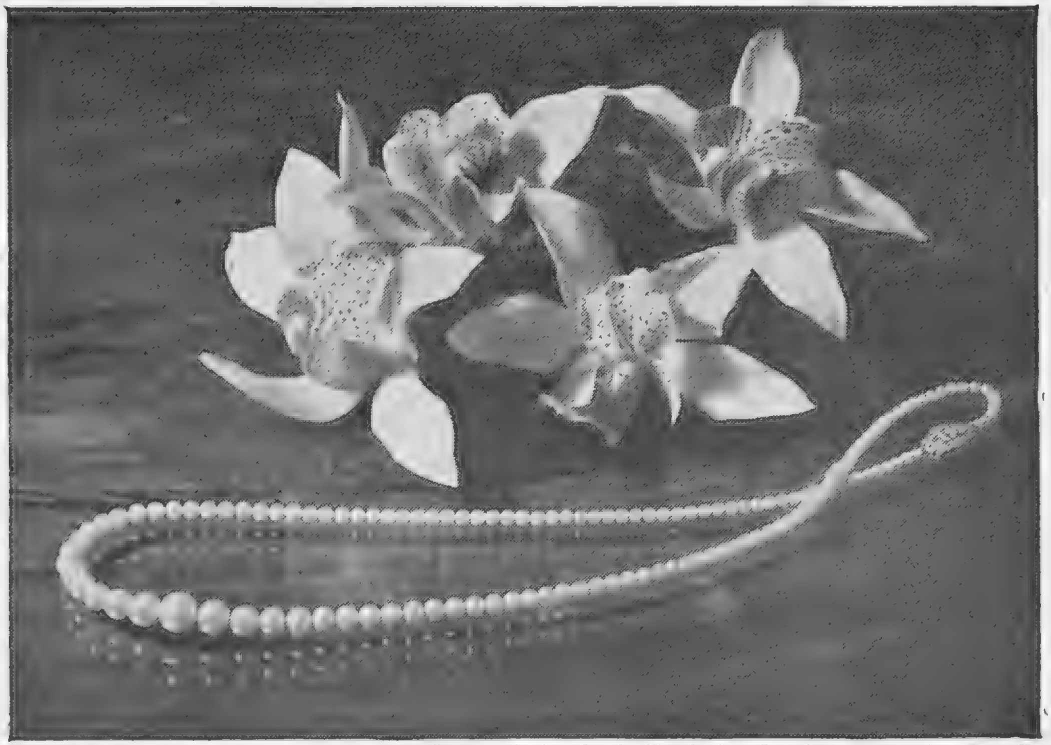
She said: "Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor Morrow, if only—oh, if only that Chinese might be right!" Her hand trembled on his arm.

The doctor in his sympathy completely understood. "You deserve that he shall be, my dear. You've taken bad things well."

And there stood the beardless "Machakoff" impatient of delay. His back was against an etching in a corner of the library to which no one had yet returned. He carried his violin.

He said with strong emotion, "I tank you very much. You 'ave dispel my troubles. My arm is back again and at last I 'ave found one who suit me to a T. I engage you for my work. Good-night."

Janet said those words as, with clasped hands, she stood there alone. And she added to them, "Good Morrow," with the warmest gratitude.



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Behind Harem Walls

(*Continued from page 15*)

little tufts of hair in a symmetrical pattern here and there, which is a sign of a dedication to some Moslem saint. The little boys have the "Gouffaya"—a long lock of hair by means of which the archangel Gabriel will pull them up to Paradise in case of their early demise—still, one cannot be too careful!

Slowly the housewife threads her way through the dense crowd in the soukkho. The vendors extoll their wares, haggle with customers. It is a pleasure to both parties, less than the desire for a bargain. The dense crowd is dignified and orderly. Every tribe of Morocco can be seen here. Wiry, dark mountain men in their striped white and black djellabahs, huge negroes from the South, their women unveiled, Jews with side locks and black skull-caps.

The Moors themselves are fair-skinned, being all of Berber descent with only a dash of Arab blood dating from the times of distant invasions. The housewife passes the stalls where mountain folk sell dates and nuts from beyond the Atlas. Women from the country, crouching on the ground, unveiled and with haiks of cheap French bath towelling that has replaced the native material among the very poor, sell wheat and grain of every kind. Others offer round, flat loaves of white bread temptingly displayed on low-legged wooden trays. It looks good, but has a sourish taste.

Farther on the sweetmeat sellers drive a roaring trade, their customers not a whit abashed at the swarms of flies covering their sticky wares. No woman passes without making a purchase—the little ones at home are always sucking the gaily coloured lumps of dough and almonds.

The women can easily walk in the streets in their light slippers, for there is no gutter and they are clean enough, most of them being only accessible to foot passengers. Narrow, dark corridors with bridges overhead connect one house with another.

At the door of her home the lady knocks. A round brass knocker in the heavy nail-studded door is for the general use. In well-to-do houses a bronze hand of Fatma, higher up, is for the riders. Carefully the great doors open. A grey-bearded porter, or a veiled woman in humble homes, ushers in the mistress.

In wealthy houses the master's state saddle, red plush with gilded ornaments, is exhibited in the entrance passage, and a couple of male slaves are always in attendance in case the master might demand his mule. They are also the guard of the home. No one can pass into the ladies' quarters without their permission.

No male servant enters this kingdom of women. The ladies see only their lord and their sons. When the master of the house goes on a journey his mother or the first wife is entrusted with the key of the harem. None of the ladies may leave the house in his absence.

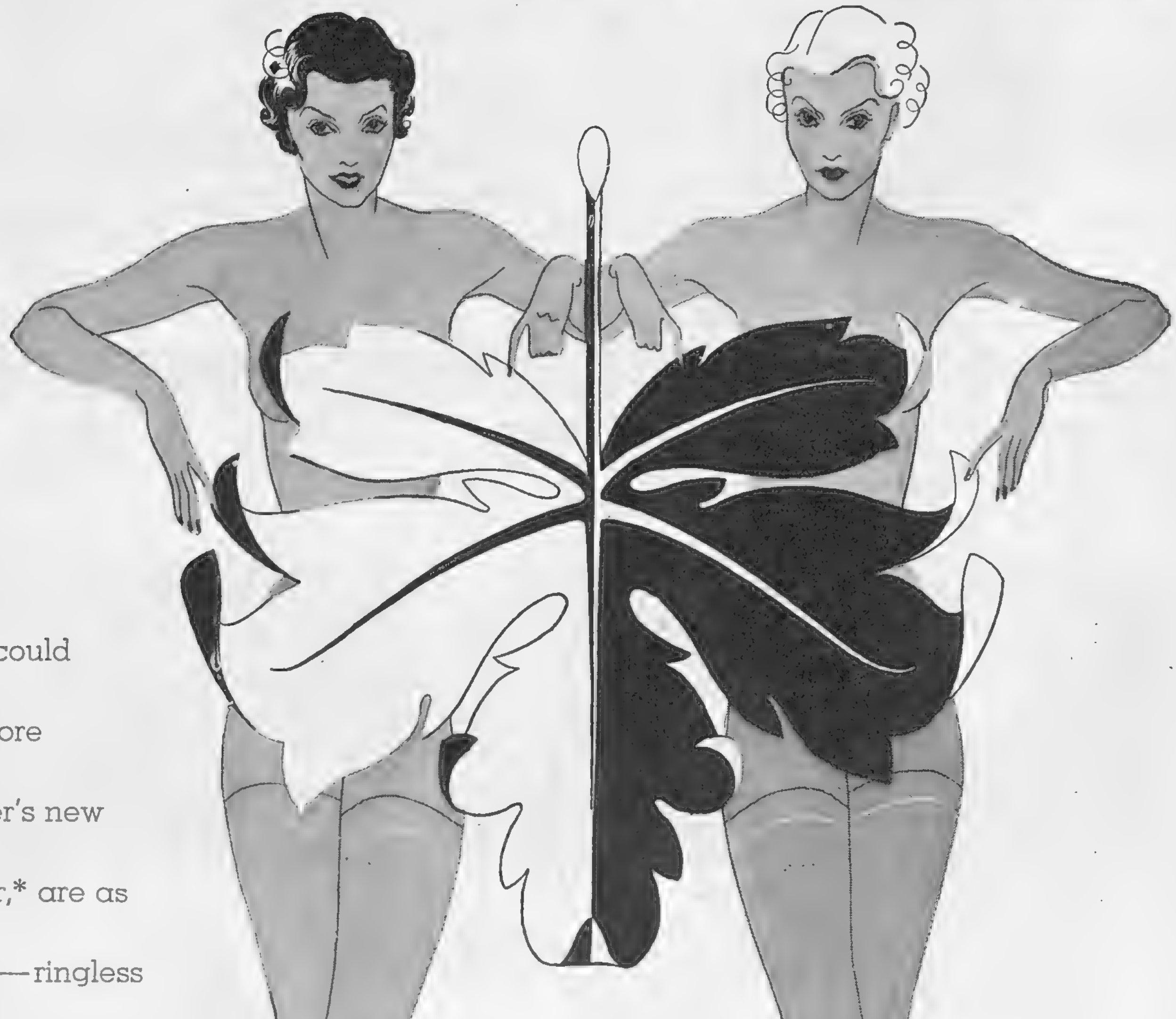
A slave is deputised to do the catering, and the food is brought to the door and passed through a special hatch. The ladies of all classes take part in the housework with their numerous women slaves. This takes up all the morning till the midday meal.

After the midday meal the ladies scatter about the house, some for a siesta, some to embroider in that lovely double cross-stitch called Fez work, which, it is said, Byzantine slaves brought over in the eighth century.

Every house in the towns, rich and poor, is built on the same pattern. All the rooms open into a patio, which has a gallery running overhead into which other rooms open in their turn. There generally is a pool of clear water or a well framed by brilliant blue or green tiles in the patio—every house has its own water supply. The rooms generally only get their light from the open doors. Very few—those looking into a back courtyard—may have windows very high up. No glass in them, only fine wrought-iron railings across which wooden shutters are drawn at night. All

(*Continued on page 124*)

EVE FALLS FOR **MIR-O-KLEER**



And the apple itself could hardly have been more tempting! For Kayser's new stockings, Mir-o-Kleer,* are as transparent as glass — ringless and shadowless — and quite adorable in the new dark Autumn shades. Besides, there's the price — only 4/11, or with Sansheen finish, from 6/11. Your other Kayser favourites from 4/11, as usual.

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SUCCESS

* TRADE MARK Patented Canada 1933–336,234 Patented Great Britain–336,346

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Welcome Always
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MORELLA
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BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN! 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3¾ ins.
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the rooms are carpeted and have silk hangings or carpets on the walls, the design on them generally reproducing in the centre the shape of the door of the Kaabah in Mecca. Long, low divans run round all the rooms—the ladies sleep on them fully dressed.

In the state bedroom, where the master of the house sleeps, can be seen his great French brass bed piled with a mountain of many-coloured cushions. The household is proud of it, and guests are often received in this apartment. There seldom are any big gardens in Moorish houses. They have gardens out of town, but in the house they mostly have plants in pots in their patio. The substitute to the garden is the roof, where the ladies take the air of an evening, seeing the street below, but unseen themselves.

Conversation goes on from one roof to another. The gossip of the town flies round marvellously quickly, thanks to them, but the choicest bits are imparted over the teacups, when towards evening those who are not too aristocratic to go out go and see their neighbours.

EVERY house shelters, besides the family, numerous female relatives—aunts, sisters, widows or wives divorced by their husbands. Bickering and quarrelling are inevitable with so many women cooped up together, for, however large the household is, it does not provide work for all during the whole of the day. Yet the favours of their lord and master are not generally the reason for dispute. He is the law and at liberty to distinguish each of his ladies according to his fancy.

Behind Harem Walls

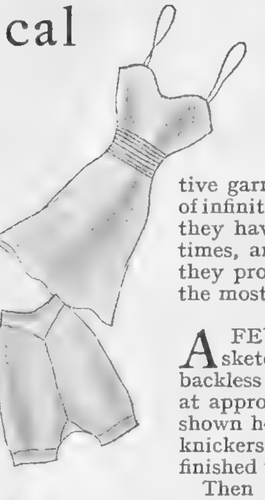
The Moors are kind husbands and very fond fathers. Indeed, their affection is touching, both to sons and daughters. They are full of solicitude, trying to find a kind husband for their daughters, for marriage is a leap into the dark indeed for the Moorish maiden. The girl never sees her future husband until the wedding day.

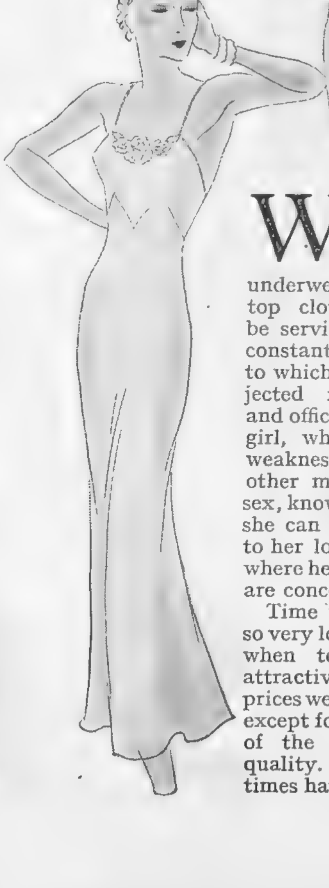
In the upper classes who do not go out she is completely cut off from her own family afterwards, even if her new home is in a city only a few hours distant. "We bless the cars," an old lady said to me, "for now my granddaughters' husbands take them sometimes to see us. The eldest has come over, two years ago, in her husband's car, and the second will come this year, we hope." The aristocracy whizzes past with drawn blinds.

One can imagine the joy of these poor girls to come home again after years of a life with strangers, a mother-in-law who may be hostile towards her, and whose moods she must bear patiently without ever being able to give an inkling of how things are to her people, for she cannot write, and if she could, it would not be safe to send letters of complaint! Partly as a preventive against homesickness, partly to enable the family to have some link with its daughter, in most well-to-do homes the young bride brings a faithful negro nannie with her to her new home. She is the *confidante*, and as custom allows her to go about, it is she who is sent home with messages from the bride. A fine negress is a valuable possession. They are expensive items, and it is a sign of distinction to have one of these (*Continued on page* 126)

Lovely Lingerie—

and Practical Too





WOMEN are nearly all fastidious about their underwear. Even if her top clothes have to be serviceable for the constant wear and tear to which they are subjected in bus, tube and office, the business girl, who shares this weakness with every other member of her sex, knows that at least she can give free rein to her love of pretties where her underclothes are concerned.

Time was, and not so very long ago either, when to buy really attractive underwear prices were prohibitive, except for showy trash of the most inferior quality. Happily those times have passed, and the most charming underwear of proved durability can now be bought at prices within reach of the most modest purse.

The name of Wolsey has long been a guarantee of quality, and where this firm was once associated with rather homely and unimaginative garments (though nevertheless garments of infinite durability and thoroughly hygienic) they have now moved right along with the times, and the lingerie and stockings which they produce to-day could not fail to please the most exacting of feminine purchasers.

A FEW examples of their new styles are sketched on this page. First there is a backless slip and knicker set which retails at approximately 12s. 11d. Only the slip is shown here, but both this and the matching knickers are beautifully cut and charmingly finished with appliqué satin roses.

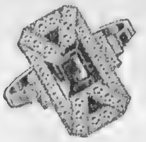
Then the "Diane" vest and pantie set of purest spun silk, fully fashioned and of all-over lace design, sells at 14s. 11d. for each garment. Perfect fit is ensured by the Lastex yarn incorporated in the waist, which gives to the figure and fits like a glove. The panties also have Lastex introduced at the waist and at the bottom of the legs.

These sets are made in white, shell and peach, and they wash and wear perfectly. Less expensive vest and pantie sets in botany wool and artificial silk may be obtained from 3s. 11d. per garment.

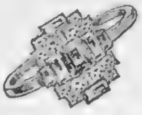
A nightdress of Celanese is another Wolsey garment of amazing value. Made in white, shell and peach, it has a pretty lace yoke, and the V neck and the hem are both finished with narrow net. This sells at about 8s. 11d.

One word, in conclusion, about the Wolsey stockings. There are weights, styles and shades for every woman's need, and this firm is correspondingly accommodating where price is concerned.

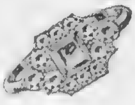
On receipt of a letter addressed to The Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, we will tell you more about them and give you prices. A stamped post card should be enclosed for a reply.



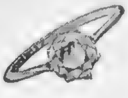
Sapphire &
Diamonds £61



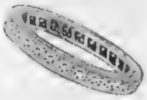
Sapphire &
Diamonds £24



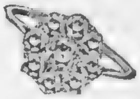
Diamonds £38



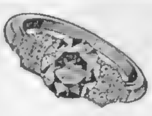
Diamond £35



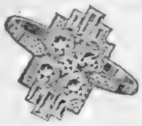
Diamonds £20



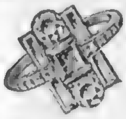
Diamonds £35



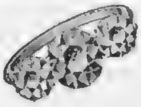
Diamonds £100



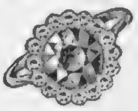
Diamonds £45



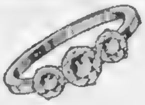
Emeralds &
Diamonds £57.10



Ruby &
Diamonds £80



Sapphire &
Diamonds £60



Diamonds £50

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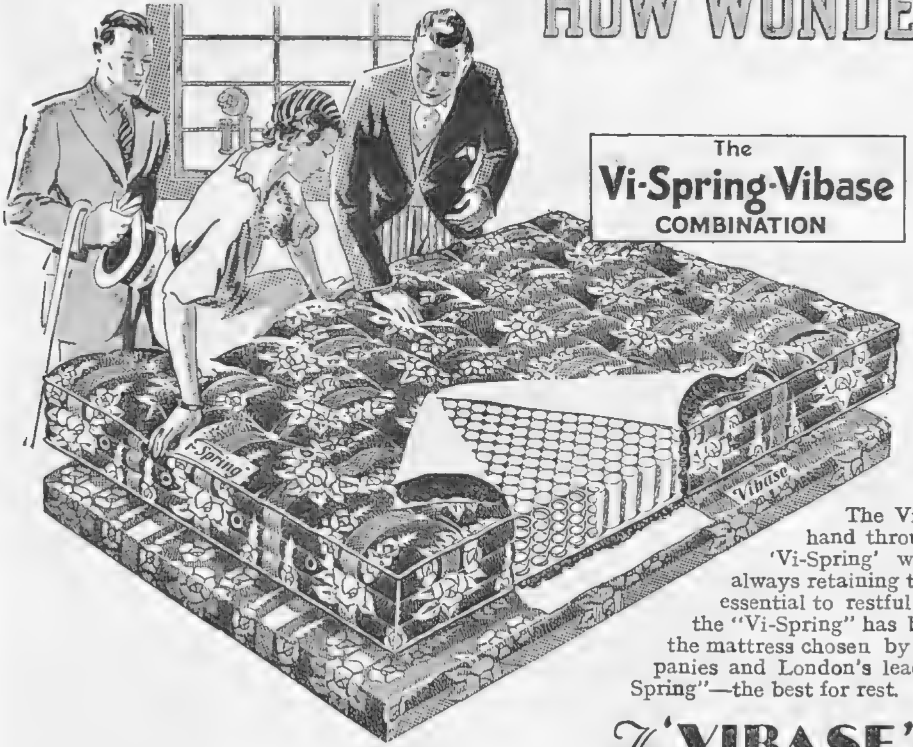

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The Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress

The Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress is made by hand throughout. Unlike the cheap mattress, the 'Vi-Spring' will last and last, never sagging, but always retaining that soft resilience which is absolutely essential to restful sleep. For more than thirty years the "Vi-Spring" has been unapproached for comfort. It is the mattress chosen by the World's largest Steamship Companies and London's leading luxury Hotels. Sleep on a "Vi-Spring"—the best for rest.

The 'VIBASE' MATTRESS SUPPORT

The 'Vibase' is specially designed to give adequate support to the small springs in the Vi-Spring Mattress. It gives a supporting surface over the whole of its area. The efficiency of the 'Vibase' is evident when compared with the open spring supports, which, owing to their large open spaces, are obviously unsuitable for use with spring interior overlay Mattresses.

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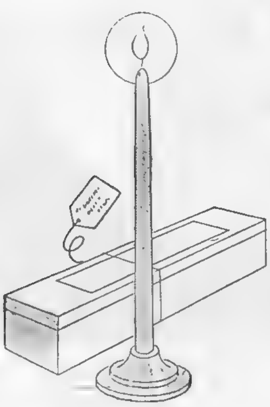
Vi-Spring Products Ltd. 97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

CHRISTMAS CARDS ARE SO SHORT-LIVED

Make your Christmas Card a box of Nell Gwynn Candles



★ ★ ★ A box of two 8-inch NELL GWYNN Candles in any of the 36 colours costs only 1/-, and forms a perfect gift.

Larger gift boxes of NELL GWYNN Candles, complete with charming holders in flowered china and self-coloured wax, are also obtainable from leading Stores, Stationers and Chemists. Prices from 2/6. Write to Dept. 5b , Messrs. J. C. & J. Field Ltd., London, S.E. 1, for a free and beautifully illustrated book on the many applications of NELL GWYNN Candles in the home.

For little extra cost you can give a wealth of pleasure and charm — and your friends will thank you for the introduction to a fascinating form of decoration. The gay colours are long-lived and will, by day and night, pleasantly recall the giver.

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You'll be amazed how delicious it is and what a difference it makes the very first night. Wincarnis actually creates rich new blood to feed and restore those tired, restless nerves which keep you awake. It brings you the sound, dreamless sleep from which you wake refreshed and really invigorated.

For 50 years Wincarnis has proved invaluable for all who are run-down, nervy or exhausted, for men and women of all ages. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for cases of neurasthenia, debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia, and run-down conditions generally. Try it yourself to-day.

tall stalwart women, always splendidly dressed, as a kind of head parlourmaid. They invariably come and shake hands with the guests, and are treated with great consideration by their mistresses.

There is no objection to black blood among the Moors, and I have seen coffee-coloured children running about some of the harems—children of second wives.

There are house slaves in every home. "Look at this lovely present my son sent me," a high-born lady said, pointing to a pretty little girl with beautiful black eyes who ran up confidingly at her call. "She embroiders beautifully already now, and she is only eleven." The child smiled, kissed her mistress's hand, and ran off to play with her grandchildren.

In the zone of British influence slavery is not allowed, and in the French zone the sale of slaves is forbidden, but what happens up country is beyond the powers of the authorities. I hear the slaves are kindly treated.

There are no great class barriers among the Moors, and there is a simplicity in the terms of mistress and maid, proceeding partly from their being on the whole intellectually on the same level. According to the new laws, it suffices for a slave to come to the *Bureau des indigènes*, and state that she or he wishes to be free, to get their papers; but the girl must bring proof that she has a home or a husband to go to, otherwise there are many chances she will end by swelling the numbers of the inmates of the Quartier réservé Moullah Abdallah in Fez, where, it is said, there are two thousand inmates.

Some rich men set their slaves free themselves. Thus El Jamail, the vizier who formerly owned the house which is now the famous hotel in Fez, left a will freeing all his slaves, and they followed his funeral procession waving their papers aloft on sticks. Yet many of such personal servants are so attached to their masters that the idea of any other life does not appeal to them. I was told of a girl of twenty-five, born and bred in a house, who, on being informed that her mistress on her deathbed had said that her slaves should be set free or sold, according to their wish, after her demise, chose the latter. "I cannot bear to live without someone to call master or mistress, of whom I can be proud and who will look after me," she said. "I want to be sold into a great house."

She had her wish, and my English friend who saw her later said that she was perfectly happy. East *is* East.

I was most hospitably entertained in many houses during my stay in Morocco. Their furnishings and plan were always the same, varying only in accordance with my hostesses' social standing. In one great house the patio boasted of fine lace-like stone carving on the walls. In another the ceilings and doors of old cedarwood were beautifully painted, and the delicious scent from the warm wood floated in the air, mingling with the burned amber perfuming the rooms.

In all could be found a number of European clocks, none of them going, but showing nearly every period of taste. There were tall old English grandfather clocks standing side by side with French Empire ones and hideosities of the 'fifties, while the gem of the collection and the pride of the owner's heart was a Swiss chalet with a cuckoo singing out the hours!

Led in by the hand by my hostess, I was made to sit on the divan at her side. The usual questions were asked: "How many children hast thou? Where dost thou live—in London or in Birmingham?" Some member of the family had evidently had business connection with this town, and the lady imagined that these were the only two residential cities of England.

None of the women, even in the aristocracy, can either read or write even in Arabic. Their knowledge of history and geography is nil, and their simple childlike mentality is what it is bound to be living in such conditions. Yet they have great personal dignity, kindliness and courtesy.

It is impossible (*Continued on page 128*)

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AUTUMN & WINTER

By Appointment By Appointment

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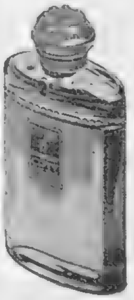

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to vie with their florid politeness: "My mother says she is glad thou art called Saffia" (their rendering of my name). "It is a name beloved with us, meaning purity, and she sees the purity of thy heart in thy eyes." An urchin of ten, gravely bowing, thus interpreted his mother's words into flowing French. These boys struck me as being very bright and intelligent.

STRICT Moslems all, and looking down on us Christians, their innate hospitality made them show their guest the utmost courtesy. In one of the houses I visited, the mother wore a flowing white muslin dress embroidered with large flowers in lavender silk over her pale mauve gold-embroidered kaftan. A mauve silk turban had silk fringe falling over one ear in most becoming fashion. Round her waist she wore a heavy gold-embroidered belt nearly a foot wide. "This is an heirloom of mother's," the daughters said. "The narrower belts are more fashionable—her earrings are heirlooms too." Lovely they were—big things of filagree with raised fruit in seed pearl on them.

The daughters' dresses were of the same material and shape as their mother's in the different pastel shades beloved by the Moors. "We always wear the same kind of clothes summer and winter," they told me. "When it is cold we put on warmer underclothing." Their lingerie is not Parisian. It is the coarsest linen or cloth—long pantaloons with endless shirts with sleeves tucked into them. They exhibited their gala dresses to me—lovely handwoven gold and scarlet material, gold and orange, silver and the Prophet's green. These bright colours are worn at wedding celebrations—great festivals which last for days and bring hundreds of women guests to the house. All their gold, jewellery and dresses are kept in the beautifully painted cedarwood wedding chests I saw in the passage.

To my surprise, I noticed that the ladies do not make up much, the young girls not at all. Only their eyes were blackened with kohl, and their mother's cheeks were slightly touched up. As to their nails, the henna was used much more sparingly than is the red varnish on the nails of their European sisters. I was inevitably treated to tea during my afternoon calls. Its brewing is a rite which is performed with befitting ceremony. A stalwart negress brought in a huge brass tray with a samovar and tea cups on it, which she placed at the feet of her mistress. The lady first put a few sprays of mint into the teapot, previously waving it crosswise North, South, East, and West. Then she added green tea to this and a huge lump of sugar, and poured water from the steaming samovar over the whole. When the mixture had infused for some minutes my hostess poured out a glassful, and after tasting it made a graceful inclination in my direction and handed it to her daughter, who carried it to me. "My mother hopes it will do you good," the interpreting child announced. I bowed. The same ritual was observed for all the guests, the hostess invariably putting the glass to her lips whenever it was replenished. The mint tea is good, but, the sugar melting, it gets terribly sweet when the second glass is reached, and you have to take three at least. The cakes that accompany it—"Gazelle horns"—rings of greasy puff paste and white balls made of almond paste, flour and sugar, would be good if they were not so terribly sweet. Their daily consumption is disastrous to the figures of the ladies, girls of sixteen looking like matrons of forty, but this is Oriental taste, of course. The sons of the house joined the ladies, sitting down beside them on the divans. Through the open doors I saw delightful children running about, playing with the inevitable mangy cats. "Only the tiny boys are at home," their elder brother explained. "The rest are at their Arab school. When they will be older they will go to the French school as I do, my father says." "And your sisters—do they learn at all?" He shook his head. "None of our women do—I try and teach them French, but they laugh and are shy of repeating what I say. They embroider though, and Amina plays the violin." I asked the artist to give us a tune, but she was shy and only agreed to show us her instrument, which she apparently played holding it on her lap Arab fashion. Some young women had slipped in quietly while we were at tea. They were not introduced, but sipped their tea in silence and shook hands warmly with us when I left, accompanied to the door by all the young girls calling out hospitably "Come back soon" in Arabic. "Who were those other ladies?" I asked of my companion, who knew the family well. "They are the slave wives—they have a kind of betwixt and between status. You see, they are not ladies like the others!"

Among the calls I paid in Morocco one of the most interesting was to the family of the Chareef of Wazan in Tangiers. Charming high-bred ladies, the daughters of the house have English blood in their veins, the old Chareefa Emily, their grandmother, being English. A wonderful person that fine-looking old lady with her crown of snow-white hair. Her life was a most romantic one. She is the only English woman who has ever married a Chareef, has kept her religion and her customs, and has won the respect of Christians and Moors alike, making use of her sixty years' residence in Morocco to start infant welfare and vaccination among the Moors.

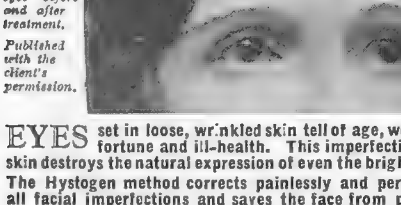
(*Continued on page 130*)

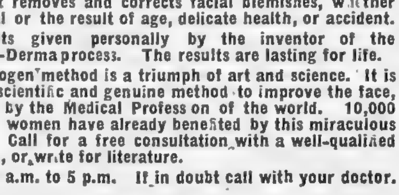
B. B. C. Star Keeps His Throat Fit

"I depend on my throat for my living," writes Mr. Carr Lynn, the well known stage and radio animal mimic, of 11 Lorn Road, London, S. W. 9. "I have tried everything for my colds and I want you to know how grateful I am for your 'Vick.'"

It is small wonder that Mr. Lynn finds Vick brand Vapour-Rub the best treatment for colds. When just rubbed on, it attacks them in two direct ways at once. Its medicated vapours, released by the warmth of the body, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice, helping the inhaled vapours to break up the congestion.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB





Absolutely unretouched photograph of the same eyes before and after treatment.

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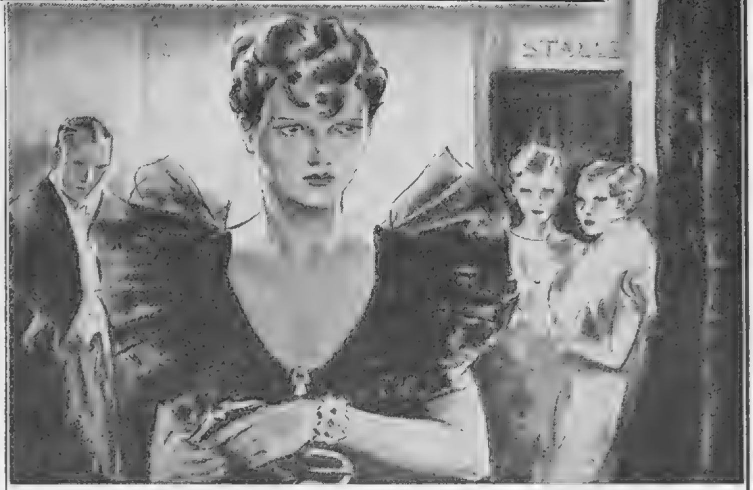

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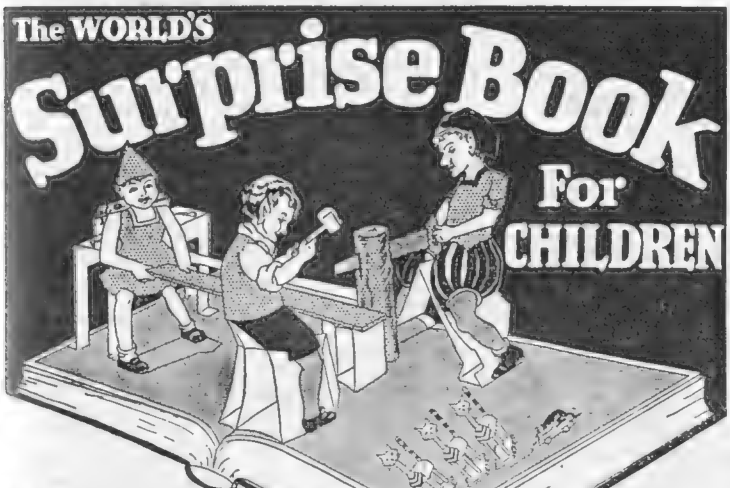

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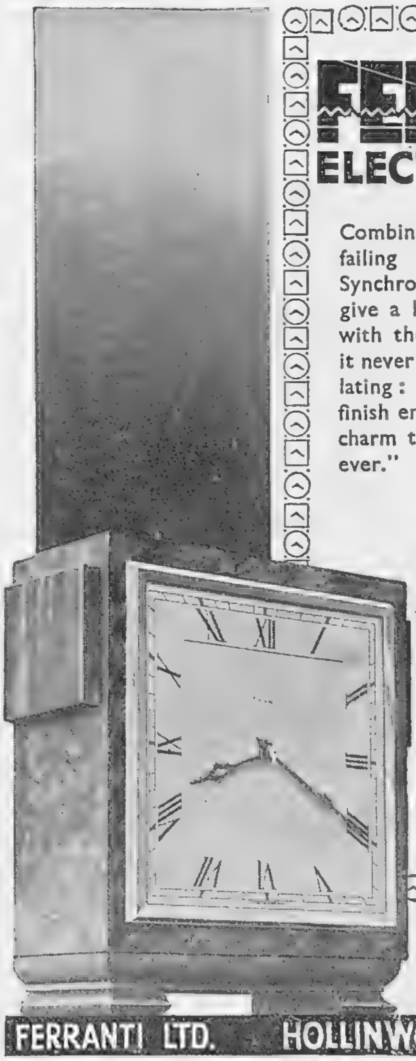

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She came to Tangier with an English family when she was twenty-two. She was the daughter of the governor of a county gaol in England. The Chareef, riding past one day, saw the beautiful English girl with her golden hair flowing down to her waist drying it on the roof of the house. He stopped—and fell violently in love at first sight. He was forty, a great personage having a standing among the Moors akin to that of the Agha Khan in India. Incidentally he was the first who assisted the English and French in the international zone, using his influence with the tribes in their favour. He came to the friends of his future wife, asked to see her, told her of his love, and proposed marriage. She refused at first. He insisted, divorced his Arab wives, and in time, touched by his constancy, the young girl agreed to marry him.

Her parents came from England and the marriage took place at the British consulate, the Chareef promising that his wife should be allowed to practise her Protestant faith. He kept his word and the marriage seems to have been a fairly happy one.

The sons of the union are Moslems and one of them is the present governor of Wazan.

During her long residence in Morocco the Chareefa Emily has won the respect of all, Moslems and Christians, and her work in introducing vaccination among Moorish women and children cannot be praised high enough. "I did twenty thousand vaccinations," this wonderful woman said to me. "I keep a record, and scarcely a day passes when five or six people do not come to me even now. They trust me, and the smallpox scourge has gone down very much." She always is much interested in the British infant welfare as well as in the Chareefian *Charité Maternelle*.

She originally started the Infant Welfare in Tangier, which is now ably led by Miss A. L. Seth Smith under Dr. Scrimgeour's supervision. It is wonderful what they have achieved step by step, having to work slowly and cautiously so as not to alarm and hurt the prejudice of the people. The question of hygiene among the Moors is sadly backward. No male doctor is ever allowed into a harem, and even a European woman doctor is looked upon with great suspicion. The dreadful old midwives have on their conscience untold numbers of mothers and babies. Conditions of accouchement are awful. The vilest skin diseases, ophthalmia, scabs of every kind, awful sores—all are treated by ignorant old crones without any idea of cleanliness, not to speak of medical knowledge. The Infant Welfare slowly does its work. Every year more and more poor mothers come to it with their babies and with touching confidence follow the instructions of the lady doctor at its head. Yet, strangely enough, it is mostly the poorest among the population that come there. The wealthy Arab still dreads the strangers' interference in his harem. It will take some time yet before this is achieved, but to my mind the first measure the French Government must try to get through is the preparation of women doctors who could go about the harems and teach the women the primary notions of hygiene.

The harem is the root of Moslem life. The Moors are still too simple, their women too unprepared, for any happiness resulting for them if they got the freedom the women in Turkey have just now. In order to save the race, which is being undermined by illness that gross ignorance helps to propagate and which threatens to destroy the vitality of a fine people, the health of the mothers and of future generations must be saved. Moorish schools on modern lines ought to be opened for girls so as to enable them to understand the elements of home hygiene. They will not be happy if they are too suddenly given civilisation—the transition would be too sharp; but I am convinced that among the intelligent women I have met there would be many who would welcome this first step towards an improvement of the essential conditions of life for their children and themselves.

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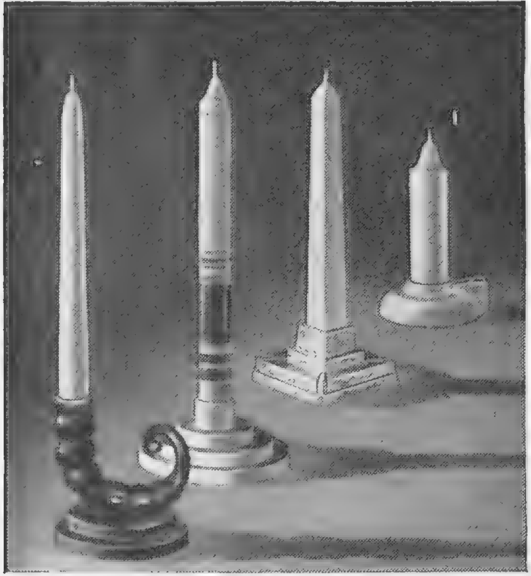

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Twenty Miles Up

(*Continued from page 17*)

ascents have added new problems. The Russians have come down with the astonishing news—in the shape of air samples—that the composition of the air at 12 miles hardly varies from what it is at sea level. The amount of oxygen is the same—21 per cent. What may be the air composition eight miles higher still? Eminent authorities believe it to approximate that at 12 miles. Professor Piccard wants to find out. Again, doubt has been cast on the assumption of over-all serenity and windlessness in the higher levels. Is it really a dead calm all the time, as one goes higher? The stratosphere is warmed by day and cooled by night, and it is argued that such variation must produce some wind, at least. Then there is the further conundrum of light and sky colouring. So far, as the various balloons have mounted higher, their occupants have progressively reported (*a*) pallid grey, (*b*) dark blue, (*c*) violet, (*d*) black-violet-grey, (*e*) purplish, blackish grey. This last was the record found in the wrecked Soviet balloon last January and it referred to 13 miles. What happens after that? Piccard wants to know. But, above all, he is out after further knowledge of the cosmic rays which grow stronger, that is, are more easy of measurement and recording, as altitude increases. The Professor says:

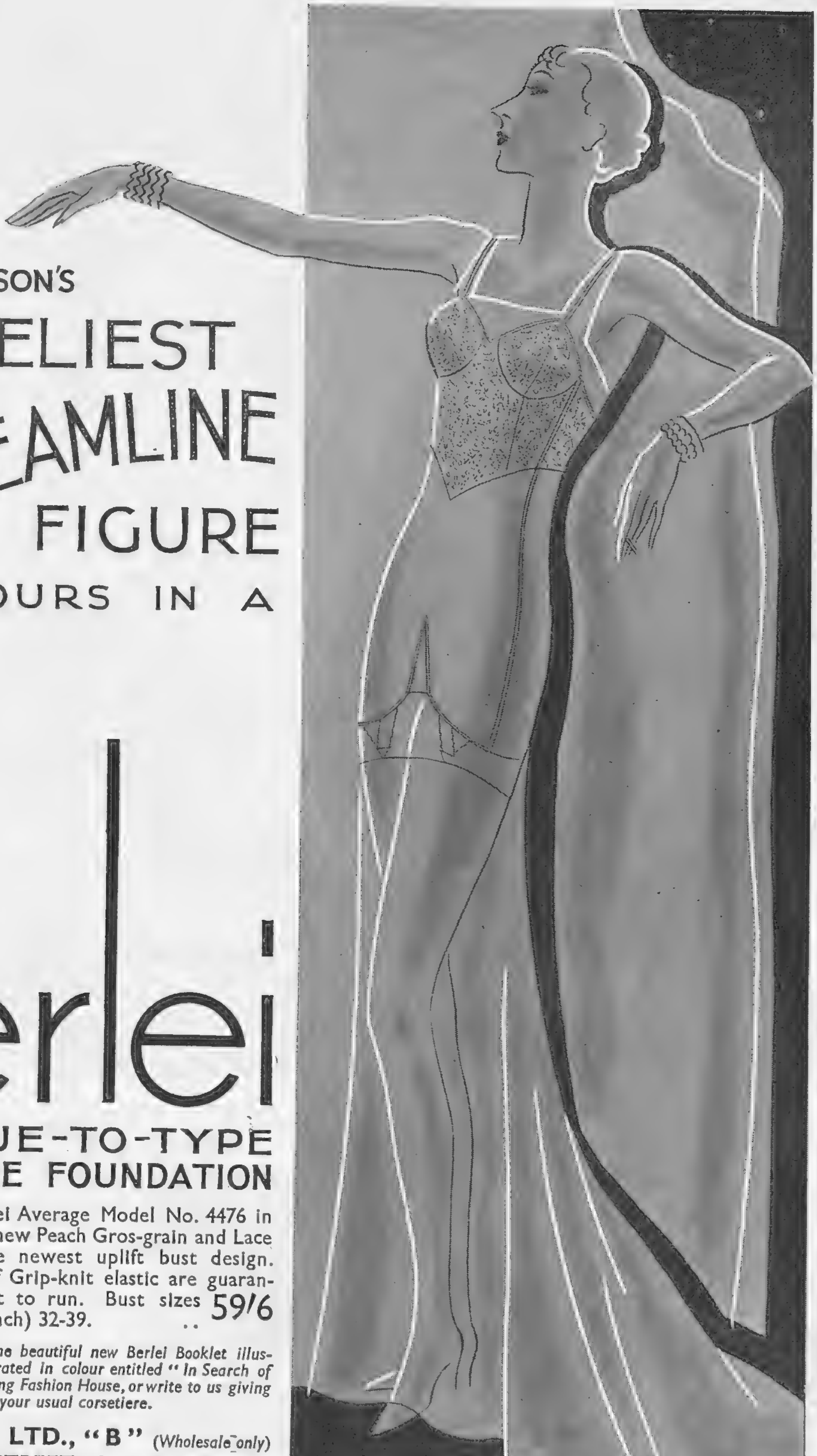
"Modern physics can, with the aid of Plank and Einstein, formulate surprising hypotheses with regard to the nature of radiation, of energy and of matter. It is quite possible that the cosmic rays are produced not by a radio-active disintegration of heavy atoms, but by the destruction of the very lightest atoms, especially hydrogen atoms, and perhaps also by the transformation of hydrogen into helium. These atomical reactions are accompanied by the production of a formidable energy, an energy many million times greater than that which would be engendered by the combustion of similar quantities of coal." Piccard is out to know more about this supreme energy possibly with a view to weighing the chances of its being harnessed to industrial power some day—notably if the universe ever ran short of the combustibles it at present relies on! After all, such a discovery would be no more marvellous than was electricity in its day. It is at least on the cards, as a possibility, that just as he descended from the first Augsburg effort with information of the greatest practical value to aircraft, so this next time Piccard may stumble upon circumstances of major eventual value to industry. No one knows what is going on twenty miles up. That is the long and the short of it. We just guess.

"Monsieur le Professeur," observed his wife, "doesn't want to do what others have done or what he has already done himself. That doesn't interest him." There was complete confidence in this remark, thrown off lightly by a wife who should one day soon find herself twenty miles below a life's companion questing in the high and perilous heavens. Here are those others referred to, with the approximate heights that they reached :—

	miles
Prokopiev and two companions (U.S.S.R.)	13⅛
Fedosienko and two companions (U.S.S.R.)	13⅛
Balloon "U.S.S.R.," crew unknown (U.S.S.R.)	11⅛
Kepner and two companions (U.S.A.)	11½
Settle and two companions (U.S.A.)	10¾
Piccard and Cosyns (Swiss-Belgian)	10
Cosyns and Van der Elst (Belgian) ..	10
Piccard and Kipfer (Swiss-Belgian)	9¾

It is curious that no French, British or Italian challenge has so far supervened in this important field, in view of the prime place filled by these three countries in aerial matters. On the other hand, here is something which requires to be said. I have no authority for quoting anybody, yet feel it to be one of the

(*Continued on page* 134)



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factors, if not the leading factor, that has beckoned Piccard back into the unbreathable regions once more. Not one of these, with the exception of young Cosyns, stabilising himself at a low altitude, have sensibly furthered our knowledge of the stratosphere. To all intents and purposes we know no more and no less now than we did when Piccard bumped down on that glacier in the Dolomites 3½ years ago. The Americans are frankly suspect of stunting. As for the Russians, here is sterner competition. The Soviet is dead keen, for reasons of State, to get what there is out of the stratosphere—*first*. But they are rather children-in-a-hurry still, as was evidenced when Fedosienko fell to disaster through not using a valve that will remain *kept* open to allow of air entering the envelope when ceiling has been reached and during the highly intricate descent. Both Piccard and Cosyns use the Pöschel valve system which has proved itself. One of the American attempts ended abruptly because Piccard's conception of permitting air freely to enter, at the start, three-quarters of the balloon (which is only a quarter filled with gas) was not followed. The Americans elected to leave this great cubic area " empty " either of air or gas, with the result that the envelope later flapped itself to slow uselessness through leakage.

Nobody, then, has carried the stratosphere notably further since the Master showed the way, and the Master therefore proposes to carry matters further himself. No one has supplied valuable new gear or ideas (except Cosyns, with one or two subsidiary improvements), and the Master is just now deep in the radically altered equipment that will be necessary if he is to realise his ambition and reach ultimate ceiling of the free gas balloon. Practically all the equipment, gear and instruments that give results at 10 miles, or a mile or two over, will have to be scrapped and replaced. Moreover, alternatives may have to be carried, inasmuch as it is not certain what conditions of atmosphere or of temperature may be met with at 20 miles. It may be frantically cold, and then, again, it may not. Piccard will certainly have to take entirely new heating apparatus with him. Cosyns was severely handicapped in his latest ascent by being in what he called a " continuous ice bath." This was due to the bodies of the two aeronauts generating humidity in the hermetically sealed globe, and to this moisture going clammily ice-cold as the temperature fell outside. That sort of thing is of no use to Piccard, who wants to be in a floating laboratory where he isn't numbed into poor working state. Failing that, as good to remain on earth. His is entirely the scientific approach, as distinct from the record-hunting of others. He desires cold results. Coupled with a worked-out minimum of risks.

I GATHER that the gallant Professor is all in favour of hydrogen, as against helium, by which the Americans swear as less inflammable. Piccard reasons that hydrogen gas is half as light as its competitor, and that in his attempt the whole concentration must be on *lightness*. The great balloon he has in mind, and measuring 70 yards in diameter, should not weigh more than 2,500 lb., although its capacity would attain over 100,000 cubic metres, or seven times the size of his first stratosphere balloon. It needs all that difference to ascend from the present maximum attained (a dozen miles) to ultimate and final ballooning ceiling of twenty miles. There are going to be grave new risks—such as that the gigantic envelope cannot have any netting (so vital to prevent the material splitting)—but the pioneer has them all well in hand or, at least, in sight. Thus, each man would have his parachute, and there would be two separate diving apertures should the worst supervene: an explosion or rending in the heavens above, where the stars are visible at high noon in a blackish sky. Whether men could breathe during such an (*Continued on page* 136)

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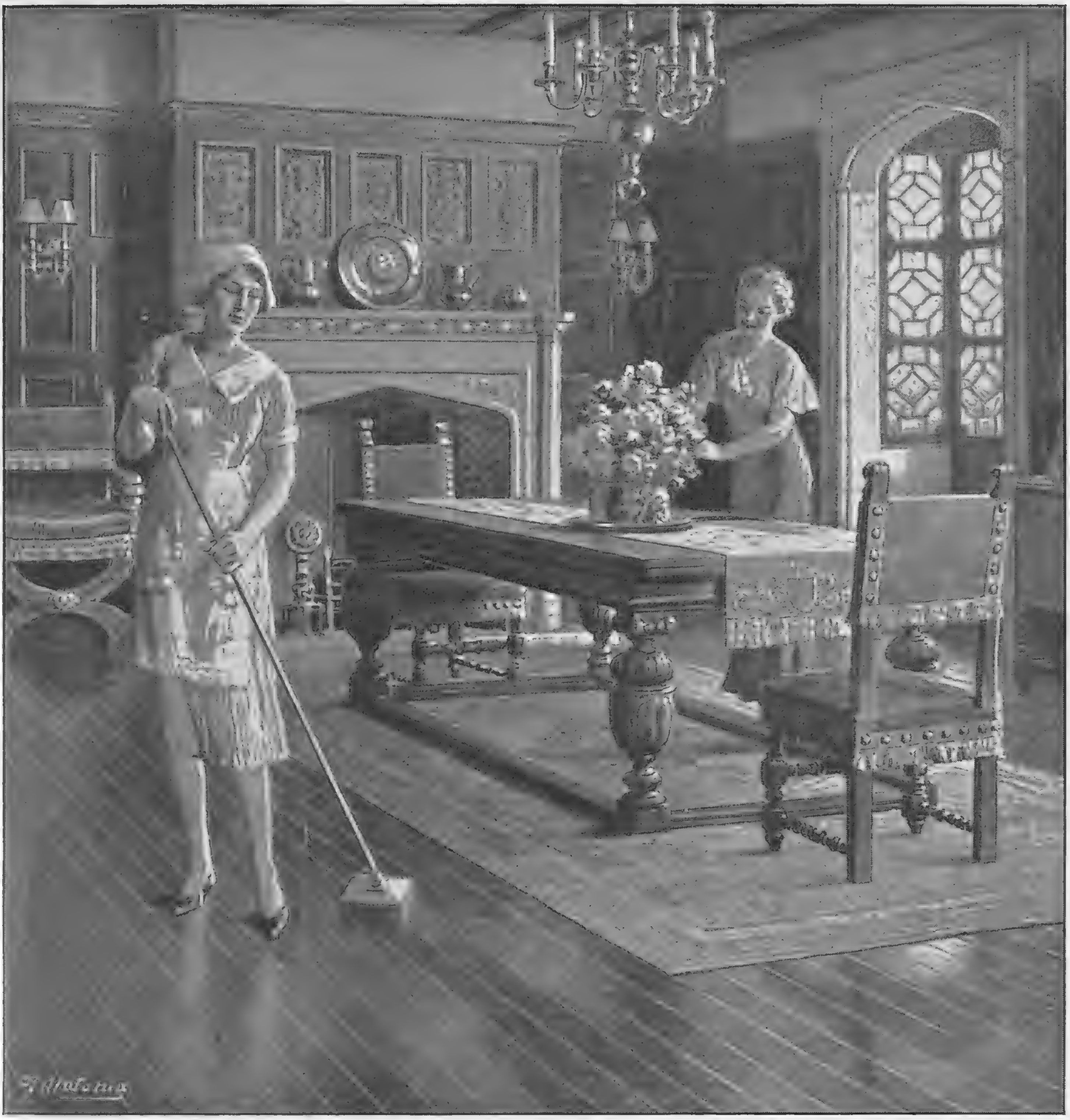

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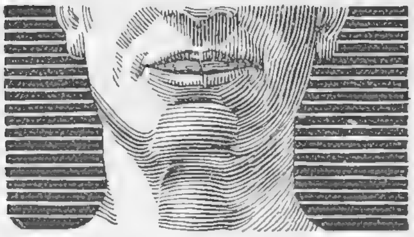

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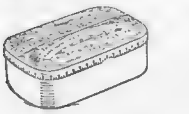

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immense descent is another matter. For many miles it would be almost a dead fall for them, parachute or no.

I draw attention to the difficulty of finding a material sufficiently light and resisting. The notion is to try for a synthetic silk mixture that would weigh barely a third of the original balloon's cotton. The absolutely necessary rubber coating (to fight off stratosphere rays) must also weigh not more than half of the coat rubbering that shielded the first balloon. Can these materials be found?

The new balloon, at the infinitely delicate and perilous start, might hang 150 *yards high off the earth and in the shape of a particularly tapering pear, with its stem resting upon the earth.* The top or fatter part would contain the gas limit.

In passing, the 20-miles bid should not be of outstanding interest from the aeroplane point of view. Aeroplane constructors already know that at seven or eight miles they can rely on permanently crystal-clear and stormless conditions and they will not need to go any higher in order to avail themselves of the "thinness" of the air, which makes a speed possible—on identical power—many times faster than that realised by machines "hugging the earth" as they do now. Constructors have simply got to build the stratoplane, meeting the various conditions of which they have been rendered aware. In Professor Piccard's view, some form of rocket apparatus, to obviate using up petrol and oil in gaining altitude, looks to be an essential.

I IMAGINE the Piccard ascent will again be made from Augsburg, which the Professor still holds to be capable of providing the greatest degree of calm in western Europe. Manœuvring at the start so that the gigantic envelope doesn't collapse or blow up, will require all Piccard's ballooning ability and experience. The start may well prove more difficult than anything else.

. . . Unless one except the *money* factor. This is the present fly in the ointment. The probability that a suitable texture for the envelope would be forthcoming, if it were made worth while for manufacturers, is considerable. But what about £ s. d.? The new Piccard attempt would cost several millions of Belgian francs and so far the Brussels Institute which finances these ascents cannot see its way to footing such a bill. Cosyns, too, wants to go up twenty miles, but he also sees his enterprise and courage up against a stone wall. It is a rare commentary on our present degree of so-called civilisation that ten and twenty times as much is spent *each day* on armaments as would suffice to finance this piercing of the secret skies by men. The men we have; also the equipment (or as good as). The money we lack! £50,000, perhaps—a random shot.

Yet I cannot think that we shall lack it long; that a seldom-appearing pioneer like Auguste Piccard will find himself bound to earth as the remaining few years of his physical possibilities as a stratosphere explorer slide relentlessly by. At least, it would be base if things turned out so. For this serene field holds such endless fascination, seed for speculation—quite apart from the trifle that we ourselves may be part of those cosmic rays! And it must be man himself that goes up. This may sound curious, but the reference is to the Regener method of probing the stratosphere by means of instruments attached to unmanned, sounding balloons. The German inventor recently managed to send up these "balloonettes" to a height of 17 miles, and was able not only to register but to photograph cosmic rays at that virgin altitude. Yet he is unable to say from what direction the rays come—*i.e.*, what are their origin. Only man aloft, in the flesh, can hope to answer that tremendous question.

The stratosphere is lowest at the Poles (six miles) and highest in the tropics (ten miles). Piccard thought of ascending from near the North Pole, thereby getting to work "four miles earlier". (*Continued on page* 138)

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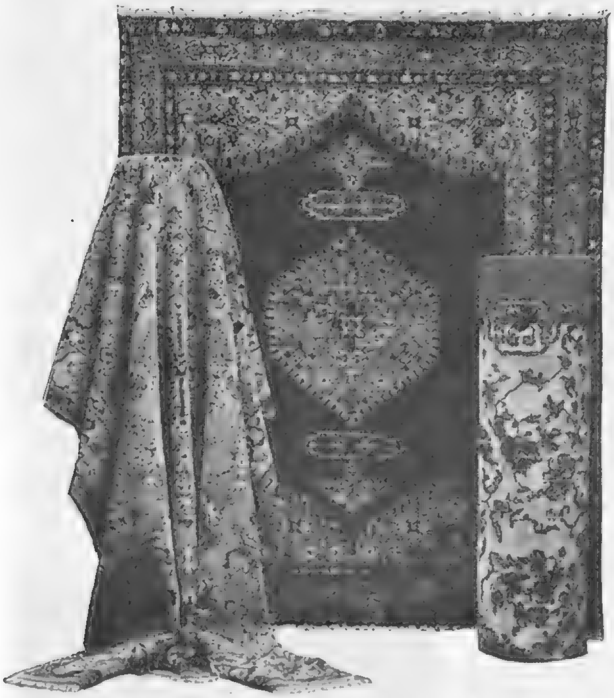

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9	2	×	6	4	..	6	4	6	13	6	×	11	2	..	16	3	6
9	2	×	9	1	..	8	18	6	13	8	×	12	1	..	17	13	6
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10	1	×	8	3	..	8	18	0	14	7	×	10	8	..	16	13	0
10	8	×	9	2	..	10	10	0	15	1	×	11	6	..	18	11	6
10	10	×	7	5	..	8	12	6	15	2	×	12	8	..	20	11	0
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11	7	×	8	11	..	11	1	6	16	2	×	11	6	..	19	18	0
12	0	×	10	2	..	13	1	6	16	9	×	12	4	..	22	3	0
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For normal and dry skins, Elizabeth Bock Cleansing Cream, which liquefies and removes all secretions. For an oily skin, Elizabeth Bock Cleansing Lotion. Next the application of a skin tonic (Lotion Divina) removes the last traces of cream and dirt. This tonic leaves you gloriously refreshed, quickens the circulation, soothes your skin and makes it pink and glowing.

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than he could elsewhere, but he has abandoned the scheme on the score of increased cost. In one way it is a pity since the cosmic rays are stronger at the Poles than anywhere else. This is as it should be if the mysterious rays are (as is believed to be the case) electrified particles. The earth being a huge magnet, it should draw such particles to its poles.

WHEN Professor Piccard is borne aloft again he will carry with him a bundle of questions to be answered, a string of hypotheses either to sustain or throw down. As might be expected, the Americans are particularly good at the supposition business. " Here is a region (I noted recently from a U.S. review) of ordinary sunlight, but of a fierceness unknown to us. Ultra-violet rays, infra-red rays, cosmic rays, an endless stream of electrons from the sun and possibly other particles of which we are not even aware. Further out, at 35 miles, there seems to be an active ozone layer where the air is as warm as at the earth's surface. Still further out, at 60 miles, there is an invisible electron mirror that reflects wireless waves round the earth. And beyond that still another." And beyond that . . . quite enough for the time being !

Rather is the next thing, I submit, a matter of providing the wherewithal to enable *le Maître* to realise what he has in mind. We should be mighty proud of Auguste Piccard, first of a new race of explorers, opening up a new era of discovery. His was also the first vital advance in free ballooning, in aeronautics generally, since the Montgolfier brothers ascended from Annonay before the French Revolution.

Belgium is a small country, hard hit, and Piccard is not a Belgian. Is it too much to hope that his native land, Switzerland, may do something ? Is Anglo-American co-operation, in regard to a fund, out of the question ? Cannot Belgium, Switzerland, the United States, Britain, raise the necessary money between them, that we may benefit by the experience and genius of *le Maître* while he yet remains active and available ?

Cocktails *for* Health

I BELIEVE I am correct in saying that gin and lime juice was the original cocktail. Certainly it was the first short drink in this category that I ever tasted, though my dictionary assures me that a cocktail is " brandy or gin sweetened with sugar and slightly weakened with water "—ugh !

I have always had pleasant memories of that first sip, and now I know more about the health-giving properties of lime juice I am glad that I cultivated the cocktail habit in early youth, and thus averted many twinges of rheumatism and much pain in the dentist's chair.

But let me explain.

Many people think that citric acid (as contained in limes, lemons, etc.) increases the acidity of the blood. This belief is absolutely incorrect. Actually citric acid is the most valuable of the group of organic acids, and plays a most important part in nutrition and assimilation.

Lime juice also contains phosphoric acid, which renders it of great value in cases of anæmia and general debility, and it is also rich in vitamins A, B and C—the latter being a potent influence in the prevention of pyorrhœa and teeth decay.

People who have gouty or rheumatic tendencies will also find it invaluable in assisting the excretion of the factors responsible for the condition.

So here's to gin and lime juice, and if you want a really lovely complexion, a glassful of Rose's Lime Juice Cordial first thing in the morning (omit the gin at this early hour) will, by providing the necessary vitamin C, keep your skin free from blemishes and spots.

Citrus fruit drinks are also most beneficial in preventing the storage of fat, so this morning drink will also help you to keep your streamline figure.

M. F.

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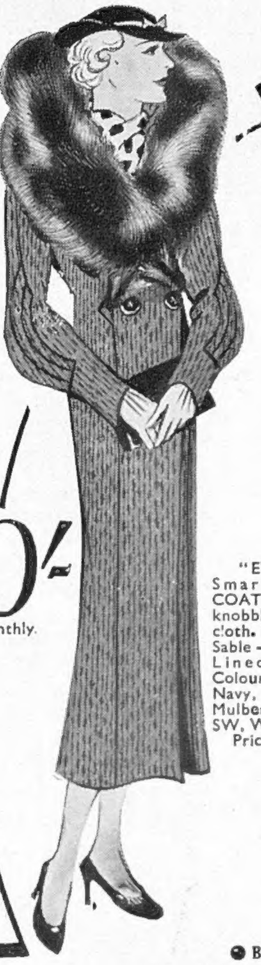

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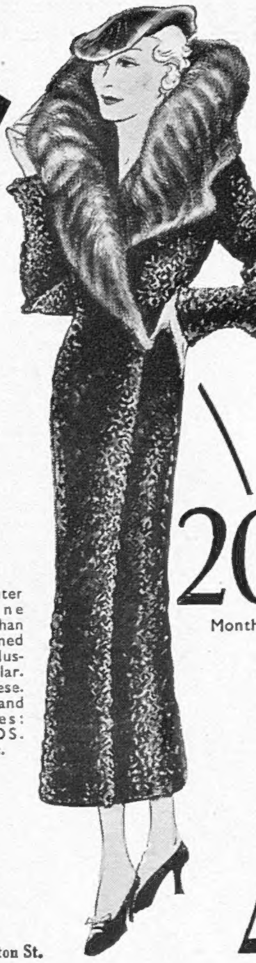

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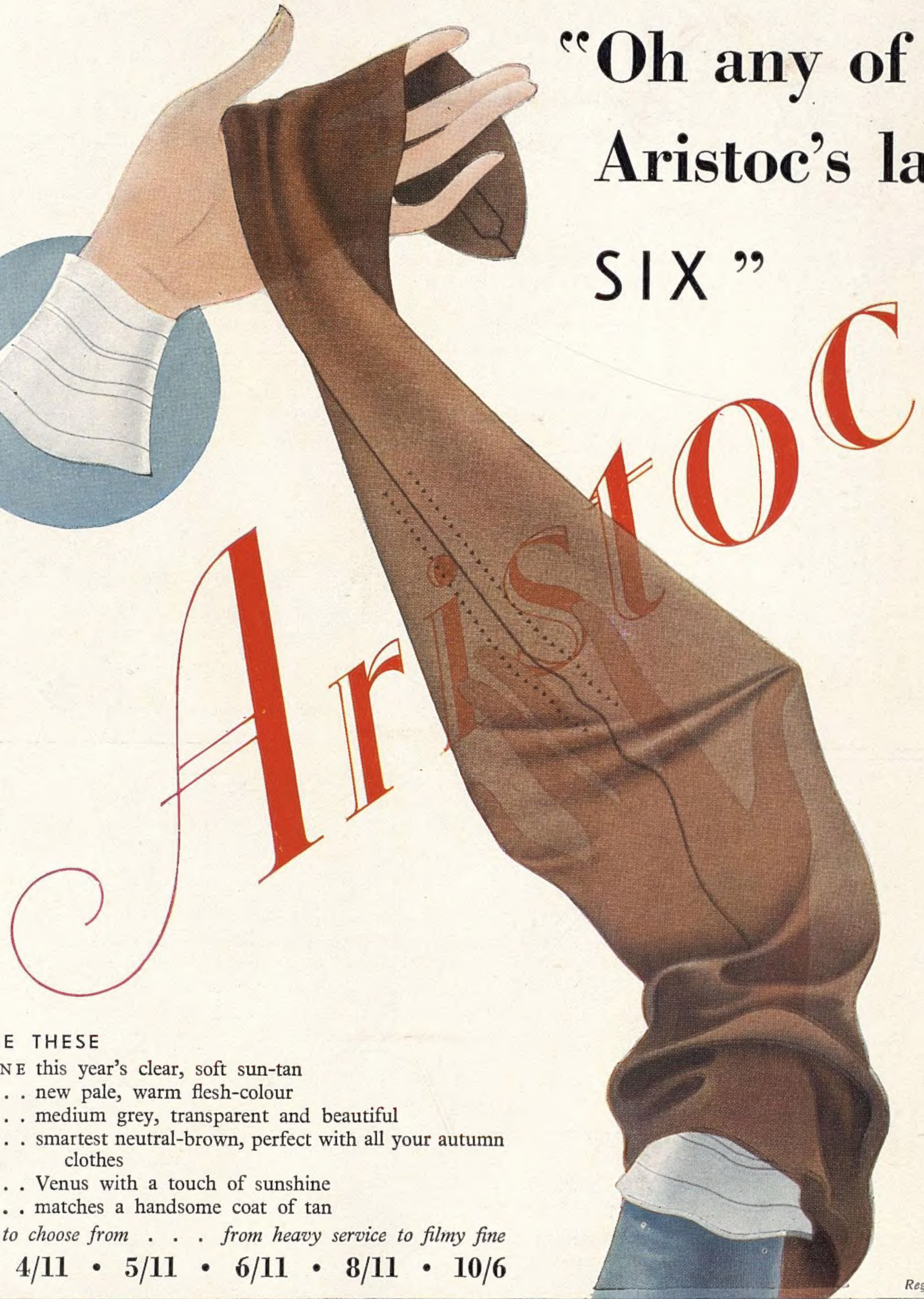
"What is the smart shade this Autumn?"

"Oh any of Aristoc's latest SIX"



★ ASK TO SEE THESE

NUDETONE	this year's clear, soft sun-tan
VENUS . . .	new pale, warm flesh-colour
CLOUD . . .	medium grey, transparent and beautiful
DIANA . . .	smartest neutral-brown, perfect with all your autumn clothes
GLOW . . .	Venus with a touch of sunshine
RUSTIC . .	matches a handsome coat of tan

36 shades to choose from . . . from heavy service to filmy fine

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Regd. Trade Mark

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